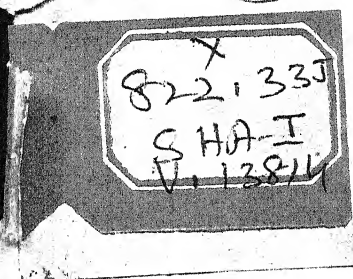


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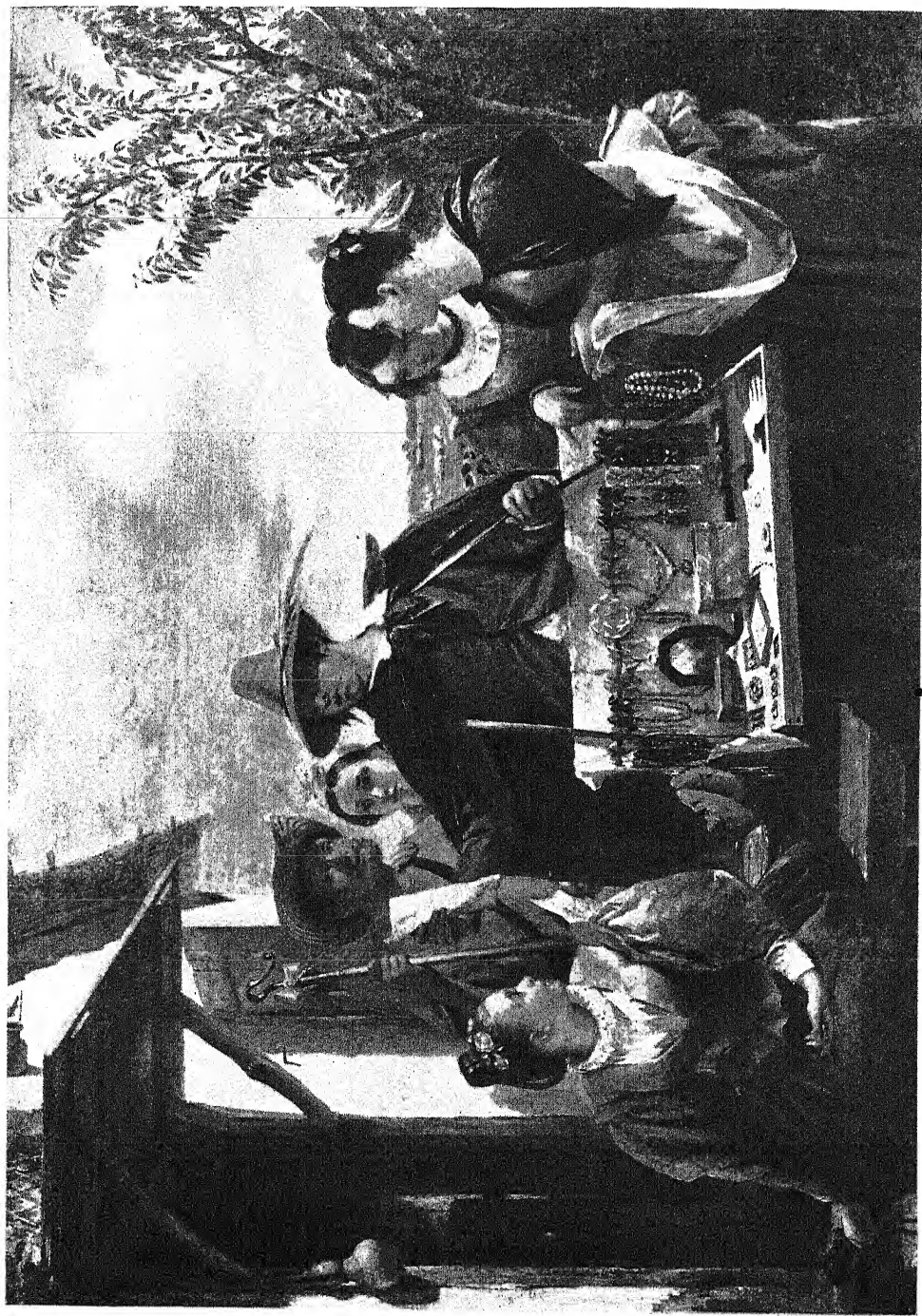
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THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Scene iv.

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THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING &
FRANK A. MARSHALL

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY
VARIOUS SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN INVESTIGATIONS
BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

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From the Painting in the Manchester Art Gallery, by Ford Madox
Brown.



THE WINTER'S TALE

Acc. No.	
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,

} Four Lords of Sicilia.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.

MOPSA,
DORCAS,

} Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds. and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—Partly in Sicilia and partly in Bohemia.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Mr. Daniel, comprises eight days represented on the stage, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.

Day 2: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval of 23 days.

Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2 and 3; Act III. Scene 1.

Day 4: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval (Antigonus' voyage to Bohemia).

Day 5: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval (Act IV. Scene 1) of 16 years.

Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.

Day 7: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval (the journey to Sicilia).

Day 8: Act V. Scenes 1, 2, 3.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Winter's Tale was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed last among the comedies. In the diary of Dr. Simon Forman, among the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian, there is a curious reference to a performance of this play at the Globe in 1611:

"In the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye. Obserue ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with Ielosity of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contriued his death, and wold haue had his cupberer to haue poisoned, who gaue the King of bohemia warning ther-of, & fled with him to bohemia | Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo, & the Aunswer of appollo, that she was giltye, and that the King was Ielouse, &c, and howe Except the child was found Again that was loste, the Kinge should die with-out yssue, for the child was caried into bohemia, & ther laid in a forrest, & brought vp by a sheppard. And the Kinge of bohemia his sonn married that wentch, & howe they fled in Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent away that child, and the Iewelless found about her. she was knowne to be leontes daughter, and was then 16 yers old.

"Remember also the Rog. that cam in all tottered like coll pixci | and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had, and how he cosened the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop sher with a pedlers packe, & ther cosened them Again of all ther money. And how he changed apparell with the Kinge of bomia his sonn, and then how he turned Courtiar, &c | beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge felouse" (Ashmole MSS. 208, pp. 201, 202).

This entry shows that the Winter's Tale was being played in the early part of 1611. A memorandum in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, gives some ground for supposing that it was then a new play. The entry is as follows:

"For the King's players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623."

Sir George Bucke, though he is known to have licensed plays at an earlier period, did not obtain his official appointment till August, 1610; so that it is not improbable that the play was licensed at the end of that year, or early in 1611.

A passage in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, has been thought to be a side-hit at the Winter's Tale and the Tempest: "If there be never a servant-monster iⁿ the Fair, who can help it? he says; nor a nest of Antiques. He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like drolleries." If this is really meant for Shakespeare, I fail to see anything at all spiteful in it; nor can the remark made to Drummond in 1619, and carefully noted down by that diligent person, be thought surprising, or even really ill-natured, from so scrupulous a preserver of the unities, and, in his own way, so thorough an artist, as Ben Jonson. "He said," Drummond notes, "that Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles."

The sources of Shakespeare's plot are to be found in a tale of Greene's, named in 1588,

THE WINTER'S TALE.

when it was first published, Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, but re-christened in 1636, *The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia*. It was extremely popular, and was reprinted in edition after edition, till in 1735 it attained the seventeenth in the form of a chap-book. Its popularity was natural. The style is a modification of the fashionable euphuism of the day, sufficiently euphuistic to please by its ornamentation, but not so overloaded with conceits as to swamp the story. With the story itself, in its main outlines, we are all familiar. Shakespeare has followed the narrative, at all events the first part of it, very closely. Certain verbal resemblances will be pointed out in the notes; they are slight enough, and of little importance. As for human interest, the old story has but little of it, and at the most but scanty hints for the conception or development of the dramatic personæ. Words hereand there in the speeches of Bellaria (Shakespeare's Hermione) may have thrown out a fructifying hint or two; and Pandosto affords some traits of Leontes. But practically, for all the characters as characters, and for the invention of Paulina and her husband, Autolycus and the shepherd's son, Shakespeare alone is responsible. In following the narrative with an almost conscientious exactness, adopting and dramatizing the smallest suggestion, he at the same time replaces several awkward contrivances of Greene by much more probable and dramatic expedients. The whole conclusion is entirely remodelled; Greene makes Pandosto first fall in love with his unrecognized daughter, and then, after the recognition has been happily effected, the reconciliation of the kings and the marriage of their children brought about, Pandosto, for no conceivable purpose, has a return of his moody madness, and kills himself, so "closing up the Comedie with a Tragical stratageme." In Pandosto the injured queen really dies; and it is for this important modification of the original story that Shakespeare invented the character of Paulina. Autolycus, a roguish *deus ex machina*, is invented in order to bring about the final explanations, which in Pandosto are very tamely effected. Shakespeare has boldly accepted all Greene's anachronisms, and has

even added to them. For some not very obvious reason he has exactly transposed the kings and kingdoms as we have them in the novel, so that Pandosto, king of Bohemia, becomes Leontes, king of Sicily, and Egistus, king of Sicily, appears as Polixenes, king of Bohemia.

STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of *The Winter's Tale* took place at the Globe Theatre, 15th May, 1611, when it was seen by Dr. Simon Forman, who, as in the case of *Macbeth* and *Cymbeline*, is at the pains to give the plot. Its first appearance on the stage probably belongs to the previous year. Sir Henry Herbert mentions it in the office-book under the date 19th Aug. 1623, as "an olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewise by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee." Sir George Bucke, who obtained, in 1603, a reversionary grant of the office of the Master of the Revels, expectant on the death of Tylney, who died in 1610, "did not really succeed to the office, as is shown by documents at the Rolls, before August, 1610; in short, a few weeks previously to the decease of Tylney" (Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, ii. 300. Ed. 1886). As Deputy to the Master of the Revels, Sir George licensed dramas for publication some years previously, and probably for acting also. Mr. Fleay states that his powers to "allow" plays dated from 1607 onwards (*Life of Shakespeare*, 247). He does not dispute, nor does he mention, what Halliwell-Phillipps takes for granted, that the comedy was not produced until after the month of August, 1610. Mr. Fleay also believes it to be, with the *Tempest*, Shakespeare's last play, and adds, "He (Shakespeare) began his career with the Chamberlain's company (after his seven years' apprenticeship in conjunction with others, 1587-94) with a *Midsummer Dream* (*sic*), he finishes with a *Winter's Tale*, and so his play-wright's work is rounded; twenty-four years, each year an hour in the brief day of work, and then the rounding with a sleep" (ib. 249, 250).

INTRODUCTION.

No fact in connection with the performance, except that it took place at the "Glob," is chronicled by Forman, who little knew how future ages would grudge him his reticence. For a period of one hundred and thirty years we hear nothing further. In the revival of interest in things theatrical following the Restoration it had no share; it is unmentioned by Cibber in his "Apology" and by Pepys in his "Diary," and is not included among the revivals of Betterton. This neglect was probably due to the fact that the defiance of the unities was such as daunted the seventeenth-century sticklers for such observance. Not wholly loss is it, at least, that Dryden, D'Avenant, Tate, and Shadwell, and the entire crew of patchers, botchers, and manglers left it severely alone.

At Goodmans Fields on 15th Jan. 1741, *Winter's Tale*, written by Shakespeare, and announced as not acted one hundred years, was played, the tickets being advertised as one, two, and three shillings. Far from a strong cast was that assigned it. Goodmans Fields was a second-rate theatre, which had been transferred from Odell, the dramatist, to Giffard, had not yet been open more than a dozen years, and was to wait, in order to become famous, for the advent of Garrick. As the first-recorded cast, however, the names of the performers may be given in full. These were as follows:—

Leontes	=	Giffard (the manager).
Polixenes	=	Marshall.
Florizel	=	W. Giffard.
Camillo	=	Paget.
Antigonus	=	Walker.
Shepherd	=	Julian.
Autolycus	=	Yates.
Clown	=	Dunstall.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Giffard.
Perdita	=	Miss Hippisley.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Steel.
Emilia	=	Mrs. Yates.
Mopsa	=	Mrs. Dunstall.
Dorcus	=	Mrs. Jones.

With the exception of Giffard and his wife, who were respectable actors, and Yates, who, though destined to develop into an admirable comedian, was then in a chrysalis state, there is little in the performers to arrest attention,

and nothing is known concerning a representation that should yet have had some interest if only on the score of novelty.

When once its merits received the illumination of the stage, the piece was not allowed to sleep. Writing forty years later, Tom Davies, while asserting the superiority of Shakespeare over Fletcher, and expressing the judicious opinion that, without considerable alterations, fine music, gay scenes, beautiful decorations, and excellent performers, he would not, in those "cultivated times," hazard *The Faithful Shepherdess* upon a London stage, says: "It will give strength to my argument in favour of the superior skill of Shakspeare to govern the spirit of the public, to observe, that the pastoral part of *The Winter's Tale*, *Florizel and Perdita*, without any assistance from the antients, or of modern Italy, perpetually triumphs over the passions of an English auditory" (*Dramatic Miscellanea*, ii. 401). It was of Garrick's adaptations from Shakespeare, however, rather than of the poet's own work, that Davies was speaking.

Covent Garden was not long in following the lead of Goodmans Fields. It produced *The Winter's Tale* on 11th Nov. 1741, and acted it on the four following days. Later in the season, 21st Jan. 1742, it was once more given. The cast of the first revival is not given. It probably did not differ greatly from that of the second, which, so far as it is preserved, was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Stephens.
Polixenes	=	Ryan.
Florizel	=	Hale.
Camillo	=	Bridgewater.
Antigonus	=	Rosco.
Clown	=	Hippisley.
Autolycus	=	Chapman.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Horton.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Hale.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Pritchard.

When first seen at Drury Lane *The Winter's Tale* was in Garrick's alteration. It was then, 21st Jan. 1756, announced as "A Comedy altered from Shakespeare, called *The Winter's Tale*, or *Florizel and Perdita*." To this version was prefixed a prologue by Garrick, written in that tone of mingled depreciation

THE WINTER'S TALE.

of censure and eulogy of self which distinguishes the trespassers upon Shakespeare's domain, among whom Garrick ranks as a chief offender. After bidding the spectators welcome to a hostelry which he calls the "Shakespeare's Head," and poking some not very humorous fun at

The learned Critics brave and deep
Who catch at words and, catching, fall asleep,

he explains what has been his task in the following disingenuous lines:—

The five long acts from which our three are taken,
Stretched out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken.
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

—Poetical Works of Garrick, 1785, i. 142.

The sixteen years refers, of course, to the period over which the action of *The Winter's Tale* extends. As to losing no drop of Shakespeare Garrick spilled more than half of his work. Garrick, who played Leontes, spoke the prologue. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—

Florizel	=	Holland.
Polixenes	=	Havard.
Camillo	=	Davies.
Clown	=	Woodward.
Autolicus (<i>sic</i>)	=	Yates.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Pritchard.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Cibber.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Bennet.

The representation was a thorough success. Mrs. Cibber's singing as Perdita took the town. Mrs. Pritchard and Woodward were said to be excellent, and Yates almost ideal. Garrick's own acting, especially in the statue scene, is declared to have been masterly. Garrick's additions are, of course, contemptible. A verse of one of Perdita's songs supplies one of the most characteristic stories in Boswell's Johnson. The verse is as follows:—

That giant ambition we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

Praising Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry, Mrs. Thrale repeated the poem from

which the above is taken, and dwelt with emphasis on the line, which she misquoted,

I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

"Nay, my dear lady," said Johnson, "this will never do. Poor David smile with the simple;—what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." The comment repeated to Garrick caused him considerable annoyance (see Boswell's Johnson, ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 79). The story is worth quoting as illustrative of the kind of tinsel with which Garrick would "gild" the "refined gold" of Shakespeare.

In Garrick's play the jealousy of Leontes, the death of Hermione, and the exposure of Perdita are narrated at the outset by Camillo. In an attempt at correctness the scene is changed from Bohemia to Bithynia.

Garrick had not been the first to hit upon the idea of shortening the story of *The Winter's Tale*. For Barry's benefit at Covent Garden on 25th March, 1754, *The Sheep-shearing*, or *Florizel and Perdita*, attributed to Macnamara Morgan, author of the tragedy of *Philoctetes*, was produced. In this the action is principally concerned with the love-making between Florizel and Perdita and the rogueries of Autolicus (*sic*). The additions are in wretched taste, but the whole hit the public taste and was not infrequently revived. Barry was Florizel, Miss Nossiter Perdita, Shuter Autolicus, and Sparks Alcon. To finish with this mutilation it may be said that on 13th March, 1758, Mrs. Bellamy was Perdita to the Florizel of Barry, who the following day resigned the part to Smith. On 12th April, 1774, at Drury Lane, Catherley was Florizel, King Autolicus, and Mrs. Canning Perdita. So Genest. It is not quite clear, however, that this was not Garrick's play. Moody was the Clown. On 11th Feb. 1790, at Covent Garden, Holman was Florizel, King (for his benefit) Autolicus, Aikin Polixenes, Hull Antigonus, Powell Camillo, Cubit Clown, and Miss Brunton Perdita. Miss Murray made at Covent Garden, 12th May, 1798, her first appearance on the stage as Perdita, Munden being Autolicus, Murray Polixenes, and Holman once more Florizel.

INTRODUCTION.

A fresh adaptation, with the same title, was acted once at the Haymarket in 1777. Edwin was Autolicus, Jackson Clown, Du Bellamy Florizel, Bannister Servant, Mrs. Collis Perdita, and Mrs. Poussin Paulina. It was reproduced, 20th Aug. 1783, with Mrs. Bannister as Perdita, Bensley as Polixenes, and Bannister, jun., in Florizel. To 1756, when it was printed in 8vo, belongs an alteration of *The Winter's Tale* by Charles Marsh. In this version, as in Garrick's, the first fifteen years of Shakespeare's action are cut off, and the scene is transferred from Bohemia to Bithynia. Some resentment against Garrick for preferring his own rendering is said to have been felt by Marsh. As his adaptation was never acted, Mr. Marsh may be left to the protection of his obscurity.

Before returning to Shakespeare's play the principal repetitions of Garrick's adaptation may conveniently be dismissed. It was revived at Drury Lane 27th Jan. 1762, with Garrick, Holland, Yates, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber in their former characters, and King as the Clown; and produced for the first time at Covent Garden for Woodward's benefit, 12th March, 1774. Smith was the Leontes, Lewis Florizel, Bensley Polixenes, Hull Camillo, Woodward the Clown, and Quick Autolicus. Miss Dayes, an actress of little note, was Perdita, and "the beautiful" Mrs. Hartley Hermione. Mrs. Robinson played Perdita and Mrs. Hartley Hermione at Drury Lane 20th Nov. 1779; and eleven days later Miss Farren for the first time essayed Hermione. About this time the adaptation was at the height of its popularity. Henderson played Leontes for the first time at Covent Garden 19th May, 1783, with Aikin also for the first time as Polixenes, Lewis as Florizel, Edwin as Autolicus, Quick as Clown, Miss Satchell, subsequently Mrs. Elizabeth Kemble, as Perdita, and Mrs. Yates for the first time as Hermione. For Mrs. Wilson's benefit it was given at Drury Lane 1st May, 1788. Wroughton was Leontes, Bensley Polixenes, Barrymore Florizel, Dodd Autolicus, Suett Clown, Miss Farren Hermione, and Mrs. Crouch Perdita. It reappears at Covent Garden 11th May, 1792, with Harley as Leontes, Holman as Flori-

zel, Munden as Autolicus, Quick as Clown, Mrs. Pope as Hermione, and Mrs. Mountain for the first time as Perdita, and at the same house disappears finally so far as records can be traced on 22nd December, 1795, when Pope was Leontes, Holman Florizel, Harley Polixenes, Mrs. Pope Hermione, and Miss Wallis Perdita.

Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, announced as not having been acted for thirty years, was revived at Covent Garden 24th April, 1771, the occasion being the benefit of Hull, who played Camillo and Chorus; Mrs. Hull was, "by particular desire," Paulina. Other features of interest were the Hermione of Mrs. Mattocks and the Perdita of Mrs. Bulkeley. Du Bellamy was Autolycus and Kniveton the Old Shepherd.

Another long pause appears to have occurred before, on 25th March, 1802, it was revived at Drury Lane by Kemble. An interesting cast may be given. It was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Kemble.
Florizel	=	C. Kemble.
Polixenes	=	Barrymore.
Camillo	=	Powell.
Antigonus	=	Downton.
Autolycus	=	Bannister, jun.
Clown	=	Suett.
Old Shepherd	=	Waldron.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Siddons.
Perdita	=	Miss Hickes (her first appearance on any stage).
Paulina	=	Mrs. Powell.

Hermione was the last of Mrs. Siddons' new characters. She still had beauty enough left "to make her so perfect in the statue scene, that assuredly there was never such a representative of Hermione. Mrs. Yates had a sculpturesque beauty that suited the statue, I have been told, as long as it stood still; but when she had to speak, the charm was broken, and the spectators wished her back to her pedestal. But Mrs. Siddons looked the statue even to literal illusion; and, whilst the drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders, and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied. This statue scene has hardly its parallel for enchantment even in Shakespeare's theatre. The star of his genius was at its zenith when he composed it; but it

THE WINTER'S TALE.

was only a Siddons that could do justice to its romantic perfection. The heart of every one who saw her when she burst from the semblance of sculpture into motion, and embraced her daughter, Perdita, must throb and glow at the recollection." Thus writes Campbell (*Life of Mrs. Siddons*, ii. 265, 266). In a similar vein Bowden writes: "She stood one of the noblest statues, that even Grecian taste ever invented. The figure composed something like one of the Muses in profile. The drapery was ample in its folds, and seemingly stony in its texture. Upon the magical words, pronounced by Paulina, 'Musick; awake her: strike,' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had really vivified the marble; and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting" (*Life of John Philip Kemble*, ii. 314). The same authority declares with faint praise that Mr. Kemble in Leontes "was every thing that either feeling or taste could require," states that the affection of Paulina never had a representative equal to Mrs. Powell, and credits the exponent of Perdita with being "a very delicate and pretty young lady." The *Monthly Mirror*, xiii. 282, declared Kemble remarkably great in Leontes, and lavished upon him terms of eulogy. Bannister's Autolycus is described to be exceedingly pleasant. The revival was on an elaborate scale, though little effort seems to have been made after archaeological accuracy. It was followed with much interest and was accounted one of the most successful experiments in its class of the time. In playing Hermione Mrs. Siddons swept her skirts across the footlights. But for the promptitude of a carpenter, who crept on his knees and extinguished the flames which burned the bottom of her train without the knowledge of the actress, she must have been burned to death. She declared that in consequence of this experience she could never think of *The Winter's Tale* without palpitation of the heart.

Kemble revived *The Winter's Tale* at Covent Garden, 11th Nov. 1807, resuming the part of Leontes, and was once more supported by Mrs. Siddons as Hermione and Charles Kemble as Leontes. Pope replaced Barry-

more as Polixenes and Munden Bannister as Autolycus. Miss Norton was Perdita, Mrs. Charles Kemble Paulina, Murray Antigonus, Creswell Camillo, Blanchard Old Shepherd, and Liston Clown. Upon a further revival, 28th Nov. 1811, Egerton was Antigonus and Fawcett Autolycus, Mrs. H. Johnston being Perdita and Mrs. Powell Paulina. An announcement was made that *The Winter's Tale*, *revised*, could only be had in the theatre. The "revisions" included the termination of Garrick's version, which was subsequently maintained by Macready. Genest witnessed a performance of *The Winter's Tale* in Bath, 27th April, 1813, with Bengough as Leontes, Stanley as Florizel, Chatterley as Autolycus, Woulds as Clown, Mrs. Campbell as Hermione, and Mrs. Weston as Paulina. He remarks Mrs. Siddons alone could have played Paulina better than "Mrs. Weston" (*Account of the Stage*, viii. 388).

Upon the revival of *The Winter's Tale* at Covent Garden, 7th Jan. 1819, Young was Leontes, Charles Kemble was again Florizel, and Egerton once more Polixenes, Liston, Fawcett, and Blanchard also reappearing respectively as Clown, Autolycus, and Old Shepherd; Abbott was Antigonus, Miss Somerville, subsequently Mrs. Bunn, Hermione, Miss Beaumont Perdita, and Mrs. Yates Paulina. It was twice acted. The *Theatrical Inquisitor*, which speaks of this as one of Shakespeare's least popular plays, says it was revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Somerville in the character of Hermione. Miss Somerville was, it states, "throughout dignified, commanding, and impressive; and in the scene where she appears as the statue, her fine figure produced a charming effect." Young's Leontes is said to have been "an admirable piece of acting," and Fawcett's Autolycus was "highly amusing." As Perdita Miss Beaumont displayed "a fascinating artlessness and naïveté," which recommend her greatly (vol. xiv. p. 74). Macready made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Leontes, 3rd Nov. 1823. The piece was then announced as not acted (at Drury Lane) for eighteen years. Archer was Polixenes, Wallack for the first time Florizel, Munden

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Autolycus, Harley Clown. Miss Somerville (now Mrs. Bunn) Hermione, Mrs. W. West for the first time Perdita, and Mrs. Glover-Paulina. This performance the *Monthly Mirror*, ix. 538, dismisses with short but eulogistic comment. "It has been attended with much success" (it was in fact acted twelve times), "Munden being rich in Autolycus, Mrs. Bunn dignified in Hermione, and Macready fervid and impetuous in Leontes. The statue scene is quite perfect." So completely overshadowed, however, was the revival by the production, a fortnight later (18th Nov.), of Knowles' tragedy of Caius Gracchus, that Macready abstains from any comment upon or mention of his own impersonation. One more revival of this play is chronicled by Genest. It took place at Covent Garden, 5th Dec. 1827. Young was again Leontes and Egerton Camillo. Diddear made as Polixenes his first appearance at Covent Garden, Bartley was Antigonus, Keeley the Clown, Mrs. Faucit Hermione, Miss Jarman Perdita, and Mrs. Chatterley Paulina. Kean was now at Covent Garden, and in the blaze of his popularity. This revival, like other representations on off-nights, attracted little attention.

On 30th September, 1837, Macready began with a revival of *The Winter's Tale* his management at Covent Garden. He played Leontes, according to his own declaration, "artist like, but not until the last act very effectively" (*Reminiscences*, ed. Pollock, ii. 90). Mr. Anderson, the well-known tragedian, made his debut as Florizel, and Miss Taylor, subsequently Mrs. Walter Lacy, was Perdita. Macready, with characteristic reticence, mentions none of the actors except himself. In May, 1843, Macready once more revived the play, Miss Helen Faucit being assumably the Perdita. Phelps produced *The Winter's Tale*, 19th November, 1845, during the second year of his tenure of Sadler's Wells. He acted Leontes, George Bennett was Antigonus, Henry Marston Florizel, A. Younge Autolycus, Mrs. Warner Hermione, Miss Cooper Perdita, and Mrs. Henry Marston Paulina. Mrs. Warner had previously revived *The Winter's Tale* during her manage-

ment of the Marylebone Theatre, and her Hermione had attracted an unusual class of spectators. The part of Hermione was also played by Miss Glyn and Miss Atkinson during Phelps' management at Sadler's Wells.

Charles Kean's revival of *The Winter's Tale* was one of the most ambitious of his Shakespearean experiments, and may perhaps be regarded as the most famous representation ever given of the play. It was exhibited 28th April, 1856. The version was Shakespeare's, Charles Kean having contented himself with necessary excisions and re-arrangement. Somewhat pedantically, however, he adhered to Hammer's suggestion, and transferred to Bithynia the portion of the action supposed to pass in Bohemia. The views in Syracuse were especially picturesque and elaborate; a large amount of dancing and pageantry was introduced; and a "classic allegory" representing the course of Time formed a much-discussed feature. Thanks to these attractions rather than to any supreme merit of interpretation the revival had a success then regarded as "phenomenal," the play being given over one hundred times. A large number of supernumeraries was concerned in the production. Charles Kean's Leontes was a careful and an adequate performance. Like most of his Shakespearean impersonations it came short of greatness, but it had picturesqueness, variety, and intelligence, and a certain measure of fire. Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione had an engaging womanliness. The actress was no longer young, but her appearance in the statue scene was effective and justified the customary allusions to "the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles." A feminine representative was found for Florizel in the person of Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, Perdita being played by Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Mr. Ryder was a stalwart Polixenes.

The twelfth season of Chatterton's management of Drury Lane opened 28th September, 1878, with *The Winter's Tale*. Miss Wallis was the Hermione; Mrs. Hermann Vezin the Paulina, a character in which in recent years she has had no equal; and Miss Emily Fowler the Perdita. Charles Dillon was a

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melodramatic Leontes; Cowper, Edgar, Compton, and Ryder also took part in the interpretation.

Many other revivals might be dragged from their obscurity. One only calls, however, for mention. During her tenure of the Lyceum Miss Mary Anderson revived *The Winter's Tale*, 10th September, 1887. On this occasion she ventured upon a unique and dangerous experiment which nothing short of success could have justified. This consisted in doubling the rôles of Hermione and Perdita. That gain as well as loss attended this experiment must be owned. The resemblance between Hermione and Perdita, amounting practically to identity, simplifies the action. It is difficult to conceive what Shakespeare would have held concerning such treatment of his play, but pardonable to think he would pardon a procedure the result of which was to secure for the play a triumph and a run greater than it had previously known. Experiments of the kind were unheard of in Shakespeare's days. Modern sticklers for the text are bound to resent what has been done. With memories of the grace and beauty of the representation still fresh it is difficult to be stern in condemnation. Comparatively little meddling with the text was involved, and it was only in the last act that it was necessary to resort to the clumsy expedient of a double. Miss Anderson's performance of Hermione had a full measure of dignity and some intensity. In tenderness it failed. Her Perdita meanwhile was bewitching. The virginal grace and charm of Miss Anderson told with singular effect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pastoral scenes; and the dance of the shepherdesses, led off by the actress, dwells caressingly in the memory. Mr. Forbes Robertson depicted in excellent fashion the soul-consuming jealousy of Leontes; Miss Sophie Eyre was Paulina, a part in which she was after a time succeeded by Mrs. Billington; Mr. F. H. Macklin was Polixenes; Mr. Fuller Mellish, Florizel; Mr. J. Maclean, Camillo; Mr. W. H. Stephens, the Old Shepherd; Mr. Charles Collette, Autolycus; Mr. George Warde, Antigonus; and Mr. J. Anderson, a brother of the exponent of Hermione

and Perdita, the Clown. To such small characters as Mopsa and Dorcas, agreeably played by Misses Tilbury and Ayrton, the care of the management extended. For some hundreds of nights in England and America Miss Anderson repeated her double performance.

A revival of *The Winter's Tale* at the Theatre Metropole, London, on May 6th, 1895, was one of considerable interest. Mr. Henry Brodribb Irving played Leontes, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Hermione, Miss Winifred Fraser, Perdita, Miss Dorothea Baird (Mrs. H. B. Irving), Enilia; and Mr. Frank Rodney was the Florizel.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Winter's Tale is a typically romantic drama, a "winter's dream, when nights are longest," constructed in defiance of probabilities, which it rides over happily. It has all the license and it has all the charm of a fairy tale; while the matters of which it treats are often serious enough, ready to become tragic at any moment, and with much of real tragedy in them as it is. The merciful spirit of Shakespeare in his last period, grown to repose now after the sharp sunshine and storm of his earlier and middle years—the delicate art which that period matured in him, seen at its point of finest delicacy in this play and in *The Tempest*, alone serve to restrain what would otherwise be really painful in the griefs and mistaken passions of the perturbed persons of the drama. Something—the very atmosphere, the dawning of light among the clouds at their blackest—at first a hint, then, distinctly, a promise, of things coming right at last, keeps us from taking all these distresses, genuine as they are, too seriously. It is all human life, but life under happier skies, on continents where the shores of Bohemia are washed by "faery seas." Anachronisms abound, and are delightful. That Delphos should be an island, Giulio Romano contemporary with the oracles, that Puritans should sing psalms to hornpipes, and a sudden remembrance call up the name of Jove or Proserpina to the forgetful lips of Christian-speaking characters—all this is of no more importance than a trifling error in the count of miles traversed by a witch's broom-

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stick in a minute. Too probable figures would destroy the illusion, and the error is a separate felicity.

It is quite in keeping with the other romantic characteristics of the play, that, judged by the usual standard of such a Romantic as Shakespeare himself, it should be constructed with exceptional looseness, falling into two very definite halves, the latter of which can again, in a measure, be divided. The first part, which takes place in Sicilia, is a study of jealousy; the whole interest is concentrated upon the relations of the "usual three—husband and wife and friend"—Leontes, Hermione, and Polixenes. The jealousy is in possession when we first see Leontes: it bursts out, comes to a climax, almost at once: in its furious heat runs through its whole course with the devouring speed of a race-horse: and then has its downfall, sudden and precipitate, and so dies of its own over-swiftness. Act iii. scene 2 ends the first part of the play; and with the third scene begins part ii., taking us from Sicilia, where the widowed and childless king is left mourning, to Bohemia, where the children, not long born when we last saw Sicilia, are now come to years of love. Then, all through the fourth act, we are with Florizel and Perdita—a sweet pastoral, varied with the dainty knaveries of a rogue as light-hearted as he is light-fingered; that too, the pastoral, coming to a sudden and disastrous end, not without a doubtful gleam of hope for the future. With act v. we return to Sicilia, having from the beginning a sense that things are now at last coming to a desired end. Leontes' proved faithfulness, his sixteen years' burden of "saint-like sorrow," gives him the right, one feels, to the happiness that is so evidently drawing near. All does, indeed, fall well, as the whole company comes together at the court of Sicilia, now re-united at last, husband with his lost wife (another Alcestis from the grave), father and mother with child, lover with lover (the course of true love smooth again), friend with friend, the faithful servants rewarded—with each other, the worthless likeable knave, even, in a good way of getting on in the world.

The principal charm in *The Winter's Tale*,

its real power over the sources of delight, lies in the two women, true mother and daughter, whose fortunes we see at certain moments, the really important crises of their lives. Hermione, as we have just time to see her before the blow comes, is happy wife, happy mother, fixed, as it seems, in a settled happiness. Grave, not gay, but with a certain quiet playfulness, such as so well becomes stately women, she impresses us with a feeling, partly of admiration, partly of attraction. It is with a sort of devoted reverence that we see her presently, patient yet not abject, under the dishonouring accusations of the fool her husband. "Good my lords," she can say—

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

All Hermione is in those words, no less than in the calm forthrightness of her defence, spoken afterwards in the Court of Justice. She has no self-consciousness, is not aware that at any time in her life she is heroic; "a very woman," merely simple, sincere, having in reverence the sanctity of wifehood and in respect the dignity of queenship. In Perdita, the daughter so long lost and in the end so happily restored to her, we see, in all the gaiety of youth, the frank innocence and the placid strength of Hermione. She is the incarnation of all that is delightful and desirable in girlhood, as her mother incarnates for us the perfect charm of mature woman. And, coming before us where she does, a shepherdess among pastoral people, "the queen of curds and cream," she seems to sum up and immortalize, in one delicious figure, our holiday loves, our most vivid sensations of country pleasures. It is the grace of Florizel that he loves Perdita; he becomes charming to us because Perdita loves him. In these young creatures the old passion becomes new; and for an hour we too are as if we had never loved, but are now, now, in the first moment of the unique discovery.

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This charm of womanhood, this purely delightful quality, of which the play has so much, though it remains, I think, the predominant feeling with us after reading or seeing the course of action, is not, we must remember, the only quality, the whole course of the action. Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brighter relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting. With Othello there is properly no comparison. Othello could no more comprehend the workings of the mind of Leontes than Leontes could fathom the meaning of the attitude of Othello. Leontes is meanly, miserably, degradedly jealous, with a sort of mental alienation or distortion—a disease of the brain like some disease of vision, by which he still “sees yellow” everywhere. The malady has its course, disastrously, and then ends in the only

way possible—by an agonizing cure, suddenly applied. Are those sixteen years of mourning, we may wonder, really adequate penance for the man? Certainly his suffering, like his criminal folly, was great; and not least among the separate heartaches in that purifying ministry of grief must have been the memory of the boy Mamillius, the noblest and dearest to our hearts of Shakespeare's children. When the great day came (is it fanciful to note?) Hermione embraced her husband in silence; it was to her daughter that she first spoke.

The end, certainly, is reconciliation, mercy—mercy extended even to the unworthy, in a spirit of something more than mere justice; as, in those dark plays of Shakespeare's great penultimate period, the end came with a sort of sombre, irresponsible injustice, an outrage of nature upon her sons, wrought in blind anger. We close *The Winter's Tale* with a feeling that life is a good thing, worth living; that much trial, much mistake and error, may be endured to a happier issue, though the scars, perhaps, are not to be effaced. This end, on such a note, is indeed the mood in which Shakespeare took leave of life—in no weakly optimistic spirit, certainly, but with the air of one who has conquered fortune, not fallen under it—with a genial faith in the ultimate result of things.



Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.—(Act i. l. 6-8.)

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in Leontes' palace.*

•
Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed— 10

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely. 19

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhood; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned¹ with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 35

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. 40

¹ *Attorned*, performed by proxy.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. 50
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A state-room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and *Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star¹ hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;

And yet we should, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one "We-thank-you" many thousands moe

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance 11

Or breed upon our absence; that may blow No sneaping² winds at home, to make us say, "This is put forth too truly:" besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's, then: and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, 20

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'T were needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder, Were in your love a whip to me; my stay, To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

You, sir,

Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction 31 The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure 33

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission

To let³ him there a month behind the gest⁴

Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,

I love thee not a jar⁵ o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's "verily" is 50

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees⁶

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread "verily,"

One of them you shall be.

¹ The watery star, i.e. the moon.

² Sneaping, nipping.

³ Let, hinder.

⁴ Gest, stopping-place, limit.

⁵ Jar, tick.

⁶ As debtors did.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But you kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
boys:

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You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?



Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending.—(Act i. 2. 56, 57.)

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did
frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine¹ of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.²

¹ Doctrine should be pronounced as a trisyllable.

² "Not guilty," setting aside original sin.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's;
for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!³ 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;

³ Grace to boot! i.e. God help us!

The offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd
not

With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when
was't before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and
make's

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O would her name were
Grace! 99

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me; my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty 112
From freeness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as
't were

The mort¹ o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

[*Leon.* I' fecks!²

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose? 121

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.]

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,³ and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say any thing: [but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,⁴ as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.] Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin⁵ eye: sweet
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—
may't be?—

Affection!⁶ thy intention stabs the centre:
[Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this
be?— 140

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou
dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.]

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!

Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best
brother?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much
distraction: 149
Are you mov'd, my lord?

¹ Mort, death.

² I' fecks! In faith!

³ Pash, head.

⁴ Blacks, mourning garments.

⁵ Welkin, blue, or heavenly.

⁶ Affection, natural instinct.

Leon.

No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts! I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,² this gentleman. Mine honest
friend, 100

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be's dole!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol.

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all: 108
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon.

So stands this squire

Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's
welcome;

[Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:]

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her.

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend
you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [Aside] I am angling
now, 180

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[How she holds up the neb,³ the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.

Gone already!

¹ *Methoughts*, i.e. methought, by false analogy from *methinks*.

² *Squash*, an unripe peascod.

³ *Neb*, mouth.

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and
clamour

Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There
have been, 190

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds are now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the
arm,

That little thinks she has been sluiced in's
absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort
in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there
is none; 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly; know't;

It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon.

Why, that's some comfort.]

What, Camillo there?

Cam.

Ay, my good lord. 210

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an
honest man. [Exit Mamillius.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon.

Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
made

His business more material.

Leon.

Didst perceive it?—

[Aside] They're here with me already; whisper-
ing, rounding,

"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 't is far gone,

When I shall gust¹ it last. How came't,
Camillo,
That he did stay?

[*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be't: "good" should be
pertinent; 221

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:² not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most
understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?] 231

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the en-
treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes³ honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be
counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; 250
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
[But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—] or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour 270
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,

[To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin 283
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks moreswift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,⁴ but theirs, theirs
only, 291

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is
nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,

If this be nothing.]

¹ Gust, taste.

² Blocks, blockheads.

³ Hoxes, houghs, hamstrings.

⁴ Pin and web, diseases of the eye.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300

Pronounce thee a gross iout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: [were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?



Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.—(Act i. 2. 299, 300.)

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her
medal,¹ hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, [if I 308
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who
mayst see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees
heaven,

How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash² potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not
work 320

Maliciously like poison: but I cannot

¹ Her medal, i.e. a medal (portrait) of her.

² Rash, hasty.

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint¹ myself in this vexation; [sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;] 329
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?²

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your high-
ness

Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord, 342
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with
Bohemia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast
advis'd me. [*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me, 351
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since

Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not
one, 360

Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a counten-
ance

As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met
him 370

With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know,
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me. 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I
must be 382

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped
the better 389

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry³ than our parents' noble names,
In whose success⁴ we are gentle,—I beseech you,

¹ *Appoint*, attire.

² *Blench*, start or fly off.

³ *Gentry*, rank as gentlemen.

⁴ *Success*, succession.

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer,

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my
counsel, 408
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter 't, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence
he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice¹ you to 't, that you have touch'd his
queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over²
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue 430
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I'm sure 't is safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 't is
born.

If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I 442
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy 451
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd³ to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades
me:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if 461
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your high-
ness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ Vice, screw, force.

² Swear . . . over, i.e. over swear.

³ Profess'd, i.e. professed friendship.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.**Her.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?*Mam.*

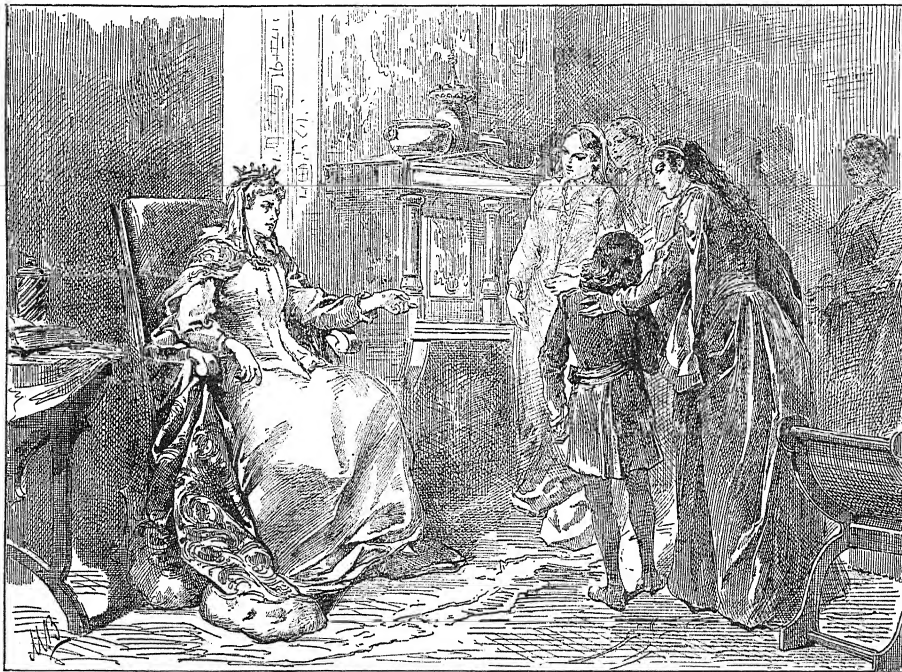
No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?*Mam.* You'll kiss me hard, and speak to
me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?*Mam.*

Not for because



Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.—(Act ii. 1. 1, 2.)

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,
they say,Become some women best, so that there be
notToo much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.*Sec. Lady.* Who taught you this?*Mam.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.

Pray now

What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

[*First Lady.* Hark ye;The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new princeOne of these days; and then you'd wanton
with us,

If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!]

Her. [What wisdom stirs amongst you?
Come, sir, now 21
I am for you again:] pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're power-
ful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it
softly; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Guards.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met
them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure,¹ in my true opinion!
Alack for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present 42
The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen
the spider.

[Camillo has his help in this, his pander:]
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.

Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse
him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come
about her;

[Away with him! and let her sport herself 60
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll besworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon.] You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "She is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"T is pity she's not honest, honourable:"

[Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and
straight 70

The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said "she's goodly," come
between,
Ere you can say "she's honest:" but] be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. [Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd² villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing! 82
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:]
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federy³ with her; [and one that knows,

² *Replenish'd*, complete, consummate.

³ *Federy*, confederate, accomplice.

¹ *Censure*, judgment.

What she should shame to know herself 91
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles;] ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my
lords, 112

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beseech
your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistress 119

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exeunt Hermione, guarded, and Ladies.*]

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the
queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones
suffer, 128

Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

[*Ant.* If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust
her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on¹ 141
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-
flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine
honour,

I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they 149
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and
feel 't,

As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.]

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than
I, my lord, 158

Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

¹ Putter-on, instigator.

Leon. [Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill,¹ cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.²

Leon. How could that be?]
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
[Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation³
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,]—doth push on this pro-
ceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For, in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild,⁴ I have dispatch'd in
post⁵

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no
more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought
it good

From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise⁶ us all.

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

¹ Skill, cunning.

² Overture, disclosure.

³ Approbation, attestation.

⁴ Wild, i.e. rash.

⁵ In post, in haste, as we say now post-haste.

⁶ Raise, i.e. rouse.

SCENE II. A prison.

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.

[Exit Gentleman.

Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray
you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, 20
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lunes¹ i' the king,
 beshrew them! 30

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
 Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
 And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,

Commend my best obedience to the queen:
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
 Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
 The silence often of pure innocence 41
 Persuades when speaking fails.



Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
 Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives

Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,
 I am innocent as you."—(Act ii. 2. 26-29.)

Emil. Most worthy madam,
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue: there's no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your
 ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
 Who but to-day hammered of this design,
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
 Lest she should be denied.

Paul.

Tell her, Emilia,

I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
 As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
 I'll to the queen: please you, come something
 nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send
 the babe,
 I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

[*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:]
 The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
 By law and process of great nature thence 60
 Freed and enfranchised; not a party to

¹ Lunes, frenzies.

{The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
 {If any be, the trespass of the queen.
 {*Gaol.* I do believe it.]

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
 Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and*
Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but
 weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
 {The cause were not in being,—[parto' the cause,
 {She the adulteress; for the harlot king
 {Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank¹
 {And level² of my brain, plot-proof; but she
 {I can hook to me:] say that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

First Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
 'T is hoped his sickness is discharged. 11

Leon. To see his nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
 See how he fares. [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie!
 no thought of him:

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20
 And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
 Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them;
 nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
 to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,

Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Sec. Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-
 night; commanded 31

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:

I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings, such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
 Do come with words as medicinal as true,
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful con-
 ference 40

About some gossips³ for your highness.

Leon. How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
 I charged thee that she should not come about
 me:

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
 He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear:

When she will take the rein, I let her run;
 But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;

And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient councillor, yet that dares
 Less appear so in comforting⁴ your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
 From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,

Good queen; I say good queen; 59
 And would by combat make her good, so were I
 A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

¹ Blank, the white or bull's-eye of a target; mark.

² Level, aim.

³ Gossips, sponsors.

⁴ Comforting, encouraging.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Lays down the Child.*]

Leon.

[*Out!*]

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul.

Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you

In so entitling me, and no less honest 70

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.

[*To Antigonus*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,¹ unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon.

He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt 80

You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul.

Nor I; nor any,

But one that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays toslander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon.

A callat² 90

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:]

Hence with it; and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul.

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 't is the worse. [Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley, 100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!]

Leon.

A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant.

Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon.

Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon.

I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul.

I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen—

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hing'd fancy—something savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon.

On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her

¹ *Woman-tir'd*, henpecked.

² *Callat*, trull.

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you. 129
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

[My child? away with it! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up
straight:

Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,



Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours.—(Act II. 3. 125, 126.)

With what thou else call'st thine. If thou
refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper
hands 140
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.]

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

First Lord. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us
better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
you

So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this
purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now

Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
[You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray,—] what will you
adventure 162

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this
sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it: [seest thou?
for the fail 170

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon.] We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou
bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange for-
tune 179

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely¹ to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it
up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present
death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And
blessing 190

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!²

[*Exit with the Child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; fore-
tells

The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A town in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION, attended.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most
sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the
reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

¹ *Commend it strangely, i.e. commit it as a stranger.*

² *Loss, casting away.*

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, 9
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh
horses! 21
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A court of justice.

Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we
pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even¹ to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the
queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

*Enter HERMIONE, guarded; PAULINA and
Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads*] "Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and
arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery
with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring
with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign
lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence²
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open,
thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for
their better safety, to fly away by night." 22

Her. Since what I am to say must be but
that 23

Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me

To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to takespectators. [For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe³
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daugh-
ter, 40

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear.] For life, I
prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
honour,

'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter⁴ so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd,⁵ to appear thus: if one jot be-
yond

The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

[*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of

³ Owe, possess.

⁴ Encounter, behaviour or intercourse.

⁵ Strain'd, swerved.

¹ Even, equal, impartial.

² Pretence, design.

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not
At all acknowledge.] For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in
me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love
had spoke,
Evensince it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you
know what
You've underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
[My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.]

Leon. [Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.] As you were past all
shame,—

Those of your fact¹ are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails;

[for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so] thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug² which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:³
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third
comfort,

¹ Those of your fact, i.e. those who have done as you
have done. ² Bug, bugbear. ³ Commodity, profit.

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: [myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;] lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt some Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

First Offi. You here shall swear upon this
sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have
brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read. 132

Offi. [Reads] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes
blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous
tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the
king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost
be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

First Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down. 140

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

A Servant rushes in.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon.

What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit¹ and fear
Of the queen's speed,² is gone.

Leon.

How? gone?

Serv.

Is dead.



Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.—(Act iii. 2. 149, 150.)

Leon. Apollo's sangry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:
look down, 149
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison 161
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and
with

¹ With mere conceit, i.e. with the mere conception.

² Speed, fortune.

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclass'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great, and to the hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended, 170
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters
 Through my rust! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
 O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
 for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?
 boiling

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
 Must I receive, whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,— 181
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine,—O, think what they have
 done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
 honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 190
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince, whose honourable
 thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
 When I have said, cry "woe!"—the queen, the 201
 queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and ven-
 geance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

34

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If
 word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture¹ or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
 Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't:
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know
 them, 220

I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
 To the noble heart. What's gone and what's
 past help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
 At my petition; I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord, 231
 Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth; which I receive much
 better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
 Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long 242

¹ *Tincture*, colour.

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country
near the sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with the Child, and
a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect,¹ then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look
grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee. 9

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'
the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow 21
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia, 31

¹ Perfect, well assured.

There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squar'd² by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character:³ there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed⁴ thee,
pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor
wretch, 49

That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accus'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like
to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit pursued by a bear.*]

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between
ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would
sleep out the rest; [for there is nothing in
the between but getting wenches with child,
wrongs the ancientry, stealing, fighting—]
Hark you now! Would any but these boiled
brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt
this weather? They have scar'd away two
of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will
sooner find than the master: if any where I
have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of
ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have
we here? Mercy on 's, a barne;⁵ a very pretty
barne! A boy or a child, I wonder! A pretty

² Squar'd, regulated.

³ Thy character, i.e. the writing concerning thee.

⁴ Breed, keep.

⁵ Barne, i.e. bairn, child.

one; a very pretty one: [sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here.] I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! 80

Shep. What, art so near? [If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,] come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it



Shep. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barge; a very pretty barge!—(Act iii. 3. 69-71.)

is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? 88

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest¹ and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said

his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather. 104

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man! 111

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side,

¹ Yest, foam.

to have help'd her: there your charity would
have lack'd footing. 114

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but
look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou
mettest with things dying, I with things new-
born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a
bearing-cloth¹ for a squire's child! look thee
here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's
see: it was told me I should be rich by the
fairies. This is some changeling: open 't.
What's within, boy? 123

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to
live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove
so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the

next² way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so
still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my
sheep go: come, good boy, the next way
home. 131

Clo. Go you the next way with your find-
ings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the
gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they
are never curst,³ but when they are hungry:
if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest
discern by that which is left of him what he
is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to
put him i' the ground. 141

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do
good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy
and terror

Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make
stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scenesuch growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself. Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel

I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,
I list not⁴ prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shep-
herd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,⁵
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say 31
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more
importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any
thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my coun-
try: though I have for the most part been
aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there.
Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath
sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might
be some allay, or I o'erween⁶ to think so, which
is another spur to my departure. 10

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not

² Next, highest, nearest.

³ Curst, savage.

⁴ I list not, i.e. I do not choose to.

⁵ Allow, approve.

⁶ O'erween, presume.

¹ Bearing-cloth, i.e. christening-cloth.

out the rest of thy services by leaving me now:
 [the need I have of thee, thine own goodness
 hath made; better not to have had thee than
 thus to want thee: thou, having made me busi-
 nesses which none without thee can sufficiently
 manage, must either stay to execute them thy-
 self, or take away with thee the very services
 thou hast done; which if I have not enough
 considered, as too much I cannot, to be more
 thankful to thee shall be my study; and my
 profit therein, the heaping friendships.¹] Of
 that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no
 more; whose very naming punishes me with
 the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call-
 est him, and reconciled king, my brother;
 whose loss of his most precious queen and
 children are even now to be afresh lamented.
 Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Flori-
 zel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their
 issue not being gracious, than they are in
 losing them when they have approved their
 virtues. 32

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the
 prince. What his happier affairs may be, are
 to me unknown: but I have missingly noted,
 he is of late much retired from court, and is
 less frequent to his princely exercises than
 formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo,
 and with some care; so far, that I have eyes
 under my service which look upon his re-
 movedness; from whom I have this intelli-
 gence, that he is seldom from the house of a
 most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that
 from very nothing, and beyond the imagina-
 tion of his neighbours, is grown into an un-
 speakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who
 hath a daughter of most rare note: the report
 of her is extended more than can be thought
 to begin from such a cottage. 50

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence;
 but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son
 thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the
 place; where we will, not appearing what we
 are, have some question² with the shepherd;
 from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy³

to get the cause of my son's resort thither.
 Prithee, be my present partner in this busi-
 ness, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. 60

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise
 ourselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's
 Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
 The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With, heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging⁴ tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
 The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts, 11
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel and in my time
 wore three-pile;⁵ but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget, 20

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds,
 look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me
 Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under
 Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of uncon-
 sidered trifles. [With die and drab I pur-
 chas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the
 silly cheat.] Gallows and knock are too power-
 ful on the highway; beating and hanging are
 terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out
 the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 32

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tod;
 every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fif-
 teen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

¹ *Friendships*, friendly services.

² *Question*, conversation.

³ *Not uneasy*, i.e. easy, not difficult

⁴ *Pugging*, thievish.

⁵ *Three-pile*, i.e. three-pile velvet.

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen¹ all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means² and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace; dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

52

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovels on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me!

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

61

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

65

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

83

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want:



Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.—(Act iv. 3. 79, 80.)

offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

90

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames:³ I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

99

¹ Three-man songmen, i.e. singers of catches in three parts.

² Means, tenors.

³ Troll-my-dames, Fr. trou-madame, an old game.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion¹ of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig,² for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 111

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way? 122

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,³ and my name put in the book of virtue! 131

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, [*Sings.*

And merrily hent⁴ the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me: O, pardon that I name them! Your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing,⁵ and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd⁶ up: but that our feasts 10

In every mess have folly, and the feeders

Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired; sworn, I think,

To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble To think your father, by some accident, 19

Should pass this way as you did: O the Fates!

How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30

As I seem now. Their transformations

Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

[Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires

Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts

Burn hotter than my faith.]

Per. O but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king:

One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40

¹ Motion, puppet-show.

² Prig, thief.

³ Unroll'd, struck off the roll of thieves.

⁴ Hent, clear.

⁵ Wearing, dress.

⁶ Prank'd, drest.

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and
other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd
all;

Would sing her song and dance her turn; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now 't the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labour, and the thing she took to quench
it

She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present your-
self

That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Polixenes] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me 71
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Camillo]
You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Rever-
end sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep

Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. [Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season 81

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For¹ I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art 91
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
vors, 98

And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.] Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

¹ For, because.

Per. Out, alas! 110
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
 Would blow you through and through. Now,
 my fair'st friend,
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
 might

Become your time of day; [and yours, and
 yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing:] O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that frightened thou lett'st
 fall

From Dis's wagon! daffodils, 118
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. [What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play
 on; 130

Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms.] Come, take
 your flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak,
 sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish
 you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function: each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present
 deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large: but that your youth,

And the true blood which peeps fairly
 through't,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
 As little skill to fear as I have purpose
 To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
 ever
 Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or
 seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
 That makes her blood look out: good sooth,
 she is 160

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

[*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
 garlic,

To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!¹

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon
 our manners.

Come, strike up!]

[*Music.* Here a dance of Shepherds and
 Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain
 is this

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts
 himself

To have a worthy feeding:² but I have it
 Upon his own report and I believe it; 170
 He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
 daughter:

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read
 As't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
 I think there is not half a kiss to choose
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I re-
 port it,

¹ In good time! à la bonne heure.

² A worthy feeding, i.e. a valuable pasturage.

That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again

after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if



Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?—(Act iv. 4. 166, 167.)

it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: [he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slighting him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man." 201

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbroidered wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,¹ caddises,² cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; [you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't]. 212

¹ Inkles, tapes.

² Caddises, worsted laces.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing. 214

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle² bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: 231
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

[*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 240

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plaquets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamour³ your tongues, and not a word more. 251

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 261

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life,⁴ for then we are sure they are true.

[*Aut.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.⁵

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old. 270

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mrs. Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.]

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: [it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her:] the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another. 290

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation: have at it with you!

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go 303
Where it fits not you to know.

¹ *Go about to, i.e.* am going to.

² *Bugle*, bead of black glass.

³ *Clamour*, stop.

⁴ *A-life, i.e.* of life, of all things in life.

⁵ *Carbonado'd*, cut in slices for broiling.

Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O, whither? *Dor.* Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill. 310

Aut. Neither. *Dor.* What, neither? *Aut.* Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad¹ talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. 320

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. 330

[*Exit.*

[*Re-enter Servant.*

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry² of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 339

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.³

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now. 351

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Camillo*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd 360

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted⁴ with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 369

Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before! I have put you out: But to your protestation; let me hear 379 What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:

¹ *Sad*, serious.

² *Gallimaufry*, medley.

³ *Squire*, foot-rule.

⁴ *Marted*, traded.

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;

Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak



Shep.

Take hands, a bargain!—(Act iv. 4. 394.)

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness
to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
P' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. [Pray you, once
more,

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? 410

Know man from man? dispute¹ his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial:] reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good
reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this; 421

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Throws off his disguise.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old
traitor, 431

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must
know

The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with
briers, and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond
boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack as never

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from suc-
cession; 440

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far² than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. [Thou churl, for this
time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee 451
As thou art tender to 't.] [*Exit.*

Per. [Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.] [*To Florizel*] Will 't please
you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of
mine,— 459

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

[*Cam.* Why, how now, father!]
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*To*
Florizel] O sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and
lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. [*To Perdita*]
O cursed wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure 470

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard, delay'd,

¹ *Dispute*, discuss.

² *Far*, i.e. O.E. *ferre*, comp. = farther.

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
[More straining on for plucking back, not following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it. 488
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!

How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within!] Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I 491
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy:¹ if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hides 501

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair below'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea 509
With her who here I cannot hold on shore;
And most oppórtune to her need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Draws her aside.*
[*To Camillo*] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, 522
And that unhappy king my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious² business that
I leave out ceremony.

[*Cam.* Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him,
which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving 537

As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.]

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

¹ Fancy, love.

² Curious, requiring care.

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess 550
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your pur-
pose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair prin-
cess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgive-
ness, 560

As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down: 571

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain 578

To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in¹ the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?

There shall not at your father's house these
seven years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, 590
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear² our² birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord, 600
Fear none of this: I think you know my for-
tunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance,
sir,

That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [*They talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a
counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,³
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,
glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my
pack from fasting: they throng who should
buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed
and brought a benediction to the buyer: by
which means I saw whose purse was best in
picture; and what I saw, to my good use I re-
member'd. My clown, who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man, grew so in love
with the wenches' song, that he would not stir
his pettitoes⁴ till he had both tune and words;

¹ Take in, subdue.

² Rear 'our, a contraction for rear of our.

³ Pomander, a ball of perfumes.

⁴ Pettitoes, literally pigs' feet.

which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; [you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse;] I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there 632

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [*Sees Autolycus*] Who have we here? We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging. 640

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.¹ 651

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it. 660

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*Florizel and Autolycus change garments.*]
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken The truth of your own seeming; that you may— For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. 670 Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father, He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. [*Giving it to Perdita.*]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot! Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king

Of this escape and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail To force him after: in whose company I shall review² Sicilia, for whose sight 680 I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more

¹ Some boot, i.e. something to boot.

² Review, see again.

knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. 699

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then. 709

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 721

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel¹ will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace. 731

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,² breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover. 742

[*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie. 749

Clo. Your worship had like to have given



Aut. Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound? —(Act iv. 4. 733-736.)

us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.³]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure⁴ of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy busi-

¹ Fardel, bundle.

² Having, property.

³ With the manner, in the fact.

⁴ Measure, stately tread.

ness, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

[*Clo.* *Aside to Shepherd*] Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.] 771

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*Aside to Clown*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box? 782

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief. 792

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,¹ let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 799

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane² to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is

necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir? 811

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 829

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, "ston'd," and "flay'd alive."

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir. 841

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

[*Clo.* *To Shepherd*] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know't is none of your daughter's

¹ Hand-fast, custody.

² Germane, akin.

{nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will
 {give you as much as this old man does when
 {the business is performed; and remain, as he
 {says, your pawn till it be brought you. 354

Aut. I will trust you.] Walk before towards
 the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but
 look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say,
 even blest.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was
 provided to do us good. 361

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see

Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties
 in my mouth. I am courted now with a double
 occasion, gold and a means to do the prince
 my master good; which who knows how that
 may turn back to my advancement? I will
 bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard
 him [: if he think it fit to shore them again and
 that the complaint they have to the king con-
 cerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for
 being so far officious; for I am proof against
 that title, and what shame else belongs to't.
 To him will I present them: there may be
 matter in it]. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,
 and Servants.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have
 perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
 Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid
 down

More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
 Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
 With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
 Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
 My blemishes in them; and so still think of
 The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
 That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
 Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er
 man 11

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
 If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
 Or from the all that are took something good,
 To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
 Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
 She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
 Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
 Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good
 now,
 Say so but seldom.

Cleon. Not at all, good lady: 20

You might have spoken a thousand things
 that would

Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
 Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
 Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
 You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
 Of his most sovereign name; consider little
 What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
 May drop upon his kingdom and devour
 Incertain lookers on. [What were more holy
 Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30
 What holier than, for royalty's repair,
 For present comfort, and for future good,
 To bless the bed of majesty again
 With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
 For has not the divine Apollo said,
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
 That King Leontes shall not have an heir
 Till his lost child be found? which that it
 shall, 40

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
 As my Antigonus to break his grave
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care
 not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.]

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: [one
worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so. 62
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your
ears

Should rift¹ to hear me; and the words that
follow'd

Should be, "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no
wife:]

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront² his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office

To choose you a queen: she shall not be so
young

As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy 80

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath;

Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince
Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance³ and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but fore'd 91
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

[*Paul.* O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you your-
self

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly
ebb'd, 102

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

¹ Rift, split

² Affront, i.e. confront.

³ Out of circumstance, without ceremony.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman 110

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.]

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.

[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*

Still, 't is strange

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish¹ me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL
and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you, 127
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might have thus stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something
seiz'd 142

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—

¹ *Unfurnish*, deprive.

He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behindhand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure² of her person.

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
thence, 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy³ father,
A graceful⁴ gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin: 172
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,
great sir, 180

² *Adventure*, hazard.

³ *Holy*, virtuous, blameless.

⁴ *Gracious*, gracious.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach¹ his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from
him:

I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo.

Camillo has betray'd me;



Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?—(Act v. l. 207, 208.)

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question.² Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth; 199

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo.

She is,

When once she is my wife.

¹ Attach, arrest.

² In question, under examination.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good
father's speed, 210

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth¹ as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you,
sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affec-
tions, 220

Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a
month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth
such gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*]

But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which
errand 231

I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my
lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Leontes' palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the
fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the
manner how he found it: whereupon, after a
little amazedness, we were all commanded out
of the chamber; only this methought I heard
the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue
of it. 9

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the
business; but the changes I perceived in the
king and Camillo were very notes of admira-
tion: they seem'd almost, with staring on one
another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There
was speech in their dumbness, language in
their very gesture; they look'd as they had
heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed:
a notable passion of wonder appeared in them;
but the wisest beholder, that knew no more
but seeing, could not say if the importance²
were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of
the one, it must needs be. 21

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily³ knows
more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle
is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such
a deal of wonder is broken out within this
hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to
express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he
can deliver you more. [How goes it now, sir?] }
this news which is call'd true is so like an old }
tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: }
has the king found his heir? 32

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were
pregnant by circumstance: that which you
hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity
in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermi-
one's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters
of Antigonus found with it which they know
to be his character, the majesty of the creature
in resemblance of the mother, the affection⁴ of
nobleness which nature shows above her breed-
ing, and many other evidences proclaim her
with all certainty to be the king's daughter.
Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No. 45

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight,
which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of.
There might you have beheld one joy crown

² Importance, import.

³ Happily, i.e. haply.

⁴ Affection, disposition.

¹ Worth, i.e. worthiness of descent, high birth.

another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. [There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.¹] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; [then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he] thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. [I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.] 63

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers? 74

Third Gent. Wrackt the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted. 88

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, [and that which angl'd for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish,] was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely

confess'd and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. [Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.] 100

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, [who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—] thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup. 112

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Aut. [Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.] 133

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

¹ Favour, i.e. face.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children,
but thy sons and daughters will be all gentle-
men born. 133

Clo. You are well met, sir. You deni'd to
fight with me this other day, because I was
no gentleman born. See you these clothes?
say you see them not and think me still no
gentleman born: you were best say these robes
are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do,
and try whether I am not now a gentleman
born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman
born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these
four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy. 149

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman
born before my father; for the king's son took
me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and
then the two kings call'd my father brother;
and then the prince my brother and the prin-
cess my sister call'd my father father; and so
we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like
tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in
so preposterous estate as we are. 159

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon
me all the faults I have committed to your
worship, and to give me your good report to
the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle,
now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the
prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any
is in Bohemia. 170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?
Let boors and franklins¹ say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman
may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and
I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow
of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk;
but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy
hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll

swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall
fellow of thy hands. 181

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow:
if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture
to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me
not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our
kindred, are going to see the queen's picture.
Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Chapel in Paulina's house.*

To Hermione, like a statue, curtained, enter
LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great
comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have
vouchsaf'd

With your crown'd brother and these your
contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much
content 11

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is
well. 20

[*Paulina draws back a curtain, and dis-
covers Hermione standing like a statue.*]
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege:
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!

¹ *Franklins*, yeomen.

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
30

Which lets go by some sixteen years and
makes her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid
on, 49

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone
is mine,
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest
your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

Leon.

Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-
ready—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me, 79

For I will kiss her.

Paul. 'Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll
think—

Which I protest against—I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.



THE WINTER'S TALE.
Act V. Scene III. lines 78-80.

Leon. Let no man mock me.
For I will kiss her.



Leon.
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; bestow no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir: nay, come away;

Proceed:

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:

[*Hermione steps from her pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her.
Until you see her die again; for then



Paul. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.—(Act v. 3. 120, 121.)

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art 110
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she
has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good
lady; 120

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine
own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push¹ to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake² to every one. I, an old turtle, 132
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast
found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,

As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty

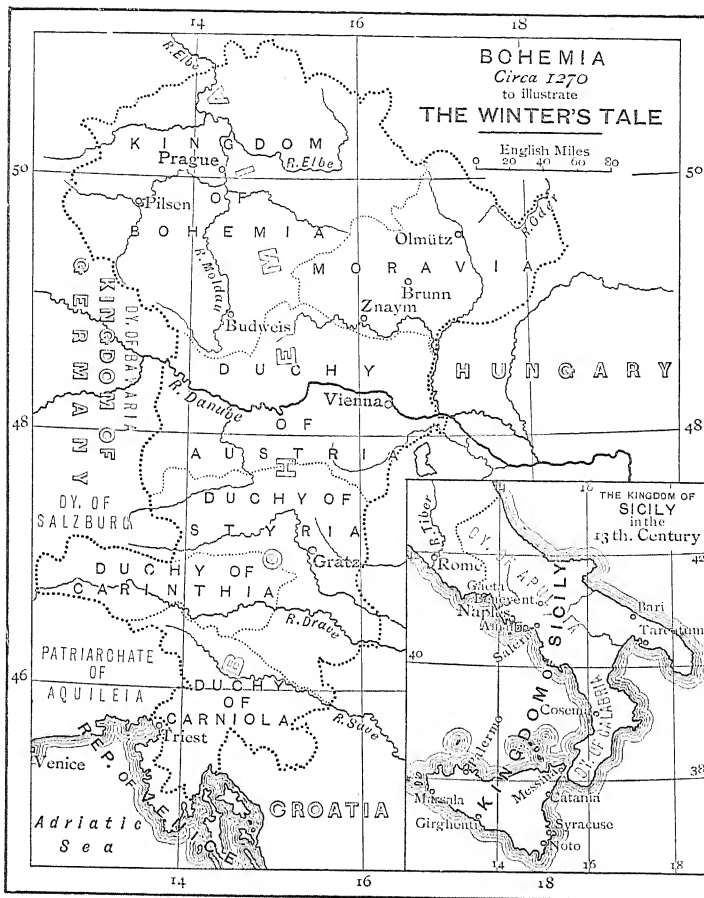
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your par-
dons, 147

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Istroth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Push*, impulse, suggestion.

² *Partake*, impart.



NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Lines 29, 30: *their encounters, though not personal, HAVE been royally attorneyed.*—F. 1 prints *hath*. The correction is made in F. 2.

2. Line 33: *shook hands, as over A VAST.*—So F. 1; the later Ff. read *a vast sea*. The reading of F. 1 is confirmed by a passage in Pericles, iii. 1. 1:

Thou god of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges;

where *vast* is unmistakably used for the boundless sea. Henley observes, in reference to the words quoted from the text, with the latter part of the clause (*and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds*), that

Shakespeare may have had in mind "a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country."

3. Line 43: *one that, indeed, PHYSICS the subject.*—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 2. 34:

Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth *physic* love;

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 55:

The labour we delight in *physics* pain.

Medicine, as a verb, is used in just the same sense in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 243: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less;" and in Othello, iii. 3. 332.

MS., and duly made a note that the MS. reading is *mot*. And *mot* happens to be quite right. The careful Cotgrave duly explains the French *mot* as 'the note winded by a huntsman on his horne,' and it is the true and usual word. We have Chaucer's authority for it in the *Book of the Duchesse*, l. 376. In the 'Treatise on Venery,' by Twety, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 153, we read: 'And when the hert is take, ye shal blowe foure *motys*.' It is clear that the phrase 'to blow a mot' was turned into 'to blow a mort' by that powerful corrupter of language, popular etymology." Collier, in his edition of Shakespeare privately printed in 1876, explains the term correctly: "the 'mort' o' the deer is the death of the deer, when it heaves its last sigh."

16. Line 123: *We must be NEAT; not neat, but cleanly, captain*.—"Leontes," says Johnson, "seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, 'We must be neat:' then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, 'not neat, but cleanly.'"

17. Line 125: *Still VIRGINALLING*.—Steevens compares Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise or fall to our humours, else they'll never get any good strains of music out of one of us." Compare in this connection Sonnet cxxviii., where the idea in the text is developed. The *virginal* was a sort of rectangular or oblong spinet, of the same shape as the clavichord, and with the same arrangement of keyboard. An ancient inscription on a wall of the Manor House of Leckington, Yorkshire, said to be as old as the time of Henry VII., reads:

A slac strynge in a Virginal soundithe not aright;
It doth abide no wrestinge, it is so loose and light;
The sound-borde crasede, foris the instrumente,
Throw misgovernance, to meke notes which was not his intent.

Compare Blount, *Glossographia*, 1656: "Virginal (virgin-*alis*), maidenly, virginlike, hence the name of that musical instrument called *Virginals*, because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them." Another explanation of the name is that keyed stringed instruments were used to accompany the hymn "Angelus ad Virginem," as similar instruments without keys, the psaltery for instance, had been before them. From Henry VII.'s time to nearly the close of the 17th century, *Virginal* in England included all quilled keyboard instruments, the harpsichord and trapeze-shaped spinet, as well as the rectangular spinet. I take these particulars from Mr. Barclay Squire's article, *Virginal*, in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, vol. iv.

18. Lines 131, 132:

As o'er-dyed BLACKS. *false*

Blacks was a term used for mourning garments. Compare Massinger and Middleton, *The Old Law*, ii. 1:

I would not hear of *blacks*, I was so light,
But chose a colour orient like my mind:
For *blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to 't; it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 't is joy clad like a joy;
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gaudy-hearted.

19. Line 137: *my collop!*—Compare I. Henry VI. v. 4. 18:

God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh;

and see the note on that passage.

20. Line 148: LEON. *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother!*—Hammer gives this line to Polixenes, and the change has been adopted by most editors—even the Cambridge. It seems to me unnecessary. Leontes wants to say something, because he sees Polixenes and Hermione are observing his altered looks, and so, in answer to the former's *How, my lord!* he replies with a counter-question, in which one may even see a touch of his uneasy suspicion, to which he cannot help giving vent in indirect ways. It will be noticed that Leontes, a little below, calls Polixenes *brother*, as in this line; and again, a little below that, he speaks to Hermione of "our *brother's* welcome."

21. Line 149: *you look as if you held a brow of much distraction*.—This line is printed by most editors as two, *you look* being joined, metrically, with the preceding line; an arrangement which does not result in harmony. It is evident that the printers of the Folio set the line in its present form advisedly, for in the original copy the catch-word *Leo*. is moved back so as to get room for the whole line.

22. Lines 161, 162:

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

To take eggs for money was a proverbial phrase, meaning to put up with an affront, or to act in a cowardly manner. Boswell quotes Robert Dallington, *A Method for Travell*, 1593: "L'Infanterie Françoise escaramouche bravement de loin et la Cavallerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront, puis apres q'elle s'accomode." Reed gives a translation of this sentence, occurring in Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World, 1630: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will *take eggs for their money*" (p. 154).

23. Line 163: *happy man be's dole!*—A proverbial expression. See Taming of the Shrew, note 38.

24. Line 177: *APPARENT to my heart*; i.e. next to my heart. Compare the French *apparenté*, related, or of kin; from which our phrase, the heir *apparent*, is derived.

25. Line 183: *How she holds up the NEB, the bill to him!*—*Neb*, used generally of a bird's bill, is Anglo-Saxon for face, mouth, beak. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, quotes the Ancien Riwle (Camden Society ed.): "Ostende mihi faciem, sheau thi *neb* to me" (p. 73). Ogilvie, *Imperial Dictionary*, quotes Scott: "the *neb* o' them's never out of mischief." Boyer, *French Dictionary*, has "The Nib of a bird, *Bec d'oiseau*." Steevens quotes from the story of Anne of Hungary in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566: "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads."

26. Line 209: *I am like you, THEY SAY*.—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has *say*.

27. Line 217: *rounding*.—"To round in the ear" is a familiar phrase; compare King John, ii. 1. 566, 567:

rounded in the car

With that same purpose-changer;

and Browning, *Luria*, act ii.:

Oh, their reward and triumph and the rest

They *round* me in the ears with, all day long.

—Works, 1879, vol. v. p. 63.

The word to *round* is derived from the German *rumen*.

28. Line 226: *some severals*.—This is the only instance of the noun *severals*, meaning single individuals; the word is twice used for that which concerns an individual person or thing: Henry V. i. 1. 86, 87:

The *severals* and unhidden passages

Of his true title to some certain dukedoms;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 179, 180:

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals of grace exact.

29. Line 227: *lower messes*.—That is, persons of inferior rank, who had their place below the salt, at the lower end of the table. See, on the original meaning of *mess*, note 128 to Love's Labour's Lost (vol. i. p. 62). Collier mentions that each four diners at an inn of court is still said to constitute a *mess*, and has a separate supply of food.

30. Line 244: *Which HOXES honesty behind*.—To *hox*, or "hough," or "hock," was to hamstring. Nares quotes Knolles' History of Turks: "recovering his feet, with his faulchion *hoxed* the hinder legs of the mare whereon the sultan rid" (p. 88); and Lyly's Mother Bombe, iii. 4: "I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to *hox* him."

31. Lines 256, 257:

if INDUSTRIOUSLY

I play'd the fool.

This is the only use of the word *industriously* in Shakespeare, and it is here used in somewhat different sense from the usual one, as "deliberately" or "on purpose," the Latin *de industria*.

32. Lines 271, 272:

for cogitation

Resides not in that man that does not THINK.

Hammer reads *think't*, and Theobald *think it*. Certainly one must either understand the line in this way, or else (and perhaps that would be better) as Malone takes it, connecting *think* with the next line, *My wife is slippery*, the object of the verb *thought* above.

33. Line 276: *My wife's a HOBBY-HORSE*.—Ff. print *Holy Horse*. The correction is Pope's.

34. Lines 290, 291:

and all eyes

Blind with the PIN AND WEB.

The *pin* and *web* (sometimes *pin* only) is the name of a disease of the eye, something of the nature of cataract. The Encyclopædic Dictionary defines it "an obstruction of vision depending upon a speck in the cornea." Florio, World of Words, ed. 1611, has "Cataratta, a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eye, called a cataract, or a *pin* and a *web*." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 120-123: "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock; he gives the *web* and the *pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip."

35. Line 304: *wife's*.—Ff. misprint *wives*. The correction was made by Rowe.

36. Line 307: *Why, he that wears her like her medal*; i.e. her portrait in a locket. Malone well compares Henry VIII. ii. 2. 31-33:

a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

and he quotes another close parallel from Gervais Markham, Honour in Perfection, 1624, p. 18: "He hath hung about the neck of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel."

37. Line 316: *BESPICE a cup*.—Steevens cites from Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey*, book x., a similar use of the word *spice* in the sense of poison:

With a festival

She'll first receive thee, but will *spice* thy bread

With flowery poisons.

38. Line 317: *To give mine enemy A LASTING WINK*.—Compare Tempest, ii. 1. 285-287:

whiles you, doing thus,

To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put

This ancient morsel.

39. Line 326: *To APPOINT myself in this vexation*.—Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 146, 147:

For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,

I know not what to say;

and Twelfth Night, iv. 3. 3:

And though 't is wonder that *encurags* me thus.

40. Line 378: *Be INTELLIGENT to me*.—Shakespeare used *intelligent* in this sense (giving intelligence) only here and in three passages of Lear, iii. 1. 25; iii. 5. 12; and iii. 7. 12: "Our posts shall be swift and *intelligent* betwixt us."

41. Lines 392-394:

which no less adorns

Our GENTRY than our parents' noble names,

In whose SUCCESS we are GENTLE.

That is, "which no less adorns our rank as gentlemen than the noble names of our parents, in succession to whom we are of gentle birth." Compare *gentry* in Lucrece, lines 568, 569:

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,

By knighthood, *gentry*, and sweet friendship's oath;

and for *gentle*, in this sense, see Henry V. iv. line 45 of Chorus, "mean and *gentle* all." *Success*, meaning succession, is used in one other place, II. Henry IV. iv. ii. 47-49:

And so *success* of mischief shall be born,

And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up

Whiles England shall have generation.

42. Lines 415, 416:

an instrument

To VICE you to 't.

Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 125, 126:

And that I partly know the *instrument*

That *screws* me from my true place in your favour.

43. Lines 418, 419:

my name

Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!

The allusion is of course to Judas Iscariot. *Best* is spelt in the Ff. with a capital letter, to point its significance.

Douce mentions that there was a clause in the sentence against excommunicated persons: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ. Amen."

44. Lines 426, 427:

*you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon.*

Douce compares The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 71, 72:

*You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.*

45. Lines 445, 446:

*Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.*

This is Capell's rearrangement of the lines printed in the FF. in an obviously unmetrical form: the second line beginning with *thereon*.

46. Lines 458-460:

*Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.*

I fail to see any particular obscurity in this passage, though Dyce echoes Warburton and Johnson in declaring it "hopelessly corrupted." If any paraphrase is necessary, Malone's is quite sufficient to the purpose: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion."

ACT II. SCENE I.

47. Line 11: *Who taught you this?*—This is Rowe's emendation, or rather expansion of F. 1's contraction *Who taught 'this?*

48. Lines 39-45:

*There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, &c.*

There was formerly a notion that spiders were venomous. Malone quotes from a pamphlet of 1632 entitled Holland's Leaguer: "like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." Henderson mentions that one of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset in the famous Overbury case said, "The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could. . . . Accordingly I bought seven great *spiders* and cantharides." Compare the story of Shah Abbas, thus told in Browning's *Ferishtah's Fancies*, pp. 14, 15:

*He too lived and died
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped the stag,
With one struck down the lion: yet, no less,
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport,
Perceived a spider drop into his wine,
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear.*

49. Line 51: *a pinch'd thing*.—Perhaps this means treated as a mere puppet, pinched and moved as others please. Several contemporary instances of the use of the word *pinched* are given in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. xiv. p. 278, but they may be said to need rather than to give explanation.

50. Lines 73, 74:

*calumny will SEAR
Virtue itself.*

Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 175, 176:

*my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise.*

51. Line 79: *The most REPLENISH'D villain in the world*.—Compare Richard III. iv. 3. 18, 19:

*The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.*

52. Line 90: *A FEDERARY with her*.—This is probably only another form of the word now usually spelt *fedary*, which is printed *fedarie* in the F. 1 text of Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 122; *Fedarie* in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 21. See note 105 on Measure for Measure.

53. Lines 104, 105:

*He who shall speak for her is AFAR OFF guilty
But that he speaks.*

This of course means, in Johnson's words, "guilty in a remote degree." Malone compares Henry V. i. 2. 239, 240:

*Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning?*

54. Lines 134, 135:

*I'll keep MY STABLES where
I lodge my wife.*

Collier's sensitive Corrector altered *my stables* into *me stable*; and Collier observes that Antigonus "means merely that he will take care to keep himself constantly near his wife,—'I'll keep *me* stable where I lodge my wife,'—in order that she may not offend in the way unjustly charged against Hermione." The change seems quite uncalled for, though it certainly renders the passage much more elegant. Grant White very well says: "The meaning of the passage seems so plainly 'I will degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel,' that had there not been much, quite from the purpose, written about it, it would require no special notice. The idea of horses and dogs being once suggested by the word 'stable,' the speaker goes on to utter another thought connected with it: 'I'll go in couples; &c.'"

55. Line 136: *THAN when I feel and see her no further trust her*.—FF. print *Then*, but the two words were spelt interchangeably. Pope made the correction in his second edition.

56. Line 141: *some putter-on*.—The meaning of *putter-on* is here evidently instigator; in Henry VIII. i. 2. 23-25, the same word is used of one who sets measures on foot, or causes them:

*they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions.*

57. Line 143: *I would LAND-DAMN him*.—This strange word, *land-damn*, has given rise to endless conjectures, the most recent and plausible of which—indeed the *first* that can be called plausible—is one contained in Notes and Queries, iii. 464 (June 12, 1875), in a letter signed "Thorncliffe," and dated from Buxton. The writer states that forty years ago an old custom was still in use in these parts of punishing detected slanderers or adulterers "by the rustics traversing from house to house along the

country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles: when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed; and they were said to be *land-damned*, or, as it was pronounced, *landanned*. It is suggested in a later number of Notes and Queries (July 3, 1875), that *landan*, like the Gloucestershire word *randan* (used in a similar sense), is an imitative word, intended to represent the confused and continued noise of the process.

58. Lines 149, 150:

*And I had rather GLIB myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.*

Glib, we are told by Steevens, is still used in some parts in the sense of castrate, and he quotes Shirley, St. Patrick for Ireland, 1640: "If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." The word seems to be akin to the more general word *lib*, itself a provincialism in the North. Boyer renders it by "châtrer."

59. Line 153: *As you feel doing thus*.—Thus is generally supposed to be grasping Antigonus' arm; perhaps so, perhaps otherwise; the matter is uncertain, and of little consequence.

60. Line 157: *the whole dungy earth*.—This elegant epithet occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 35, 36:

*our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man.*

61. Lines 169, 170:

*The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.*

This metrical arrangement is Theobald's. The Ff. begin line 170 at "Is."

62. Line 172: *Without more OVERTURE*.—Shakespeare generally uses *overture* in the sense of proposal, much as we use it nowadays; here, and in Lear, iii. 7. 89, he seems to give the word rather the signification of disclosure.

63. Lines 181, 182:

*'t were
Most piteous to be WILD.*

That is, no doubt, to be rash; as in iv. 4. 577, 578, below:
*a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, &c.*

64. Line 185: *Of stuff'd sufficiency*.—Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 56: "*stuff'd* with all honourable virtues;" and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183: "*Stuff'd* . . . with honourable parts." Consequently the meaning appears to be, of full or complete sufficiency (that is, ability); not, as Johnson says, "of abilities *more* than enough."

ACT II. SCENE 2.

65. Line 30: *These dangerous unsafe LUNES i' the king*.—Cotgrave has "*Lune, folie*. Les femmes ont des *lunes* dans la tête. Richelet." Steevens compares Cyril Tourneur, The Revenger's Tragedy, iii. 1, 1608:

I know 't was but some peevish *moon* in him.

The French still say, of a man of capricious temper, "*il a ses lunes*" or "*il est bien (ou mal) héné*." The expression given by Theobald—"il y a de la *lune*"—is now

¹ Compare Cotgrave, "Charivaris des poelles, The carting of an infamous person, graced with the harmony of tinging kettles and frying-pan Musicke."

obsolete. There is an old French proverb that "*les femmes ont trois quartiers de la lune dans la tête*," and in Pantagruel there is some talk of a voyage to the moon to verify the fact. The word is found in modern editions of Shakespeare in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 22, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 139, where the Ff. have *lines*; some editors introduce it also in Hamlet, iii. 3. 7, in place of the Ff. *lunacies*.

66. Line 49: *Who but to-day HAMMERED of this design*.—See Two Gent. of Verona, i. 3. 13, and the note on the passage.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

67. Line 4: *the HARLOT king*.—The word *harlot* was formerly used of men as well as of women. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 204, 205:

*This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.*

The word originally meant a youth; it then came to be used of persons of low birth, and then persons of low conduct. The French use of the word *fille* (originally and literally meaning daughter) may be quoted as a similar example of a word's degradation, having come to mean now, when used by itself—*une fille*—precisely what the English word in question means to-day. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, lines 647, 648:

*He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A betre felawe shulde men noght fynde.*

It is said of the Sompnour, who does not seem to have been a person of good conduct.

68. Lines 5, 6:

*out of the BLANK
And LEVEL of my brain.*

Both these terms of gunnery or archery are often used by Shakespeare; as, for example, Othello, iii. 4. 123: "stood within the *blank* of his displeasure;" All's Well, ii. 1. 158, 159:

*I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;*

and, *level* being used adverbially, in a passage which combines and illustrates both words, Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

*As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.*

69. Lines 10-21:

*The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance.*

Malone quotes from Shakespeare's original, Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia: "For Pandosto although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy alwaies profereth steele, yet he saw, that Egisthus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many Kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve: for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia" (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. iv. pp. 32, 33). It will be seen that Shakespeare has caught at the hint afforded by the words "Emperours daughter of Russia" to give Hermione an added dignity and a sharper contrast at her trial. In Greene it is Polixenes' wife, not Leontes', who is thus referred to.

70. Line 39: *WHAT noise there, ho?*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *Who*.

71. Line 56: *in COMFORTING your evils*.—That is, in abetting or encouraging your evil practices. Compare Lear, iii. 5. 21: "If I find him *comforting* the king," where the context shows that something more than merely consoling is meant. In Wiclif's version, "be strong in the Lord" (Ephesians vi. 10) is rendered "be *comforted* in the Lord."

72. Line 67: *A MANKIND witch!*—Compare Coriolanus, iv. 2. 16, where Sicinius says to Volumnia, sneeringly, "Are you *mankind?*" Singer quotes Abraham Fleming, Junius' Nomenclator, 1585, where "virago" is defined: "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." The word was frequently used in this sense; as in Massinger, The City Madam, iii. 1:

you brache!
Are you turn'd *mankind*?

and in Fletcher, The Woman-hater, iii. 1: "Are women grown so *mankind*, must they be wooing?"

73. Line 68: *intelligencing*.—This word is used by Shakespeare only here, where it evidently means one who acts the part of a go-between; somewhat similar uses of *intelligencer* will be seen in II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 20, and Richard III. iv. 4. 71.

74. Line 74: *thou art WOMAN-TIR'D*.—To *tire* was used in falconry for "to tear with the beak;" so that the expression is closely allied in meaning with the modern *hen-pecked*. Compare Venus and Adonis, 55, 56:

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

75. Line 75: *dame Partlet*.—For the story of dame Partlet see Chaucer's Nonne Prestes Tale, where "damoysele Pertelote" or "dame Pertelote" is the favourite of the "sevene hennes" composing the harem of "a cok, highte chauntecleer."

76. Line 76: *crone*.—This word originally meant a toothless old ewe; it came to have its present sense at least in Chaucer's time: e.g. Man of Lawes Tale, line 432 (MS. Harl. 7334):

This olde sowdones this cursed *crone*.

Shakespeare only uses the word in this passage, but it is frequently to be met with in the dramatic literature of his time.

77. Line 90: *A callat*.—Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 86: Contemptuous base-born *callat* as she is;

III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 145:

To make this shameless *callat* know herself;
and Othello, iv. 2. 120, 121:

He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his *callat*.

Compare, too, Burns, The Jolly Beggars: "Here's our ragged brats and *callats*!" The etymology of the word is uncertain. The New English Dictionary quotes, among other references, Holland's Livy, 1600, i. lviii. 41: "Any dishonest woman or wanton *callot* [*impudical*];" and Stanyhurst, Description of Ireland in Holinshed, vi. 52: "Let us . . . leave being for varlets . . . scolding for *callats*."

78. Line 106: *No YELLOW in't*.—Compare Nym's figurative language in Merry Wives, i. 3. 111: "I will possess him with *yellowness*;" i.e. jealousy.

79. Line 109: *lozel*, or *losel*, is defined by Verstegan (Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605, p. 335, cited by Reed) as "one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." See Glossary of Yorkshire Words and Phrases, 1856. Compare Spenser, View of the State of Ireland (quoted in Latham's Johnson). "Such *losels* and scatterlings cannot easily, by any sheriff, be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact." The word is still occasionally met with, as in Browning, Sordello, bk. iii. line 789:

Keeping, each *losel*, through a maze of lies,
His own conceit of truth."

80. Line 148: *beseech you*.—This is Rowe's expansion of the reading of F. 1, *beseech*. The later Ff., as usual, disregard altogether the mark of contraction.

81. Line 162: *So sure as THIS beard's gray*.—Some editors have emended this into *thy*; without need, I think, for though Leontes certainly means the beard of Antigonus and not his own, he may, as Malone suggested, lay hold of Antigonus' beard (just above he has said "Come you hither," so that it would probably be within reach); or if he merely pointed to it, at close quarters, he might have said *this*. But Leontes had shown himself capable of acts quite as unkingly as pulling an old man's beard.

82. Line 168: *Swear by this sword*.—In the knightly days oaths were frequently taken on the cross-shaped hilt of a sword. The practice is often alluded to by Shakespeare. Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 154, 160, where Hamlet makes his friends swear upon his sword.

83. Line 192: *Poor thing, condemn'd to LOSS*!—Compare iii. 3. 40-51, below:

poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To *loss* and what may follow!

Halliwell cites Baret, Alvearie, 1580: "*Losse*, hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest."

ACT III. SCENE I.

84.—The stage-direction to this scene is given in the Cambridge Shakespeare "A seaport in Sicilia" (after Theobald's "A part of Sicily near the seaside"). But, as the Old-Spelling editors point out, "line 21 ['fresh horses'] implies that the riders had brought in tired horses, and had not just landed."

85. Line 2: *the ISLE*.—Shakespeare follows Greene in speaking of Delphi as an island: "they [i.e. the messengers selected by Pandosto] willing to fulfill the Kinges command, and desirous to see the situation and custom of the *Iland*, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage." Warburton suggests, with some probability, that the original cause of the mistake was a mental confusion between "Delphos" and "Delos."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

86.—There are in this scene several specially close parallels between the language of Greene's narrative and that of Shakespeare's play. Compare, for instance, with this

passage from the tale: "and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault,"—lines 55-58:

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

There is again considerable similarity between Hermione's protestations of the innocence of her love for Polixenes and Bellaria's declarations of her blameless affection for Egistus. For example: "What hath past betwixt him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie: that I honored him I shame not to confess: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure, and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myselfe to the devine Oracle" (Hazlitt, p. 42). Compare specially lines 62-78. And in lines 112-115:

if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law—

we have an absolute quotation: "therefore if she were condemned without any further prooffe, it was rigour, and not Law" (p. 38). Polixenes' remorseful and penitent words after his folly has been at last brought home to him (154 *et seq.*) are closely modelled upon Greene. The text of the oracle (133-137) is copied with but a few variations from Greene: "Suspition is no proofer: jealousy is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chaste; Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the king shall live without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde" (p. 40, where it is printed in sm. caps.).

87. Line 10: *Silence!*—F. 1 prints *Silence* in italics, as if it were a stage-direction. Capell assigned it to a crier, and he is followed by Dyce. It seems the simplest plan to do as Rowe has done, and allow the officer to command silence.

88. Line 34: *Who.*—Ff. print *Whom*. The correction was made by Rowe.

89. Lines 50, 51:

With what ENCOUNTER so UNCURRENT I
Have STRAIN'd, to appear thus.

Encounter may here be used in the general sense of behaviour (e.g. Taming of Shrew, iv. 5. 54), or in the more derogatory sense in which it occurs in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 94 ("the vile encounters they have had"). *Uncurrent* means, evidently enough, "unwarrantable." *Strain'd* seems to have the signification of "swerved," as the participle is used in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 19:

Nor aught so good, but, *strain'd* from that fair use,
Revolts, &c.

Thus Dyce's paraphrase gives the simplest and most natural explanation of the passage: "With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse I have so far exceeded

bounds, or gone astray, that I should be forced to appear thus in a public court as a criminal."

90. Line 82: *My life stands in the LEVEL of your dreams.*—See note 68 above, on *level*; Hermione means here that her life is within the range of his idle suspicions.

91. Line 86: *Those of your FACT are so;* i.e. those who have done as you have done. Compare the use of the same word in precisely the same sense, in note 86 above, in the quotation from Greene. *Fact* seems to be always used in Shakespeare in this unfavourable sense, meaning not merely a deed (the Latin *factum*), but an evil deed.

92. Line 93: *The BUG which you would fright me with I seek.*—*Bug* was used in Shakespeare's time for what we now (to avoid misunderstandings) call more lengthily "bugbear." Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 211:

Tush, tush! fear boys with *bugs*;

and Hamlet, v. 2. 22:

With, ho! such *bugs* and goblins in my life.

In Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 117, "Thessal *bugs*" is given by Abr. Fleming as the translation of Horace's "*portentaque Thessala*;" and in the same book, p. 153, the word is used as the generic name of a congeries of portents, the list of which is interesting enough to quote here: "They [our mothers' maids] have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, archens, elves, hags, faeries, satyrs, pams, fumes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, hups, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, *Incubus*, Robin good-fellowe, the spoorme, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hob goblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other *bugs*, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes."

93. Line 94: *To me can life be no COMMODITY.*—Schmidt enters *commodity* as used in this line under the head of "convenience;" surely it belongs rather with his second division, "profit, advantage," as in King John, ii. 1. 573, 574:

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling *commodity*,
Commodity, the bias of the world.

Grant White quotes The Haven of Health, 1584: "And therefore seeing all my trauaile tendeth to common *commoditie*, I trust euerie man will interpret all for the best" (sig. ¶ ¶ 4b.).

94. Line 100: *Starr'd most unluckily.*—There are several astrological allusions in this play, i. 2. 201, 363 ("Happy star reign now!"); and one might perhaps add the reference to the "influences" of the stars in lines 424-426 of the same scene.

95. Line 146: *Of the queen's SPEED.*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 139: "happy be thy *speed*!" In *Cymbeline*, iii. 5. 167, 168, there is a quibble upon this and the more customary meaning of the word:

This fool's *speed*

Be cross'd with slowness!

96. Lines 169, 170:

Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties, &c.

The editor of F. 2 inserted the word *certain* before *hazard*, a very plausible emendation. I can quite fancy that it may have been what Shakespeare wrote, but in the absence

of anything more than a doubtful probability (for the authority of F. 2 is to my mind of the smallest) I hesitate to admit the word into the text.

97. Line 187: *That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant.*—Several absurd emendations of this line have been proposed, where none was needed. The obvious meaning is, as Coleridge well put it, "show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy." Compare Phaer's Aeneid:

When this the young men heard me speak, of wild they waxed wood.

98. Line 188: *And DAMNABLE ingrateful.*—Adjectival forms of adverbs are frequently met with in Shakespeare. Compare, for this very word, All's Well, iv. iii. 31, 32: "Is it not meant *damnable* in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?"

99. Line 189: *Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour.*—"How should Paulina know this?" as Malone acutely remarks. "No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance." A precisely similar oversight (for so it seems) occurs in iii. 3. 111, where the shepherd speaks of Antigonus as "the old man," though he has never seen him, and his son has not said that he was old.

100. Line 199: *his gracious DAM.*—*Dam* is several times used by Shakespeare for mother, but always, save here, as a term of contempt. Paulina, as we know, was not a squeamish person; and it is quite characteristic of her to use a word of this sort affectionately.

101. Line 206: *TINCTURE or lustre in her lip.*—Shakespeare only uses *tincture* in the sense of colour, as in Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 160: "the lily-tincture of her face."

102. Line 232: *take your patience to you.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 1. 105-107:

you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower.

103. Line 244: *To these sorrows.*—This is the reading of the FF. S. Walker proposes *Unto*, which is plausible. The Cambridge editors adopt this reading in the Globe Edition. Collier is wrathful with those who adopt this reading, "against every authority, and to the ruin of the beauty of the close of this grand and pathetic scene."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

104. Lines 1, 2:

*Thou art PERFECT, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?*

Perfect is used two or three times by Shakespeare for "certain," "fully aware," as in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 73-75:

I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms;

and Cymb. iv. 2. 118: "I am *perfect* what." The idea of a maritime Bohemia, that stumbling-block to precians, is taken from Greene. "Egistus, King of Syclia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship,

provided a navie of ships, and sayled into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion" (Hazlitt, p. 24). It will be remembered that Shakespeare has transposed the two kingships.

105. Lines 21, 22:

*I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So full'd and so becoming.*

Certain commentators (such as the too ingenious Mr. W. N. Lettsom, from whose persistent passion of emendation no Shakespearian idiom was safe) have objected to the idea of a *vessel*, or even of a woman, being *becoming*. The suggested substitution of *o'errunning* would, as Singer justly says, "spoil an image of rare beauty. Antigonus describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in art: grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it."

106. Lines 54, 55:

thou'rt like to have

A lullaby too rough.

Compare in Greene: "shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie?" (p. 36).

107. Lines 59, 60: *I would there were no age between TEN and three-and-twenty.*—Capell suggested that *ten* might be a mistake for *thirteen*; and the Cambridge editors very justly add that if written in Arabic numerals 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13, and would suit the context better.

108. Line 63: *the ancientry.*—This word occurs in only one other passage, Much Ado, ii. 1. 80, where it means "pertaining to age."

109. Lines 66-69: *They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, BROWSING OF IVY.*—This is taken from Greene: "It fortun'd a poore mercenary Sheeheard, that dwelled in Syclia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert, that was hard by, sought diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either the *Wolves* or *Eagles* had undone him (for hee was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substance), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes, to see if perchance the sheepe was *browsing on the sea Ivy*, whereon they greatly doe feede, but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a childerie" (p. 45).

110. Line 71: *A boy or a CHILD.*—It is evident that *child* is used here for a girl: and Steevens says that he is told the word is still in use in the midland counties. Most of the editors have simply copied this statement; in Latham's Johnson it is said that *child* as girl is "common as a provincialism; especially in Warwickshire, where it has probably been most carefully noticed." Halliwell, in his Archaic Dictionary, quotes from Hole's MS. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780: "A *child*, a female infant." In Notes and Queries, 5th series, vol. v. May 6, 1876, Mr. Charles Thirioild sends the very apt parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, ii. 4:

Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any *child*,

It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt *her* lord and *her*.

One correspondent states that in some parts of Lancashire the inquiry, apropos of a baby, "Is it a lad or a child?" is still common; another assigns the same usage to Gloucestershire; Mr. W. Rendle, in the same volume, and in vol. vi., states that his elder relatives in Cornwall were familiar with the expression, "Is it a boy or a cheeld?" Grimm, in his *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, Band 5 (Leipsic, 1873), p. 713, s.v. *Kind*, mentions a similar use of *buben* and *kindern* (in the sense of boys and girls) in Switzerland.

111. Line 100: *how the sea* FLAP-DRAGON'D it; i.e. swallowed it like a flap-dragon (now known as snap-dragon). See Love's Labour's Lost, note 152.

112. Line 124: *You're a MADE old man*.—This is Theobald's emendation (after a conjecture of "L. H.") of the Ff. reading *mad*. The word is countenanced, not only by the sense of the context, but by a passage in Dorastus and Fawnia: "The Goodman . . . desired her to be quiet . . . if she could holde her peace, they were *made* for ever" (Hazlitt, p. 47).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

113. Line 2: *make and unfold*.—Ff. print *makes, and unfolds*, which some editors retain. The correction, which seems to be required, was made by Rowe.

114. Lines 4-6:

*Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years.*

Sir Philip Sidney, in his Apologie for Poetrie, 1595, complains that the dramatic authors of his time are "faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of corporall actions. . . . For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many trauences, she is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in loue, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all auncient Examples iustified" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 63, 64). A similar lamentation is raised by Whetstone in the preface to his Promos and Cassandra.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

115. Line 4: *It is FIFTEEN years since I saw my country*.—This is probably a slip of Shakespeare's, and as such I refrain from altering it; that he intended the number of years to be *sixteen* is evident not merely from Time's speech in the prologue to this act, but from v. iii. 31, 50.

116. Lines 5, 6: *though I have for the most part been Aired abroad*.—I think Rolfe is right in explaining the word *aired* as "lived, breathed the air, or been in the air—in distinction from being in the grave, which, as Polonius says (Hamlet, ii. 2. 211), 'is out o' the air.'"

117. Line 22: *heaping FRIENDSHIPS*.—*Friendship* is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of "friendly service." Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 169:

To buy his favour, I extend this *friendship*;
where Shylock is referring to "the bond."

118. Line 35: *I have MISSINGLY noted*.—Schmidt takes *missingly* to mean with regret ("so as to feel and regret the absence"). Steevens thinks it means at intervals; and Richardson, in his dictionary, explains the phrase, "observing him to be *missing*, to be absent, [I have] noted"—which seems the most probable hypothesis.

119. Line 52: *but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither*.—So the Ff., which print "I fear" in brackets. The Old-Spelling Shakespeare reads, "But I feare the Angle." The use of *but* rather than "and" in such a clause seems rather singular.

120. Line 56: *I think it NOT UNEASY*.—Shakespeare uses the word *uneasy* in the sense of "not easy," i.e. difficult, in one other passage (Tempest, i. 2. 450-452):

but this swift business
I must *uneasy* make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

In the modern sense of uncomfortable the word is used in two, and only two, other places: II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 10, 31.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

121. Line 2: *the DOXY*.—A cant word for strumpet, given by Boyer, in his French Dictionary, as equivalent to "trull." Compare Middleton, The Roaring Girl, i. 1:

Moll. Sirrah, where's your *doxy*? halt not with me.
Omnes. *Doxy*? *Moll*, what's that?
Moll. His wench.

Compare Burns, The Jolly Beggars:

And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our *doxies* on the lay.

Aunts, line 11 below, has the same meaning, as is very distinctly set forth in a passage quoted by Steevens from Dekker's Honest Whore, i. 2: "to call you one o' mine *aunts*, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore." Compare Middleton, Michaelmas Term, iii. 1: "She demanded of me whether I was your worship's *aunt* or no. Out, out, out!" (Works, x. 470); and Parson's Wedding, iii. 1: "Yes, and follow her, like one of my *aunts*" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xiv. 448).

122. Line 4: *For the red blood reigns in the winter's PALE*.—This probably means paleness, as in Venus and Adonis, 589-591:

a sudden *pale* . . .

Usurps her cheek.

It may allude to pale, an inclosure—probably enough combines both meanings.

123. Line 7: *Doth set my PUGGING tooth ON edge*.—Ff. print *an*, which was modernized by Theobald. Steevens quotes from Middleton and Dekker's Roaring Girl, v. 1, a passage in which the word *puggards* occurs in list of various classes and conditions of thieves:

and know more laws
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers,
With all the Devil's black-guard.

—Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 546.

Steevens also tells us that *pugging* is "used by Greene in one of his pieces," but he gives no reference.

124. Line 10: *With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay*.—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 reads:

With heigh, the Thrush and the lay.

125. Line 20: *budget*.—It is as well to say, for the credit of Shakespeare's rhymes, that *budget* in the Ff. is spelt *Bouget*, and is thus a very fair rhyme for *avouch it*. *Budget*, which the principles of modernization oblige one to substitute, is of course no rhyme at all. Probably Shakespeare deliberately misspelt the word for the sake of the rhyme.

126. Line 24: *My father nam'd me Autolycus*.—Autolycus was the son of the light-fingered god Mercury, and his career seems to have reflected great credit on the paternal training.

127. Line 28: *my revenue is THE SILLY CHEAT*.—Steevens says that the *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of coney-catching or thievery mentioned by Greene in his treatise on that art.

128. Lines 33, 34: *every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling*.—Malone says in his note on this passage: "Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool. . . . The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is: 'Every eleven wether tods; i.e. will produce a *tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.'" Ritson notes, on the authority of Stafford's Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a *tod* of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so the medium price was exactly "pound and odd shilling."

129. Line 39: *our sheep-shearing feast*.—In some parts of Somersetshire and Dorset—perhaps elsewhere—sheep-shearing time is still kept with festivities. Steevens quotes, as an illustration of the frequent complaints as to the expense of these feasts, Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings, &c., 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, Maister Bailly can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three shepheards' wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *epices* and *saffron* pottage."

130. Line 45: *three-man songmen all; i.e. singers of catches in three parts*. In the first edition of Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600, two "*Three-men's Songs*" are printed at the beginning, without any definite indication as to their position in the play.

131. Line 48: *the warden-pies*.—A large cooking pear is, or was, known as *warden*. The word is in Walker's Dictionary, ed. 1837; in later editions I do not find it. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, defines it as "a kind of pear chiefly used for roasting or baking: so called because it keeps long before it rots," and cites Beaumont and Fletcher: "I will have him roasted like a *warden*." Steevens cites a quibble on the name in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed: "A deputy tart, a church-warden pye."

132. Line 49: *that's out of my NOTE*.—Grant White is probably correct in explaining *out of my note*, "not among the matters of which I am to take note," it is indeed improbable that Shakespeare could have intended to represent a fellow like the worthy "clown" as a reader of manuscript. Rolfe bids us see Twelfth Night, v. 1. 299, where another "clown" is to be found reading from

a paper; but in that case the clown was a professional jester attendant on a lady of rank, not a simple rustic.

133. Line 54: *I' the name of me!*—This is usually printed with Rowe's punctuation: *I' the name of me*—: the Ff. have a full stop after *me*. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, cited by the Cambridge editors, suggests that the clown was going to say *I' the name of mercy!* when he was interrupted by Autolycus. Steevens compares the form of interjection *Before me* (as in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 194), and says that *I' the name of me* is a vulgar exclamation which he has often heard. It does not seem to me entirely unfamiliar; so I have replaced the mark of interruption by a note of exclamation.

134. Line 58: *that kills my heart*.—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 92: "The king has *kil'd his heart*."

135. Line 92: *troll-my-dames*.—This is an old game, called in French *trou-madame*, and sometimes known as pigeon-holes, a description of which is quoted by Farmer from Dr. Jones' Benefit of the Ancient Bathes of Buckstone: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, and maydes, may in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not agreeable to their expectacion, they may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the whiche to trowle pummantes, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed." Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "*Troll-madam, subst. (or Pigeon-holes, a sort of game) Trou-madame, sorte de Jeu*." Another name for it was "trunks."

136. Line 101: *he hath been since an APE-BEARER*.—The *ape-bearer* was an important functionary of the time. Compare Ben Jonson, Induction to Bartholomew Fair: "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated *ape* to come over the chain for the King of England, and back again for the prince." Compare, too, Massinger's Bondman, iii. 3, where "Enter Graculo, leading Asotus in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck." The early part of the scene may be consulted for indications of the professional duties of apes.

137. Lines 102, 103: *then he compass'd a MOTION of the Prodigal Son*.—*Motion* was used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of puppet-show. Compare Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 1: "O, the *motions* that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to since my master, Pod, died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich and Sodom and Gomorroh."

138. Line 108: *prig*.—This cant term for a thief is still in familiar use as a slang verb—to *prig*. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes De Quincey, who refers to "all sorts of villains, knaves, *prigs*, &c."

139. Line 132: *Jog on, jog on, &c.*—These lines are part of a catch printed in An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches, 1661, p. 69. The melody is given in The Dancing Master, 1650, under the title of "Jog on, my honey." Knight gives the air in his Pictorial Shakespeare.

140. Line 133: *And merrily HENT the stile-a.—Hent*, meaning to take hold of, and so here, no doubt, to clear, occurs again in another sense still, in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 6. 14, and, as a noun, in *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 88:

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *hent*.

The word is from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan*. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, 696–698:

He seide, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Uppon the see, till Jhesu Crist him *hente*.

Steevens quotes Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. canto vii.
Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.

In the 1729 edition of Boyer's French Dictionary the participle *hent* (meaning "caught") is given, but marked as obsolete.

141. Lines 134, 135:

*A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

Compare what seems like a reminiscence of this in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, i. 4: "I may curse the time that e'er I knew my father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, '*A merry heart lives long-a.*'"

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

142. Line 9: *a swain's WEARING*.—Compare *Othello*, iv. 3. 16: "my nightly *wearing*," the only other instance of the word.

143. Line 12: *Digest IT*.—This word, which seems equally necessary for sense and for rhythm, was added in F. 2.

144. Lines 13, 14:

*sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.*

This evidently means, as Malone took it, that the prince seems, by his rustic disguise, as if he had sworn to show her, as in a glass, how she herself ought to have been attired. Compare *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 67–70:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, *your glass*,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Hammer changed *sworn* to *sworn* (after a conjecture of Theobald's), a reading which, like many of Hammer's, produces an easy text at the cost of all its pith and character.

145. Lines 25, 26:

*The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, &c.*

Compare *Dorastus and Fawnia*: "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Sibilla, Jupiter Io, and why not I Fawnia? one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie. . . . And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepherds weede: the heavenly godes have sometimes earthly thoughts: Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a Bul, Apollo a shepherd, &c." (Hazlitt, pp. 55, 52).

146. Line 46: *Be merry, GENTLE*.—Compare Antony and

Cleopatra, iv. 15. 47: "*Gentle*, hear me;" and *Measure for Measure*, i. 4. 24:

Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.

147. Lines 60–62:

*her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip.*

This is the punctuation of the Ff. The Cambridge editors take away the poor woman's character by the simple transposition of a comma, thus:

*her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip.*

The Ff. are far from saying that her face was inflamed with drink; it is a trait of politeness that they emphasize. Where the character of a lady depends on a single comma, no gentleman can hesitate which reading to adopt.

148. Lines 74–76: *For you there's rosemary and rue*, &c.—Compare *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 175, 176; and see the note on that passage.

149. Line 82: *gillyvors*.—That is, the flower commonly known as "gillyflower," the carnation. The word is from "caryophyllum," through the French "girofle." Steevens supposes "gill-flirt," a wanton, to be derived from *gillyvor*, "which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to run from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female." Douce reasonably infers that the bad character of gilly-flowers comes from their resemblance to a "painted woman." "The gilly-flower or carnation," he reminds us, "is streaked with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a painted or immodest woman, and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of the above flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says below" (lines 101–103: "were I painted," &c.).

150. Lines 105, 106:

*The marigold, that goes to bed wth the sun
And with him rises weeping.*

This, says Ellacombe, *Plant-Lore of Shakespeare* (cited by Rolfe), is probably the "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), which was formerly much used in gardens. "It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnsol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under these names." Grant White cites Coghlan, *The Hauen of Health*, 1584, p. 68: "*marigoldes* are hoate and drye, an herbe well knownen and as usual in the kitchin as in the hall: the nature of [?]them] is to open at the Sunne rising, and to close up at the Sunne setting."

151. Lines 116–118:

*O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon!*

It is evident from *Venus and Adonis* that Shakespeare had read Ovid, probably both in the original when at school and afterwards in Arthur Golding's translation (1567). The lines here are an evident reminiscence of the passage in the 5th book of the *Metamorphoses*:

ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tuniis cecidere remissis;

which Golding renders:

And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went.
Halliwell quotes from Barnes, *Devils Charter*, 1607, the expression "the *wagon* of black *Dis*." *Wagon* is used for carriage in All's Well, iv. 4. 34: "Our *wagon* is prepar'd."

152. Line 122: *pale primroses*.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 221: "The flower that's like thy face, *pale primrose*." Milton's "rathe primrose that forsaken dies" (*Lycidas*, 142) is a less evident echo of Shakespeare's diviner verse than the passage as it originally stood:

Bring the rathe primrose that unweeded dies,
Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.

153. Line 126: *The crown imperial*.—This flower (the *Fritillaria imperialis*) was originally a native of the East.

154. Line 127: *The flower-de-luce*.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 223, 224: "what sayest thou, my fair *flower-de-luce*?" Ellacombe quotes a number of passages bearing on the question whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris. It is not of much consequence, but it seems probable that he was botanically wrong.

155. Line 142: *Nothing but that; move still, still so*.—Rolfé quotes an ingenious defence of the rhythm of this line from Cowden Clarke: "The iteration of *still* in the peculiar way that Shakespeare has used it conjoinedly with the two monosyllables *move* and *so*, gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water—the swing of the wave—with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of." I suppose no one will deny that Shakespeare was a poet gifted with a fine perception.

156. Lines 147, 148:

*but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't.*

Is this a reminiscence of Hero and Leander, third sestiad, lines 30, 40:

Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes the *ruby blood* doth peep?

Shakespeare quotes directly from the poem in As You Like It, iii. 5. 82, 83:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

The "dead shepherd's" immortal "saw" is in sestiad i. line 176. It should be noticed that in order to get the proper rhythm in line 148 it must be read with a strong accent on the word *true*, a lesser accent having been laid on the first word of the line. Perhaps there is some corruption in the text.

157. Line 160: *That makes her blood look OUT*.—Ff. read *on't*, which is an evident misprint for the word substituted by Theobald, *out*.

158. Line 169: *a worthy FEEDING*.—Steevens quotes Drayton, Polyolbion, vi.: "their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility." Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 90, where *feeder* is used for shepherd, one who *feeds* the flocks.

159. Line 192: *milliner*.—Shakespeare uses this word only here and in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 36: "perfumed like a

milliner." Schmidt defines *milliner* "a man who deals in fancy articles," and this, rather than the purely modern meaning, is the sense in both passages. *Milliner* is generally supposed to have originally meant one who deals in Milan wares, but, says Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology, no positive evidence has been produced in favour of the derivation.

160. Line 195: *burdens of DILDOS and FADINGS*.—*Dildo* and *fading* are both burdens frequently met with in old ballads, as in songs cited by Malone, the burden of one (from The Choice Drollery, 1656, p. 31) being:

With a *dildo, dildo, dildo*,
With a *dildo, dildo, dee*;

and of another (from Sportive Wit, 1656, p. 58): "with a *fading*, with a *fading*." A *fading* is said to be an old Irish dance, and as such is referred to by Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a lengthy note on the name and character of the dance in the Variorum Shakespeare, xiv. 429, 430, part of which, a description of the Irish dance, still (or at least in 1803) to be met with "on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland." "The dance is called *Rince Fada*, and means literally 'the long dance.' . . . A king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbands; you have seen it, I daresay (writes Malone's Irish correspondent), with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent."

161. Lines 200, 201: "*Whoop, domeno harm, good man*."—In The Famous History of Friar Bacon, says Farmer, there is a ballad to the tune of "Oh! do me no harme, good man." The tune is preserved in a collection of Ayres, to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Violl, with Paines, Galliards, Almains, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl, by William Corbine, 1610.

162. Line 204: *Has he any UNBRAIDED wares?*—*Unbraided wares* may mean, as Steevens suggests, anything besides laces which are *braided*—the principal commodity of pedlars; it has been thought, from a passage in All's Well, iv. ii. 73, where *braid* is used for deceitful (A. S. *brægd*, deceit), that *unbraided* may more probably mean not counterfeit, genuine, as in Steevens' quotation from Anything for a Quiet Life: "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." Schmidt suggests that *unbraided* may be the clown's blunder for "embroidered."

163. Line 208: *inkles*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 69.

164. Line 208: *caddises*.—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 79: "*caddis-garter*." *Caddises* were "worsted tapes or bindings, used for garters, &c." (New English Dictionary).

Compare Lyly, *Euphues* (ed. 1868, p. 220): "The country dame girdeth herself as straight in the waste with a course *caddis*, as the Madame of the court with a silk riband."

165. Line 211: *the sleeve-hand*.—Cotgrave defines "*Poi-gnet de la chemise*," "the wristband or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt."

166. Line 212: *the square*; i.e. the square cut on the bosom. Tollet cites Fairfax, Godfrey of Bulloigne, xii. 64:

Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold.

Tasso says simply *la vesta*.

167. Line 221: *Cyprus*.—See Twelfth Night, note 123. There, however (ii. 4. 53), the word seems to mean the cypress wood; here it is obviously used for a sort of crape. The word is rendered *byssus crispata* by Minshew, who describes it as "a fine curled linen." Nares quotes two interesting allusions to it from Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 3: "And shadow their glory as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black *cyprus*;" and Epigram 73:

Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn
In solemn *cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn.

The word, in the sense of mourning, occurs in the first stage-direction to the Puritan: "Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in mourning; the latter in a *cyprus* hat."

168. Line 228: *poking-sticks of steel*.—*Poking-sticks* were instruments something like curling-tongs, used, when heated, for adjusting the plaits of ruffs. Compare Middleton, Blurt Master Constable, iii. 3 (cited by Steevens): "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your lily sweating hands." For a description of *poking-sticks* see Stubbes, The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses (no date): "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as siluer, yea and some of siluer it selfe, and it is well, if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt, or a squibbe, which little children vsed to squirt out water withall, and when they come to starching, and setting of their ruffles, than must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe. For you know heate will drie, and stiffen any thing. And if you woulde know the name of this goodly toole, forsooth the deuill hath given it to name a putter, or else a putting stick, as heare say" (sig. F2, back). Stubbes inveighs against ruffs and all their appurtenances at great length, and with awful solemnity.

169. Line 247: *kiln-hole*.—Here, and in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 59, where the word also occurs, *kiln* is spelt *kill*, in the Folio, following, no doubt, the common pronunciation. It is not certain whether it means the mouth of an oven or the opening under a stove. Harris says that "*kiln-hole* is pronounced *kill-hole* in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place used in making malt, and is still a noted gossiping place."

170. Line 250: *CLAMOUR your tongues*.—Grey suggested that *clamour* is a misprint for "charm" (i.e. silence), and

the emendation was introduced into the text by Hammer. Grant White, in adopting it, thinks it "impossible to resist the conclusion that the word in the Folio" is a misprint, and quotes Taming of the Shrew, iv. 2. 58: "To tame a shrew, and *charm* her chattering tongue," &c. Collier, noting the conjecture and Gifford's approval of it, thinks "it may be doubted nevertheless." Hunter quotes Taylor the Water-Poet:

Clamour the promulgation of your tongues.

Hudson is of opinion that there is some connection between the word and the provincialism *clam* or *clem*, sometimes called *clammer*, i.e. literally to stop up, and so, figuratively, to stop. Perhaps this may be the right interpretation of a somewhat puzzling expression.

In Notes and Queries, 2nd Series, No. 83, Aug. 1, 1857, Mr. Thomas Keightley remarks, in reference to this passage: "Taylor, I believe, printed his own poems, and such a 'perversion' could hardly have escaped his eye; and I think that both he and Shakespeare used a verb pronounced like *clamour*, but which should be spelt *clammer*, and signified to press or squeeze; so that *clammer your tongue* is the same as *hold your tongue*. It is true *clammer* is not in use, but *clem* (i.q. *clam*) is. I myself have heard a peasant in Hants say 'his stomach was *clammed* with fasting,' i.e. squeezed, pressed together; and Mas-singer uses it exactly in the same sense:

When my entrails

Were *clammed* with keeping a perpetual fast.

—Roman Actor, ii. 1.

where Coxeter and M. Mason read *clammed*, as it is in the passage from Antonio and Mellida, quoted in Mr. Wright's Dictionary, s.v. *Clam*." In Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. vi. July 8, 1882, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson assigns yet another meaning to the word, which, however, arrives at pretty much the same general sense. He quotes from Holyoke Rider's English-Latin Dictionary: "the apparently then semi-obsolete verb 'to *clamme*, v. stoppe.'" "Again, in W. Dickinson's Dialect of Cumberland (E. D. S., 1878) I found (says Dr. Nicholson), '*Clammers*, S.W., a yoke for the neck of a cow to prevent her leaping hedges' (i.e. a contrivance to stop or restrain her, a stopper). The bucolic clown, therefore, using a bucolic figure, said: '*Clammer* [i.e. put the *clammers* on] your tongues, and let them not be unruly; not a word more.' Shakespeare, had he but once heard this verbal form of the phrase, would have been struck with its difference from, its almost opposition to, the ordinary *clamour*, and have remembered it the more readily." It will thus be seen that we have in evidence two verbs to *clammer*, both having practically the same signification. It seems unnecessary to alter the spelling, so variable a thing in those days.

171. Line 253: *a tawdry-lace*.—A *tawdry lace*, sometimes known as a *tawdry*, was a ribbon for the head or neck. The word is supposed to be derived from St. Audrey, according to some because it could be bought at St. Audrey's fair, according to others because the saint died of a swelling in the throat, which she regarded as a judgment for her having been too much addicted to the particular vanity of necklaces. In Latham's Johnson there is a quotation from Drayton:

Not the smallest beck,

But with white pebbles makes her *lawdries* for her neck.

Compare too Spenser, *The Faithful Shepherdess*:

The primrose chaplet, *lawdry lace* and ring.

172. Line 253: *a pair of sweet gloves*.—See Much Ado, note 242.

173. Line 271: BLESS ME FROM *marrying a usurer*!—Compare Much Ado, v. 1. 145: "God *bless me from a challenge*!"

174. Line 279: *Here's another ballad of a fish*, &c.—Malone quotes from the Stationers' Register, 1604, the following entry: "A straunge reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, scene in the sea." In Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, under date A.D. 1180, it is said: "This year also near unto Oxford in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points, which fish was kept by Bartholomew de Glaudiville in the castle of Oxford six months and more." Halliwell refers to a number of "ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders." The present dialogue, he says, "seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—'The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east side of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566.' . . . In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a license to Francis Sherret to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of March, 1635."

175. Line 316: SAD *talk*.—For *sad*=serious, see Twelfth Night, note 202.

176. Line 330: *That doth UTTER all men's ware-a*.—*Utter* is used two or three times in Shakespeare in the sense of sell, or more strictly, "cause to pass from one hand to another" (Schmidt). See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 205.

177. Lines 333, 334: *men of hair, they call themselves Sattiers*.—A dance of satyrs was a frequent part of mediæval entertainments. Hudson quotes Bacon, *Essay* 37, who says of antimasques: "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wildmen, anties, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, cupids, statues moving, and the like." One of the most famous, for the consequences it was like to have brought, was that in which Charles VI. nearly lost his life. See Froissart, book iv. ch. 53 (Johnes' translation, ed. 1839, vol. ii. pp. 550-552). There is a print of the masque, from a fifteenth-century MS., on p. 551. The Variorum Shakespeare gives another print, vol. xiv. p. 372.

178. Line 335: *a gallimaufry*.—This word is used again by Pistol in *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 119. Steevens cites Cockram, *Dictionary of Hard Words*, 1622: "*Gallimaufry*, a confused heape of things together." Boyer gives it as the equivalent of "hotch-potch." The word is from the French *gallimafrée*, a hash. Ogilvie, *Imperial Dictionary*, quotes Spenser: "They have made our English tongue a *gallimaufry* or hodge-podge of all other speeches."

179. Line 348: *by the squire*.—*Squire* or *sqwier*, from the O. Fr. *esquierre*, means the square, or foot-rule; as in Stanyhurst's Preface to his translation of the first four books of the *Æneid*, 1582: "hauing no English writer before me in this kind of poëtrye with whose *squire* I should leauell my syllables." The word is used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 473; see note 198.

180. Line 363: *marted*.—Compare *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 11: To sell and *mart* your offices for gold; and *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 151.

181. Line 372: *who*.—Ff. read *whom*, as in 434 below.

182. Lines 375, 376:

*the FANN'D SNOW that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.*

Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 141, 142:

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *snow*,
Fann'd with the eastern wind.

183. Line 411: *dispute his own estate*.—That is, as Steevens paraphrases it, "reason upon his own affairs." Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 63:

Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*.

184. Line 439: *That thou no more shalt see this knack as never*, &c.—Ff. have:

That thou no more shalt *never* see this knacke, (as *never*), &c.

The reading in the text is Rowe's, now universally adopted. The Cambridge editors very justly defend the emendation as follows: "1. The misprint is of a very common sort. The printer's eye caught the word at the end of the line. 2. The metre is improved by the change. The line was made doubly inharmonious by the repetition of 'never.' 3. The sense is improved. Polixenes would rather make light of his son's sighs than dwell so emphatically upon their cause."

185. Line 442: *Far than Deucalion off*.—*Far* is printed in the Ff. *farre*, i.e. the old form of the comparative, *ferre*=farther. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, 48 (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press):

And there to hadde he riden, noman *ferre*.

Deucalion, the Noah of the Greek Deluge, is alluded to again, much as here, in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 102: "worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*."

186. Line 450: *HOOR his body*.—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s misprint or variation of spelling, *hope*.

187. Line 457: *Looks on alike*.—Rolle well observes that this mode of expression "does not differ essentially from *look on*=be a looker-on, which is still good English. We say now 'I stood looking on' (*Taming of Shrew*, i. 1. 155) though we have ceased to use *look upon* in the same way; as in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 6. 10: 'He is my prize; I will not look upon.' . . . See also v. 3. 100 below. Dyce says that these passages are 'not akin to the present.' But *look upon* as there used *implies* an object as it does here; the only difference being that in the one case the omission of the object is the rule, while in the other it is the exception."

188. Line 469: *Where no priest shovels in dust*.—Till the reign of Edward VI. it was customary in burial services

for the priest, in saying "earth to earth," to cast the first earth upon the coffin.

189. Lines 472, 473:

*If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.*

Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 96, 97:

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time.

190. Line 478: *You know YOUR father's temper.*—F. 1 has *my*, which is obviously wrong. The correction is made in F. 2.

191. Line 511: *And most oppórtune to HER need.*—This is the reading of F. 1, which has been all but universally abandoned (even by the Cambridge editors) in favour of Theobald's very plausible emendation *our*. Boswell defends the original reading on the ground that "*her need*" = the need we have of her, *i.e.* the vessel—which does not seem to me at all reasonable. I think, though for a very different reason, that *her* is not improbably right. Florizel's main thought is of Perdita, and by saying "*her need*" he shows how completely she has absorbed his thoughts to the exclusion even of himself.

192. Line 524.—*Now, good Camillo*;—I have adopted here the punctuation of the Cambridge editors—a semicolon instead of the usual comma after *Camillo*. Malone inserted a stage-direction, "going," at the close of Florizel's present speech. The Cambridge editors remark: "We think Malone's stage-direction 'going' was inserted under a mistaken view of Florizel's meaning. He apologizes to Camillo for talking apart with Perdita in his presence. At the commencement of this whispered conversation he said to Camillo, 'I'll hear you by and by,' and at the close of it he turns again to him with 'Now, good Camillo'; &c."

193. Line 525: *curious.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 70, the only other passage in which the word is used in this particular sense.

194. Lines 549, 550:

*But as the unthought-on accident is GUILTY
To what we wildly do.*

Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 168:

But, lest myself be *guilty* to self-wrong.

195. Line 560: *asks thee THE son forgiveness.*—The first two Ff. have *there* instead of *the*, which is the reading of the later Ff. and probably right. The Old-Spelling editors contrive to preserve the words of F. 1 by a very ingenious change of punctuation, thus:

Asks thee there, "Sonne! forgiueneesse!"

I do not think, however, that Shakespeare could have written so jerky a line as this makes, or used so curious a construction as *asks* with an exclamatory sentence depending on it.

196. Line 588: *But not TAKE IN the mind.*—*Take in* is used several times in Shakespeare for subdue, conquer. Compare Coriolanus, i. 3. 23-25:

our aim; which was,
To *take in* many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

See also Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, v. 1. 235:

An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To *take in* Dunkirk.

197. Lines 594, 595:

*Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.*

F. 1 reads thus:

Your pardon Sir, for this,
He blush you Thanks.

The later Ff. have a full-stop after this. The reading in the text (Hammer's) seems to give better sense than if we take it, as some editors do, with "I'll blush you thanks" in a separate clause. F. 1 favours either reading, so that an editor is free to follow his own preference.

198. Line 609: *pomander.*—A *pomander* was a ball composed of perfumes, worn to sweeten the breath and preserve from infection. Steevens gives a recipe for making it from Lingua, 1607, iv. 3: "Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this: Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog." Halliwell, in his Folio ed. (vol. 8) covers pp. 228-234 with accounts and illustrations of *pomanders*. Another recipe may be quoted which he gives from Markham's English Housewife, ed. 1675, p. 109: "*To make Pomanders.*—Take two penny-worth of labdanum, two penny-worth of storax liquid, one penny-worth of calamus aromaticus, as much balm, half a quarter of a pound of fine wax, of cloves and mace two penny-worth, of liquid aloes three penny-worth, of nutmegs eight penny-worth, and of musk four grains: beat all these exceedingly together till they come to a perfect substance, then mould in any fashion you please, and dry it."

"In Lord Londesborough's museum," says Halliwell, p. 229, "is preserved a fine and very curious specimen . . . which includes an original perfume ball . . . that still retains a faint scent. It consists of a small case of copper gilt, which opens on a hinge in the centre. It has a ring above for suspension, the surface being covered with geometric tracery which is perforated for the escape of the scent inside. This takes the form of a compact ball, moulded in lines across it, through which a wire passes forming a loop above to secure it inside the metal case, and to the lower part of the wire a small silver knob is attached."

199. Line 624: *I would have FIL'D keys OFF.*—So F. 3 and F. 4. F. 1 has *fil'd Keyes of*.

200. Lines 654, 655: *the gentleman is half FLAY'D already.*—Ff. print the word *fled*. In Boyer's French Dictionary we find "*To Flea, Verb Act.* (or pull the skin off) *Escorcher*," and "*Flead, Adj. Escorché.*"

201. Line 668: *For I do fear eyes over.*—So Ff. Rowe added *you*, and Dyce reads *over's*. It is probably an elliptical expression for overseeing eyes.

202. Line 680: *I shall REVIEW Sicilia.*—Shakespeare only uses *review* in one other place, Sonnet lxxiv. 5, 6;

When thou *reviewest* this, thou dost *review*
The very part was consecrate to thee.

In both places it is used in its primary meaning, to see again.

203. Line 728: *fardel*.—Cotgrave has "Fardeau: a *fardel*, burthen, trusse, packe, bundle." Compare More's *Utopia* (Ralph Robinson's translation, 1551): "I caste into the shippe in the stende of marchandise a prety *fardel* of bookes" (p. 119, ed. Arber). *Fardel*, though used six times in this play, occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare but in *Hamlet*, iii. i. 76.

204. Line 731: *Pray heartily he be* AT PALACE.—In F. 1 the reading is *at ' Pallace*, the later Ff. omitting the apostrophe. Rowe prints *at the palace*, which is of course what the Clown should have said, but not so certainly what he did say. The Cambridge edd. suggest that "perhaps the Clown speaks of the King being 'at palace' as he would have spoken of an ordinary man being 'at home';" but it seems to me more probable that the apostrophe is used to indicate a very rapid pronunciation of the word *the*, such as is common now in the North, where a countryman would certainly speak of being *at ' palace*.

205. Line 734: *my pedler's EXCREMENT*.—See Love's *Labour's Lost*, v. i. 110, note 159 (vol. i. p. 65), and compare Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, ch. iii.: "But, alas, why should the chins and lips of old men lick up that *excrement* which they violently clip away from the heads of young men?"

206. Line 741: *of what* HAVING.—Compare Merry Wives, iii. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no *having*," &c.

207. Lines 743-746: *Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie, &c.*—Rolle very well explains this passage, in defending it against a suggested emendation of Mr. Daniel's: "When [Autolycus] said that *tradesmen* 'often give us soldiers the lie,' he probably meant that they did it by lying about their wares (a trick that he was sufficiently familiar with); but, he adds, 'we pay them for it with stamped coin, not with stabbing steel'—as they deserve, or as you would suppose."

208. Line 751: *with the manner*.—See Love's *Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 204, note 15 (vol. i. p. 54).

209. Lines 759, 760: *Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, OR TOAZE from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?*—F. 1 reads *at toaze*, which the later Ff. render *or toaze*. Both form and meaning of the word are uncertain. The Cambridge edd. even suggest that Autolycus may have "coined a word to puzzle the clowns, which afterwards puzzled the printers." It seems probable that *toaze* is a variant, perhaps intentional, upon *touze*, for which, perhaps, it may be merely a misprint. *Touze* or *tease* means to pull or draw, and is thus, as Henley remarks in an excellent note, the precise opposite to *insinuate*. "The [latter] signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the former to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

—close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded.

—Paradise Lost, bk. iv. l. 347.

—coarse complexions,

And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to *tease* the housewife's wool.

—Comus, l. 749."

210. Lines 768, 769: *Advocate's the court-word for a PHEASANT*.—Kenrick unnecessarily suggests that *pheasant* should be *present*. As Steevens very sensibly says: "As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*." Halliwell quotes from the *Journal* of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualifications, and effecting it, £1. 10s.; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with *two brace of pheasants*, 10s."

211. Line 780: *by the picking on's teeth*.—Compare King John, i. i. 190:

He and his *toothpick* at my worship's mess;
where the Bastard is describing, and satirizing, the habits of a man of elegance, one who "moved in the best society."

212. Line 813: *'nointed over with honey, &c.*—Reed quotes a description of a similar mode of torture from a contemporary work, *The Stage of Popish Toyes*, 1581, p. 33: "he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after anointing the pore Prince over with *hony*, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

213. Line 825: *being something gently* CONSIDER'D.—Steevens quotes *The Ile of Gulls*, 1633, iii. 1. [p. 65, Bul-
len's reprint]: "Thou shalt be well *considered*; there's twentie Crownes in earnest." Scott, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, represents the old miser Trapbois as having the word *consideration* (in precisely its present sense) constantly upon his lips. Grant White quotes Shirley, *School of Complement*, iii.: "Roundelaye's very good; here is moneyes and *considerations*, looke ye" (ed. 1637, p. 35).

ACT V. SCENE 1.

214. Line 12: Paul. TRUE, *too true, my lord*.—The first *True* in the Ff. is added to the foregoing speech. Theobald was the first to correct an evident transposition of the printer's.

215. Line 30: *the former queen is WELL*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 31-33:

Mess. First, madam, he is *well*.
Cleo. Why, there's more good.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are *well*.

Henley suggests that the expression is derived from 2 Kings iv. 26.

216. Lines 57-60:

*would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-rev'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"*

The Ff. read:

would make her Sainted Spirit
Again possess her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appear) Soule-vest,
And begin, why to me?

The anonymous conjecture adopted in the text has been finally received by the Cambridge editors, and appears in the Globe Shakespeare. The passage is perhaps corrupt; nothing, at all events, can be said quite certainly about it. But the emendation we have accepted seems to do less violence to the original text than any other of the numerous attempts that have been made to patch up a confessedly doubtful text. Malone suggests that *Why to me?* may be supposed to mean "Why to me did you prefer one less worthy?" Boswell conjectures: "Why such treatment to me? when a worse wife is better used." If the text here is correct, Leontes is probably meant to break off his sentence, whatever it may have been, abruptly, which he is much in the habit of doing.

217. Lines 60, 61:

*Had she such power,
She had just cause.*

The first two Ff. read "She had iust *such* cause," which the Old-Spelling editors, who adopt this reading, explain by taking *just such* as—"even such." The later Ff. omit *such*, and I think rightly. While it is barely possible that F. 1 is right, there are such strong reasons for thinking it is wrong that one need not hesitate to prefer the later reading. As for the metre, that is not better one way than the other, but the sense is vastly improved by the omission of *such*, and nothing could be more probable than the supposition that the word *such* in the previous line caught the compositor's eye and was inserted here by mistake.

218. Line 66: *Should RIFT to hear me.*—*Rift* is used as a verb only here and in *Tempest*, v. 1. 45. *Rive* is used several times. Skeat, *Etymological Dictionary*, states that the word *rift* (spelt *ryft*) occurs in Palsgrave's *Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse*, 1530.

219. Line 75:

Cleo. *Good madam,—*
Paul. *I have done.*

I have adopted Capell's emendation. The Ff. give the whole line to Cleomenes: "Good Madame, I haue done;" a reading which seems, if intelligible, self-contradictory.

220. Line 142: *WORN times.*—Compare *Taming of Shrew*, iii. 2. 120:

Could I repair what she will *wear* in me.

Worn times is of course a synonym for wasting years, *i.e.* old age.

221. Lines 159, 160:

*from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her.*

The comma after *his*, necessary to the sense, was first introduced by Hammer.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

222. Line 6: *amazedness.*—This word occurs only here and in *Merry Wives*, iv. 4. 55.

223. Line 60: *like a WEATHER-BITTEN CONDUIT.*—Henley compares *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 130:

How now! a *conduit*, girl? what, still in tears?

and states that a conduit in the figure of a woman still exists (that is, existed in his time) at Hoddesdon, Herts. F. 3 changes *weather-bitten* to the more familiar *weather-beaten*; but Ritson quotes an instance of such an expression ("weather-bitten epitaph") from the preface to the 2nd part of Antony Mundy's *Gerileon of England*, 1502. Skeat, in his *Etymological Dictionary*, says that there "can be little doubt that, at least in some cases, the right word is *weather-bitten*, *i.e.* bitten by the weather [as here]. The latter is a true Scandinavian idiom. We find Swed. *väderbiten*, lit. weather-bitten, but explained in Widegren as 'weather-beaten.'"

224. Line 106: *that rare Italian master*, JULIO ROMANO.—The anachronism of this reference to Giulio Pippi, known as Giulio Romano (1492-1546), serves to emphasize the emphatic praise of the allusion—one of the very few contemporary allusions made by Shakespeare. "Ape of Nature" is a title accorded to more than one painter by his flatterers; it was given, among others, to Giotto's disciple Stefano.

225. Line 132: *relish'd.*—Schmidt explains *relish'd* as "having a pleasing taste." Rolfe very well suggests that the meaning may be, "it would have counted as nothing in comparison with my discredits, would not have served to give them even a 'relish of salvation' (*Hamlet*, iii. 3. 92)."

226. Lines 177, 178: *a tall fellow of thy hands.*—This expression is still, in a measure, used, though the word *tall* has quite lost the meaning it had in Shakespeare's time, and which gave point to the phrase (see *Twelfth Night*, i. 3. 20, and the foot-note on *tall*). Cotgrave has: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main*: a man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him;" and Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, *Lesclaircissement*, &c., 1530: "He is a *tall* man of his hands, *C'est ung habille homme de ses mains.*"

ACT V. SCENE 3.

227. Line 14: *The STATUE of her mother.*—This is, as we see later, a *painted* statue. They were sometimes met with in Shakespeare's time. Rolfe compares Ben Jonson, *The Magnetic Lady*, v. 5:

Rnt. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

Sir Moth. And have it painted in most orient colours.

Rnt. That's right! all city statues must be painted;

Else they'll be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

I remember a painted image of St. Francis in a Catholic church, which, with a little art in the arrangement of light and curtains, might well have passed for a living man. One hears too of persons speaking to some of Madame Tussaud's more casual celebrities. It would, one would think, be quite as easy for life to simulate stone, as for stone to mimic life.

228. Line 18: *Lonely.*—F. 1 has *Louely*, *i.e.* *Lonely* with a turned *n*, one of the commonest printing errors. The later Ff. mistakenly print *Lovely*.

229. Lines 62, 63:

*Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?*

Some editors have very needlessly imagined that a line has been lost between these two lines, and Mr. Collier was kind enough to invent a line for the purpose. The sentence suddenly broken short, and the abrupt swerve of thought, is entirely characteristic of Leontes, and would indeed be natural enough in any one under similar circumstances.

230. Lines 67, 68:

*The FIXURE of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.*

Fixure is used only here and in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 101 (F. 1). Clarke explains the passage: "The immobility of eye proper to a statue seems to have the motion of a living eye, as we are thus beguiled by art." Malone and Stevens take *as* to mean *as if*.

231. Line 100: *look upon*.—See note 187.

232. Line 132: *PARTAKE to every one; i.e. impart; as in Pericles*, i. 1. 152, 153:

our mind *partakes*
Her private actions to your secrecy.

233. Lines 140-151:

*This is your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, WHO, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.*

Ff. print:

This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heuens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Malone defends this reading on the assumption that "*whom* heavens directing" is in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written "*him* heavens directing." But if taken in this sense, the main sentence becomes "This your son-in-law is troth-plight to your daughter"—surely a very tautological statement. It is quite possible that Shakespeare may have written *whom* for *who*, but it seems better to make the correction with Capell. The insertion of *is* was made by Dyce, upon the suggestion of Sidney Walker. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was *This' = This is*.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Across (prep.)..	iv. 4 15	Coactive	i. 2 141	Elevated	v. 2 81	Gest ¹³	i. 2 41
Allay (sub.)...	iv. 2 9	Co-heirs	ii. 1 148	Enfoldings	iv. 4 756	Gillyvors	iv. 4 82, 98
Ape-bearer	iv. 3 101	Co-join	i. 2 143	Escape ⁸ (sub.)..	{ ii. 1 95	Glib (verb)....	ii. 1 149
Attentiveness..	v. 2 94	Connive	iv. 4 692	Exultation	v. 3 131	Goads (sub.)...	i. 2 329
Bailiff	iv. 3 102	Couples ⁹ (sub.)	ii. 1 135	Eye-glass	i. 2 268	Good deed ¹⁴ ...	i. 2 42
Bed-swerper...	ii. 1 93	Court-contempt	iv. 4 759	Fadings	iv. 4 195	*Good-faced...	iv. 3 123
Behind-door-work ¹	iii. 3 76	Court-odour...	iv. 4 758	Feckings	i. 2 120	Green-sward...	iv. 4 157
Behindhand...	v. 1 151	Court-word	iv. 4 769	Fedary ⁹	ii. 1 90	Ground ¹⁵	ii. 1 159
Benched (vb. tr.)	i. 2 314	Credulity	ii. 1 192	Fellowest (verb)	i. 2 142	Gust (verb)....	i. 2 219
Bespice	i. 2 316	Crone	ii. 3 76	Findings (sub.)	iii. 3 132	Hand-fast ¹⁶ ...	iv. 4 795
Between (sub.)	iii. 3 62	Crown imperial	iv. 4 126	Fire-robbed	iv. 4 29	Harden ¹⁷	{ i. 2 146
Beverage	i. 2 346	Cupbearer	i. 2 313, 345	*First-fruits ...	iii. 2 98	Heartiness	i. 2 113
Bitterest (sub.)	iii. 2 217	Currents	iv. 3 40	Fixure	v. 3 67	Heat ¹⁸ (verb)...	i. 2 96
Blister (vb. intr.)	ii. 2 33	Daffodils	{ iv. 3 1	Flap-dragoned.	iii. 3 100	Heavings (sub.)	ii. 3 35
Borrow (sub.)..	i. 2 39	Dedication ⁶ ...	iv. 4 577	Flatness	iii. 2 123	Hefts	ii. 1 45
Branch (verb)...	i. 1 27	Derivative	iii. 2 45	Flamts	iv. 4 23	Hairless	v. 1 10
Break-neck	i. 2 363	Dibble	iv. 4 100	Flax-wench....	i. 2 277	Honey-mouthe ^d	ii. 2 33
Budget ² (sub.)	iv. 3 20	Dildos	iv. 4 195	Footman ¹⁰ ...	i. 3 67, 68, 69	Honour-flawed	ii. 1 143
By-gone	{ i. 2 32	Dimples ⁷	ii. 3 101	Forbiddenly	i. 2 417	Hoop ¹⁹ (verb)...	iv. 4 450
	{ iii. 2 185	Discontenting..	iv. 4 543	Forceful	ii. 1 163	Hornpipes	iv. 3 47
Carnations ³ ...	iv. 4 82	Discredits (sub.)	v. 2 133	Frequent ¹¹ (adj.)	i. 2 36	Horn-ring	iv. 4 611
Carver ⁴	v. 3 30	Dished	iii. 2 73	Frisk	i. 2 67	Hostess-ship..	iv. 4 72
Chamber-councils	i. 2 237	Disjunction	iv. 4 540	Front ¹² (sub.)..	iv. 4 3	Hoxes (verb) ..	i. 2 244
Cheat (sub.)...	iv. 3 29, 129	Disliken	iv. 4 666				
Childness	i. 2 170	Distinguishment	ii. 1 86				
Chisel	v. 3 78	Doxy	iv. 3 2				
Clerk-like	i. 2 392	Ear-deafening.	iii. 1 0				
Climate (verb).	v. 1 170						

¹ *behind-door* works in F. 1.

² = leatheren bag.

³ Flowers. ⁴ = sculptor.

⁵ = ties for holding dogs.

⁶ = committing, giving up.

⁷ Venus and Adonis, 242.

⁸ = flight; used in other senses elsewhere.

⁹ = confederate; *fedary* occurs in Measure, ii. 4. 122; Cymb. iii. 2. 21.

¹⁰ = a pedestrian.

¹¹ = addicted; = intimate, Son. cxvii. 5.

¹² = beginning; Son. cil. 7.

¹³ = stopping-place, limit.

¹⁴ = in very deed.

¹⁵ = question, matter.

¹⁶ = constraint, confinement.

¹⁷ Lucree, 560, 978.

¹⁸ = to run over (as at a race).

¹⁹ = to clasp.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Ill-doing	i. 2 70	Over-fond	v. 2 126	Scurrilous	iv. 4 215	Temporizer....	i. 2 302
Ill-ta'en	i. 2 460	Over-kind	i. 1 23	Second ¹⁶ (adj.)	ii. 3 27	Thick (verb)...	i. 2 171
Immodest ¹	iii. 2 103	Own ² (verb)...	iii. 2 60	Semicircle.....	ii. 1 10	*Three-pile ²⁰ ..	iv. 3 14
Impudently ...	i. 2 274			She-angel.....	iv. 4 210	Thrower-out ..	iii. 3 29
Uncertainties ³ ..	iii. 2 170	Pair (verb)	{ iv. 4 154	Shearers.....	iv. 3 44, 129	Thrush	iv. 3 10
Inch-thick	i. 2 186		{ v. 1 116	Shearing (sub.)	iv. 4 77	*Tirra-lirra....	iv. 3 9
Incidency	i. 2 403	Pash (sub.)....	i. 2 128	Sheep-hook....	iv. 4 431	Title-tattling..	iv. 4 249
Industriously..	i. 2 256	Petticoes.....	iv. 4 620	Sheep-whistling	iv. 4 805	Toaze ²¹	iv. 4 760
Insufficiency ..	i. 1 15	Pheasant.....	iv. 4 709, 770	*Ship-side	iii. 3 112	Tod (sub.).....	iv. 3 34
Intelligencing	ii. 3 68	Piedness	iv. 4 87	Shoe-tie	iv. 4 611	Tods (verb)....	iv. 3 33
Irremovable....	iv. 4 518	Plot-proof.....	ii. 3 6	Shoots ¹⁷ (sub.)	i. 2 128	Tongueless ²² ..	i. 2 92
Issueless ²	v. 1 174	Poisoner	i. 2 352	Shore (verb)...	iv. 4 869	Traitorly.....	iv. 4 822
Jar ⁴	i. 2 43	Poking-sticks..	iv. 4 228	Shoulder-blade	iv. 3 77	Troll-my-dames	iv. 3 92
		Pomander	iv. 4 609	Shoulder-bone..	iii. 3 97	Troth-plight (sub.)	i. 2 278
Knee-deep	i. 2 186	Pre-employed..	ii. 1 49	Shovels (verb)..	iv. 4 469	*Troth-plight ²³	v. 3 151
		Pretty ⁹ (sub.)..	iii. 3 48	Sicilian	v. 1 164	Unanswered....	v. 1 229
Land-damn....	ii. 1 143	Priest-like ¹⁰ (adv.)	i. 2 237	Sighted.....	i. 2 389	Unbraided	iv. 4 204
Latches ⁵	iv. 4 449	Prig.....	iv. 3 108	Skulking	i. 2 288	Unbreeched....	i. 2 155
Lavender	iv. 4 104	Principal ¹¹ (sub.)	ii. 1 92	Sleeve-hand ...	iv. 4 211	Undescried	iv. 4 669
Lewd-tongued..	ii. 3 172	Process-server..	iv. 3 102	Smutched	i. 2 121	Undreamed....	iv. 4 578
Limber	i. 2 47	Profaneness ...	iii. 2 155	Snapper-up....	iv. 3 26	Unearthly.....	iii. 1 7
Loa!	iii. 3 80	Prognostication ¹²	iv. 4 818	So-forth	i. 2 218	Unfilial	iv. 4 417
Loathsomeness	iv. 3 59	Proselytes	v. 1 108	Soften (vb. intr.)	ii. 2 40	Unintelligent..	i. 1 15
Low-born.....	iv. 4 156	Pugging.....	iv. 3 7	Songmen.....	iv. 3 44	Unmarried.....	iv. 4 123
Lozel	ii. 3 109	Race ¹³	iv. 3 50	Soul-vexed	v. 1 59	Unpathed.....	iv. 4 578
Mace ⁶	iv. 3 49	Raisins	iv. 3 52	Southward (adj.)	iv. 4 820	Unrolled ²⁴	iv. 3 130
Magnificence..	i. 1 13	Ram-tender ...	iv. 4 806	South-wind	v. 1 161	Unroosted.....	ii. 3 74
*Main-mast....	iii. 3 94	Red-looked ...	ii. 2 34	Sovereignly....	i. 2 323	Unsphere.....	i. 2 48
Medal.....	i. 2 307	Reiterate	i. 2 283	Sow-skin	iv. 3 20	Untried	iv. 1 6
Milking-time..	iv. 4 246	Removedness..	iv. 2 41	Stair-work	iii. 3 75	Unvenerable ..	ii. 3 77
Missingly.....	iv. 2 35	Requisite (adj.)	iv. 4 687	Standing ¹⁸ (sub.)	i. 2 431		
Mort	i. 2 118	Review ¹⁴	iv. 4 680	Starred	iii. 2 100	Virginalling...	i. 2 125
Nayward.....	ii. 1 64	Rice.....	iv. 3 40, 41	Sternness.....	iv. 4 24	*Warden-pies..	iv. 3 48
Neb.....	i. 2 183	Rift ¹⁵ (vb. intr.)	v. 1 66	Stone ¹⁹ (verb.)	iv. 4 807, 835	Weak-hinged..	ii. 3 119
Necklace.....	iv. 4 224	Rover	i. 2 176	Straited	iv. 4 365	Weather-bitten	v. 2 59
Negative (adj.)	i. 2 274	Ruddiness.....	v. 3 81	Stretch-mouthed	iv. 4 196	Whoobub.....	iv. 4 630
Non-performance	i. 2 261	Rustics (sub.)..	iv. 4 735	Stupid	iv. 4 409	Wilful-negligent	i. 2 255
Numbness.....	v. 3 102	Saltiers.....	iv. 4 334	Swine-herds ...	iv. 4 332	Without-door..	ii. 1 69
O'er-dyed.....	i. 2 132	Savory	iv. 4 104	Taleporter	iv. 4 273	Woman-tired..	ii. 3 74
Officed ⁷	i. 2 172			Tape.....	iv. 4 322, 610	Wombs (verb)..	iv. 4 501
				Tardied (verb)..	iii. 2 163		
				Tawdry-lace....	iv. 4 253	Yest.....	iii. 3 95

1 = immoderate; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

2 Son. cvii. 7; cxv. 11.

3 Son. ix. 3.

4 = tick of a clock; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

5 Lucree, 339, 358.

6 A spice.

7 Occurs in Othello, i. 3. 271.

8 = to confess; used elsewhere in other senses.

9 Pass. Pilgrim, 201.

10 Used as an adj. in Coriolanus, v. 1. 56.

11 = accomplice.

12 = art of knowing the future.

13 = root.

14 Son. lxxiv. 5.

15 Used trans. in Temp. v. 1. 45.

16 = helpful.

17 = young branches.

18 = time of existence; = station, Timon, i. 1. 31.

19 = to pelt with stones; Lucree, 978. Figuratively = to harden, Othello, v. 2. 63.

20 Used as a proper name, Meas. iv. 3. 11.

21 *Totes* in Measure, v. 1. 313.

22 = not murdered; thrice used elsewhere in the ordinary sense.

23 Henry V. ii. 1. 21.

24 = struck off the roll.

KING HENRY VIII

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
 CARDINAL WOLSEY.
 CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
 CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
 CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
 EARL OF SURREY.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 Lord Chancellor.
 GARDINER, king's secretary, afterwards bishop of Winchester.
 Bishop of Lincoln.
 LORD ABERGAVENNY.
 LORD SANDS.
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
 SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
 SIR ANTHONY DENNY

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
 Secretaries to Wolsey.
 CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.
 GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
 Three Gentlemen.
 DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the king.
 Garter King-at-Arms.
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
 Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
 Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
 QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
 ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, afterwards queen.
 An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
 PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

HISTORIC DATES, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE PLAY:¹ Field of the Cloth of Gold, June 1520. War declared with France, March 1522. Visit of the Emperor to the English court, May-July 1522. Buckingham brought to the Tower, April 16, 1521. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen, 1527. Arraignment of Buckingham, May 1521. His execution, May 17, 1521. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce, August 1527. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London, October 1528. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke, September 1532. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce, May 1529. Cranmer abroad working for the divorce, 1529, 1533. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome, 1529. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen, January 1533. Wolsey deprived of the great seal, October 15, 1529. Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor, October 25, 1529. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, March 30, 1533. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared, May 23, 1533. Death of Cardinal Wolsey, November 29, 1530. Coronation of Anne, June 1, 1533. Death of Queen Katherine, January 8, 1536. Birth of Elizabeth, September 7, 1533. Cranmer called before the Council, 1544. Christening of Elizabeth, September, 1533.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-4.—Interval.
 Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1-3.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 4.
 Day 4: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.
 Day 5: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
 Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval.
 Day 7: Act V. Scenes 1-5.

¹ From Mr. Daniel's Time-Analysis of Henry VIII.

KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICAL REMARKS.¹

Henry VIII. was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it ends the series of "Histories." The main historical authorities, which it follows with extreme exactitude, were, in the first four acts, Holinshed's Chronicles; in the fifth, Foxe's Acts and Monuments of the Church, commonly known as the Book of Martyrs. The play is a good deal indebted, directly or indirectly, to a narrative then in MS., George Cavendish's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, largely quoted from by both Holinshed and Hall, though the book itself was not published till 1641. Closely as the play follows its authorities, alike in the main course of incident and in the general choice of language, there are numerous deviations from the chronological order of events. These will be seen by referring to Mr. Daniel's table of "historic dates in the order of the play."

So far we have dealt with facts: what remains must be but conjecture. It is as well to say frankly, that we know with certainty neither who wrote Henry VIII., nor when it was written. I shall give, first, the scanty records, the few external facts relating to the play; then, the various theories which have been brought forward as to its date and authorship; not having much hope of being able, finally, to speak myself on all points with the enviable assurance of one whose mind is fully and confidently made up.

The first allusion to a play on the subject of Henry VIII. is found in an entry in the

Stationers' Registers under date February 12, 1604-5: "Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy." This play, which Collier "feels no hesitation" in supposing to be the play which we find in the Folio, may more reasonably be identified with the rough and scrambling historical comedy of Samuel Rowley, When you see me, you know mee; or, the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the berth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales, which Nathaniel Butter published in 1605. It is a bluff, hearty, violently Protestant piece of work, the Protestant emphasis being indeed the most striking thing about it. The verse is formal, with one or two passages of somewhat heightened quality; the characters include a stage Harry, a very invertebrate Wolsey, a Will Sommers whose jokes are as thin as they are inveterate, a Queen Katharine of the doctrinal and magnanimous order, a modest Prince Edward; with minor personages of the usual sort, and, beyond the usual, a Dogberry and Verges set of watchmen, with whom, together with one Black Will, King Henry has a ruffling scene. The play was reprinted in 1613, in 1621, and again in 1632.

The next allusion which we find to a play on the subject of Henry VIII. is in connection with the burning of the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613. In the Harleian MS. 7002, leaf 268, there is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Pickering, dated "this last of June, 1613," in which we read: "No longer since then yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at y^e Globe the play of Hen: 8, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph; the fire catch'd & fastened upon the thatch of y^e house and

¹ I have found it necessary in this case to combine the Literary History and the Critical Remarks, instead of giving them, as usual, separately. An Introduction to Henry VIII. has to deal with disputed conclusions, and the "critical remarks" become so many arguments, and have to come forward when and where they are wanted.

there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house & all in lesse then two houres (the people having enough to doe to save themselves)." On July 6, 1613, Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew (Reliq. Wotton. p. 425, ed. 1685): "Now to let matters of state sleep; I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The king's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within an hour, the whole house to the very ground." In the 1615 edition of Stowe's *Annales*, "continued and augmented by Edmond Howes," we read (p. 926) under date 1613: "Also vpon S. Peters day last the play-house or Theater, called the *Globe*, vpon the Banck-side, neere London, by negligent discharging of a peale of ordnance close to the south side thereof tooke fier, & the wind sodainly disperst y^e flame round about, & in a very short space y^e whole building was quite consumed, & no man hurt: the house being filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of *Henry* the 8. And the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner then before."

It will thus be seen that in 1613 a play on the subject of Henry VIII. was being acted at the Globe under the name of *All is True*. It is described by Sir Henry Wotton as "a new play." Further, it represented "King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house," where chambers were discharged in his honour, as in the Folio Henry VIII. i. 4. (stage-direction, after line 49: "Drum and

trumpet, chambers discharged"). It also apparently contained a scene in which Katharine was brought to trial. The name, *All is True*, is perfectly appropriate to the play which we have in the Folio, and in the Prologue there are three expressions which may be taken as references to such a title: line 9: "May here find *truth*, too;" line 18: "To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show;" and line 21: "To make that only *true* we now intend." So far, we have a certain show of evidence, very slight indeed, which might lead us to suppose (in the absence of other evidence to the contrary) that the play *All is True*, acted as a new play at the Globe in 1613, was that which is printed as Henry VIII. in the First Folio of Shakespeare. There is nothing, however, to tell us that this play of 1613 was by Shakespeare.

Leaving for the present the question of date, we must now consider the more important question of authorship. And here we should premise that the fact of Henry VIII. having been printed in the First Folio is far from being a conclusive argument on behalf of its genuineness, whole or partial. The editors of the First Folio had an elastic sense of their editorial responsibilities. They admitted Titus Andronicus and the three parts of Henry VI., which it is practically certain that Shakespeare did no more than revise; as well as *The Taming of the Shrew*, which we know to be a recast of the earlier play *The Taming of a Shrew*. They did *not* admit *Pericles*, which was published in Quarto under Shakespeare's name, generally recognized at the time as his, and, in the greater part of it, so obviously Shakespearean that its authenticity could not have been seriously doubted.

The first to call attention to the metrical peculiarities of Henry VIII. was a certain Mr. Roderick, Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, some of whose notes are given in the sixth and posthumous edition of Thomas Edwardes' *Canons of Criticism*, published in 1758. Roderick notes (1) that "there are in this Play many more verses than in any other, which end with a redundant syllable. . . . this Play has very near *two* redundant verses to *one* in any other Play;" (2) that "the

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Cæsurae, or Pauses of the verse, are full as remarkable;" (3) "that the emphasis, arising from the sense of the verse, very often clashes with the cadence that would naturally result from the metre." "What Shakespear intended by all this," he adds, "I fairly own myself ignorant."

Before this, Johnson had observed that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine, and that every other part might be easily conceived and easily written. Later, Coleridge, in 1819, distinguished Henry VIII. from Shakespeare's other historical plays as "a sort of historical masque or show-play." Even Knight was forced to acknowledge that the moral which he traces through the first four acts has to be clenched in the fifth by—referring to history for it! It was not, however, till 1850 that it occurred to anyone to follow out these clues by calling in question the entire authenticity of the play. In that year the suggestion was made by three independent investigators. Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, treating of Shakespeare, says passingly: "In Henry VIII. I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where—instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is, that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence. But the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth is in the bad rhythm." In taking it for granted that in Henry VIII. Shakespeare is to be seen altering an earlier piece of work, rather than working contemporaneously with another dramatist, or allowing his own work to be altered, Emerson simply follows in the line of Malone's investigations into the construction of the three parts of Henry VI. It

did not lie within his scope to investigate the matter further; the passage, indeed, in which he states his view, is a digression from his main argument. In August of the same year Mr. James Spedding published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a paper entitled "Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII.?" in which he dealt at considerable length with the question of authorship. "I had heard it casually remarked," he says, "by a man of first-rate judgment on such points [Tennyson] that many passages in Henry VIII. were very much in the manner of Fletcher. . . . I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of Henry VIII.; if not three; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it." On August 24, 1850, a letter appeared in *Notes and Queries* from Mr. Samuel Hickson (the writer of an investigation into the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, published in the *Westminster Review* of April, 1847), stating that he himself had made the same discovery as Mr. Spedding three or four years back, and desiring (he adds) "to strengthen the argument of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by recording the fact that I, having no communication with him, or knowledge of him, even of his name,¹ should have arrived at exactly the same conclusion as his own." In 1874 the New Shakspeare Society republished Mr. Spedding's essay and Mr. Hickson's letter, supporting the theory of double authorship by Mr. Fleay's and Mr. Furnivall's application of certain further metrical tests. In a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, November 13, 1874, Professor J. K. Ingram expressed himself as not so fully convinced that the non-Fletcherian portion of the play was by Shakespeare as that the non-Shakespearean part was by Fletcher. "In reading the (so-called) Shaksperian part of the play I do not often feel myself in contact with a

¹ Mr. Spedding's article was published under the initials J. S.

mind of the first order. Still, it is certain that there is much in it that is *like* Shakspeare, and some things that are worthy of him at his best; that the manner, in general, is more that of Shakspeare than of any other contemporary dramatist; and that the system of verse is one which we do not find in any other, whilst it is, in all essentials, that of Shakspeare's last period. I cannot name any one else who could have written this portion of the play" (New Sh. Soc.'s Transactions, 1874, p. 454). Finally, Mr. Robert Boyle, in an Investigation into the Origin and Authorship of Henry VIII., read before the New Shakspeare Society, January 16, 1885, attempted to prove that Shakespeare had no share whatever in the play, but that the part formerly assigned to him was really written by Massinger, and that Massinger and Fletcher wrote the play in collaboration. Mr. Spedding had accepted the generally-received date of 1612 or 1613, and suggested that the play may have been put together in a hurry on the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage (February, 1612-13); Mr. Boyle contended that the play was not produced till 1616, probably not till 1617, and that it was written to supply the place of All is True (possibly Shakespeare's, possibly not), which was destroyed in the Globe fire of 1613.

Such, in brief, are the main theories with regard to the various problems raised by this puzzling play. I have purposely avoided saying much as to the question of date, both because I think there is little enough to be said, and because this little is rather an inference from, than a support to, whatever theory of authorship we may choose to follow.

That Shakespeare—or that any single writer—did not write the whole of Henry VIII., seems to me (to take a first step) practically beyond a doubt. So much we can hardly fail to accept; first, on account of the incoherence of the general action, the utter failure of the play to produce on us a single calculated effect; secondly, on the even stronger evidence of the versification. As Hertzberg remarks, Henry VIII. is "a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with

the birth of a child." Spedding rightly notes that "the effect of this play *as a whole* is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after." It is not merely that there are certain defects in the construction—defects in construction are to be found in nearly every play of Shakespeare. The whole play is radically wanting in both dramatic and moral coherence. Our sympathy is arbitrarily demanded and arbitrarily countermanded. We are expected to weep for the undeserved sorrows of Katharine in one act, and to rejoice over the triumph of her rival, the cause of all those sorrows, in another. "The effect," as Spedding expressively puts it, "is much like that which would have been produced by the *Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening." That Shakespeare, not only in the supreme last period of his career, but at any point in that career at which it is possible that the play could have been written, should be supposed capable of a blunder so headlong, final, and self-annulling, is nothing less than an insult to his memory. It is difficult to fancy that any single writer, capable of so much episodical power, could have produced a play in which the point of view is so constantly and so unintelligibly shifted.

This we say is difficult, but it is impossible to believe that any single writer could have produced a play in which the versification obeys two perfectly distinct laws in perfectly distinct scenes and passages. The unanswerable question is: Did Shakespeare at any period of his life write verse in the metre of Wolsey's often-quoted soliloquy (iii. 2. 350—

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372)? If one may believe the evidence of one's ears, never; nor is the metre so admirable that we can suppose he would take the trouble to acquire it, lacking as it is in all that finer magic, in all that subtler faculty of expression, which marked, and marked increasingly, his own verse. The versification of some portions of the play does undoubtedly bear a considerable resemblance to the later versification of Shakespeare. We have thus in one play verse which is like Shakespeare's, and verse which is unlike Shakespeare's. The conclusion is inevitable: two writers must have been engaged upon it. Messrs. Spedding and Hickson agreed in dividing the play as follows. To the writer whose versification is like Shakespeare's (and whom they took to be Shakespeare) they assigned i. 1. 2., ii. 3. 4., iii. 2. (as far as line 203), and v. 1. The rest of the play they assigned to the other author. Mr. Boyle, in his examination of the play, while substantially following this division, assigns to the Shakespeare-like author iv. 1. (rightly, as I think), and also adds to his share i. 4. lines 1-24, 64-108, ii. 1. lines 1-53, 137-169, and v. 3. lines 1-113. Reading the remaining parts of the play, the parts written in the metre of that soliloquy of Wolsey, so markedly unlike, as I have said, the metre of Shakespeare, we find that the metre is as markedly similar to that of Fletcher. Compare with this passage the following typical passage from one of Fletcher's plays, *The False One*, ii. 1.:

I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind as you have done my conquest.
Ye are poor and open; I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recognise the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths and friends about my person,
I durst not trust you, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you show'd to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,

You wretched and poor seeds of sunburnt Egypt;
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That when the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies.
Go and enbalm the bones of that great soldier;
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phoenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

This gives, in an extreme form, those characteristics which peculiarly distinguish the verse of Fletcher, and which (it will be seen) distinguish equally the passage of *Henry VIII.* to which I have referred, and all those portions of the play already indicated: there is the same abundance of double and triple endings, the same fondness for an extra accented syllable at the end of a line (a characteristic which is inveterate in Fletcher and of which scarcely an example is to be found in the work of any of his contemporaries), the same monotony, the same clash of metrical and sense-emphasis. Emerson, in the passage already quoted, defines admirably the difference between this metre and that of Shakespeare—a difference which is indeed so obvious as to make definition seem unnecessary. It may be doubted whether in the whole of Shakespeare there is such a line as this (iii. 2. 352):

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth—

where the double ending is composed of two equally accented syllables. Examples by the score could be cited at a moment's notice from any play of Fletcher's, and from Fletcher's plays alone. May we not therefore feel justified in assigning to Fletcher (in the absence, be it understood, of any distinguishing Shakespearian features in the characterization and the language) those portions of the play in which the versification is precisely like that of Fletcher and completely unlike that of Shakespeare or any other known dramatist?

We have now to consider the authorship of the remaining part of the play—the more important part, not only because it contains the famous trial-scene, but because the writer introduced, and doubtless sketched out, the various characters afterwards handled by himself

and his coadjutor. Are these characters, we may ask first, worthy of Shakespeare, and do they recall his manner of handling? Is their language the Shakespearian language, the versification of their speeches the Shakespearian versification? Or do the characters, language and versification seem more in the style of Massinger, or of any other writer?

In looking at the characters in Henry VIII. we must not forget that they were all found ready-made in the pages of Holinshed. The same might to a certain extent be said of all Shakespeare's historical plays: the difference in the treatment, however, is very notable. In Henry VIII. Holinshed is followed blindly and slavishly; some of the most admirable passages of the play are almost word for word out of the Chronicles; there are none of those illuminating touches by which Shakespeare is wont to transfigure his borrowings. Nor does Shakespeare content himself with embellishing: he creates. Take, for example, Bolingbroke, of whose disposition Holinshed says but a few words: the whole character is an absolute creation. Shakespeare's fidelity to his authorities is not so great as to prevent him from rejecting material ready to his hand where such material is at variance with his own conception of a character. For example, Holinshed records a speech of Henry V. before the battle. Shakespeare writes a new one, in marked contrast to it. Again, Holinshed gives a speech of Hotspur delivered shortly before the battle of Shrewsbury. Shakespeare puts quite other words and thoughts into Hotspur's mouth. In both cases Holinshed furnished a speech that might well have been turned into blank verse; nevertheless it was set aside. But in Henry VIII. Holinshed is followed with a fidelity which is simply slavish.

The character of Katharine, for instance, on which such lavish and unreasoning praise has been heaped, owes almost all its effectiveness to the picturesque narration of the Chronicles. There we see her, clearly outlined, an obviously workable figure; and it cannot be said that we get a higher impression of her from the play than we do from the history. The dramatist has proved just equal

to the occasion: he has taken the character as he found it, and, keeping always very close to his authority, he has produced a most admirable copy—transplanting rather than creating. To speak of the character of Katharine as one of the triumphs of Shakespeare's art seems to me altogether a mistake. The character is a fine one, and it seems, I confess, almost as far above Massinger as it is beneath Shakespeare. But test it for a moment by placing Katharine beside Hermione. The whole character is on a distinctly lower plane of art: the wronged wife of Henry has (to me at least) none of the fascination of the wronged wife of Leontes: there are no magic touches. Compare the trial-scene in Henry VIII. (ii. 4.) and the trial scene in *Winter's Tale* (iii. 2.). I should rather say contrast them, for I can see no possible comparison of the two. Katharine's speech is immeasurably inferior to Hermione's, alike as art and as nature. It has none whatever of that packed imagery, that pregnant expressiveness, that vividly metaphorical way of being direct, which gives its distinction to the speech of Hermione. It is, moreover, almost word for word from Holinshed (see note 171). As for the almost equally famous death-scene, I can simply express my astonishment that anyone could have been found to say of it, with Johnson, that it is "above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic." Tender and pathetic it certainly is, but with a pathos just a little limp, if I may use the word—flaccid almost, though, thanks to the tonic draught of Holinshed, not so limp and flaccid as Fletcher often is.

If Katharine is a little disappointing, Anne is an unmitigated failure. That she is meant to be attractive is evident from the remarks made about her in various parts of the play, in which we are told that she is "virtuous and well-deserving," that she is "a gallant creature and complete," that "beauty and honour" are mingled in her, and the like. And what do we see? A shadow, a faint and unpleasing sketch—the outline of one of those slippery women whom Massinger so often drew. She would sympathize with the queen,

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and her words of sympathy are strained, unnatural in her; she is cunning, through all her affected primness ("For all the spice of your hypocrisy," says the odious Old Lady to her); and in what we see of her at Wolsey's banquet she is merely frivolous. In all Shakespeare's work there is no such example of a character so marred in the making, so unintentionally degraded (after Massinger's inveterate manner) as this of Anne. I would rather think that Shakespeare began his career with Lavinia than that he ended it with Anne.

Turning to the character of Henry VIII. we find a showy figure, who plays his part of king not without effect. Looking deeper, we discover that there is nothing deeper to discover. The Henry of history is a puzzling character, but the Henry of a play should be adequately conceived and intelligibly presented. Whatever disguise he may choose to assume towards the men and women who walk beside him on the boards, to us he must be without disguise. As it is, we know no more than after reading Holinshed whether the Henry of the play believed or did not believe—or what partial belief he had—in those "scruples," for instance, to which he refers, not without a certain unction. He is illogical, insubstantial, the merely superficial presentment of a deeply interesting historical figure, who would, we may be sure, have had intense interest for Shakespeare, and to whom Shakespeare would have given his keenest thought, his finest workmanship.

A greater opportunity still is lost in the case of Wolsey. We hear a great deal of his commanding qualities, but where do we see them? Arrogance we see, and craft, but nowhere does he produce upon us that impression of tremendous power—of magnificence, in good and evil—which it is clearly intended that he should produce. Is it credible that the dramatist who, in the shape of a swollen and deluded Falstaff, drives in upon us the impression of the man's innate power with every word that he utters, and through all his buffetings and disgraces, should, with every advantage of opportunity, with such a figure, ready made to his hand, as Wolsey, have given us this merely formal transcript from Holinshed,

this "thing of shreds and patches?" How dramatically would Shakespeare have worked the ascending fortunes of the man to a climax—with what crushing effect, and yet how inevitably, brought in the moment of downfall! As it is, the effect is at once trivial and spasmodic, and the famous soliloquies, even, when one looks at them as they really are, but fine rhetorical preachments, spoken to the gallery; fine, rhetorical, moving, memorable, but not the epilogue of a broken fortune, the last words of a bitterness worse than death, as Shakespeare or as nature would have given them. One feels that there is no psychology underneath this big figure: it stands, and then it is doubled up by a blow; but one sees with due clearness neither why it stood so long nor why it fell so suddenly. The events happen, but they are not brought about by that subtle logic which, in *Hamlet* or in *Lear*, constructs the action out of the character, and so enables us to follow, to understand, every change, however sudden and unlooked-for, in the uncertain fortunes of a tormented human creature struggling with the powers of fate and of his own nature.

Now all this, so incredible in Shakespeare, is precisely what we find again and again in his contemporaries, and nowhere more than in Fletcher and Massinger. In Shakespeare, never neglectful of the requirements of the stage, the picturesqueness is made to grow out of the real nature of things: Fletcher and Massinger, only too often, are ready to sacrifice the strict logic of character to the momentary needs of a dramatic spectacle, the stage-interest of sudden reverses. And in all that I have been saying of the character-drawing which we see in this play, little has been said which would not lead us to assign this work, so far beneath Shakespeare, to such fine but imperfect dramatic poets as Fletcher and Massinger.

I have spoken of the evidences of Fletcher's metre which we find in certain parts of the play, evidences which seem scarcely to admit of a doubt. But I confess that the metre and language of the non-Fletcherian portion do not seem to me by any means so clearly assignable to Massinger. Massinger's verse is

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a close imitation of the later verse of Shakespeare; but it is an imitation which stops short at the end of no very lengthy a tether. The verse of the non-Fletcherian portion of Henry VIII. rings neither true Shakespeare nor true Massinger, and I know of no other dramatist to whom it can be attributed. There are lines and passages which, if I came across them in an anonymous play, I should assign without hesitation to Massinger; there are also lines and passages to which I can recollect no parallel in all his works. Mr. Boyle, in his valuable paper already quoted, gives a certain number of "parallel passages" in support of the Massinger authorship, but I cannot say that they appear to me altogether conclusive. Nor is the argument from supposed historical allusions, by which he assigns the play to 1616 or 1617, a date which would favour the theory that Massinger and Fletcher wrote together, anything more than vaguely conjectural. As I have said before, we really do not know when this play was written; there is nothing to forbid the assumption that it was a new play in 1613, there is nothing to forbid the assumption that it was not written till 1616 or 1617. The backward limit of date is indeed fixed by the characteristics of the metre; but the very slight evidence which identifies the play of Henry VIII. as we have it, with the play *All is True*, which was being performed on the occasion of the Globe fire, is not conclusive enough to stand in the way of a later date, should a later date seem to be demanded by other considerations. We are thus free to deal with the question of authorship entirely on internal evidence. I have already given my reasons for believing that Shakespeare wrote neither the whole nor a part of the play, and that Fletcher did write certain portions of it. But I cannot hold with any assurance that the second author has yet been discovered. It seems not improbable that this second author was Massinger. But it is far from certain, and, at present, a definite judgment on this point would be premature.

STAGE HISTORY.

A strong light is cast upon the first known performance of King Henry VIII. While

this work was in course of performance at the Globe Playhouse on Tuesday, 29th June, 1613, through the "negligent discharging of a peal of ordnance, close to the South side thereof the Thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly disperst the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed and no man hurt; the house being filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the Eighth" (Howes; Stow, *Chronicles*, p. 1003; quoted by Mr. Fleay). References to this calamity are found in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, 8th July, 1613 (Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 469), and in a second from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, 30th June, 1613 (see Fleay's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 250). According to the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* this event occurred at "a new play acted by the Kings players at the Bankside called *All is True* representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth." For a more extended account of this accident the reader is referred to the literary history of the play. To the literary rather than the stage history of the play belongs the question whether the piece then given was the Henry VIII. of Shakespeare or another of the many plays on a similar subject which saw the light early in the seventeenth century, and that also of how much of the existing Henry VIII. is by Shakespeare. Almost if not absolutely conclusive that the play then acted was not Shakespeare's is the evidence on which Halliwell-Phillipps and other commentators rely. The famous "sonnet upon the pittifull burneing of the Globe playhowse in London" says:

Out runne the knightes, out runne the lordes,
And there was great adoe;
Some lost their hattes, and some their swordes;
Then out runne Burbidge too;
The reprobates, thoughte druncke on munday
Pray'd for the Foole and Henry Condy.

In a reputed endeavour to save some properties the fool and Henry Condy or Condell ran exceptionally narrow risks of their lives, hence the pious aspirations on their behalf on the part of those penitent after Saturday's debauch. It is just possible, however, that the fool, though in the house, was not concerned

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in the play. Concerning the performance we at least learn from the "sonnett" that in the representation Burbage, Condell, and old stut-tering Heminges, as he is called, took part. Roberts the player, who communicated some vague and not too trustworthy information concerning the early stage, says that Lowin performed King Henry the Eighth and Ham-let. So far as regards the latter character Roberts is at fault, since the *Historia Histri-onica* and Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus* both show that Joseph Taylor was its original ex-ponent, the former saying: "He performed that part incomparably well." Lowin was, however, King Henry VIII., and had his in-structions from "Mr. Shakespeare himself" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 24). Some light upon stage matters is thrown by the prologue, obviously not by Shakespeare, to the extant play of Henry VIII., in which reference is made to the price of admission:

Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours.

No long time after the Restoration Henry VIII. was dragged to light and produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then as subse-quently it was regarded as a pageant. On 1st Jan. 1663-4, Pepys went to the Duke's House and "saw the so much cried up play of Henry the Eighth," and observed concerning it: "which though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done." Previous to this, under the date 10th Dec. 1763, he speaks of it, saying he is told by Wotton, his shoemaker, "of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's. The story of Henry the Eighth with all his wives." D'Avenant is guiltless of any known tampering with the play. Downes is unexpectedly diffuse and garrulous concern-ing Henry the Eighth, telling us how by order of Sir William D'Avenant it "was all new Cloathed in proper Habits." He gives a por-tion even of the cast, which is as follows:—

King	=	Betterton.
Wolsey	=	Harris.
Buckingham	=	Smith.
Norfolk	=	Nokes.
Suffolk	=	Lilliston.
Campeius and Cranmer	=	Medbourne.
Gardiner	=	Underhill.
Surrey	=	Young.
Lord Sands	=	Price.
Queen Katharine	=	Mrs. Betterton.

It was performed fifteen days consecutively with general applause. With not too articulate enthusiasm Downes says: "The part of the King was so right and justly done by Mr. Betterton, he being Instructed in it by Sir William (D'Avenant) who had it from Old Mr. Lowen that had his Instructions from Mr. Shakespear himself, that I dare and will aver, none can, or will come near him in this Age in the performance of that part." Harris, we learn from Pepys, had just returned to the theatre. His Cardinal Wolsey Downes places near Betterton's King in regard of merit, say-ing he does it "with such just State, Port and Mein, that I dare affirm none hitherto has Equalled him" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 24). Beside the new scenery Downes notes that the dresses were new, not only of the King, but of all "the Lords, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Doctors, Proctors, Lawyers, Tip-staves." This meant much in those days when dresses were so costly that monarchs and noblemen used to give their discarded costumes to the players.

Henry the Eighth was first produced at the Haymarket, 15th February, 1707, the theatre having then been opened by Swiney or Mac Swiney with a company of actors from Drury Lane. Betterton was once more the King; Verbruggen, Wolsey; Booth, Buckingham; Mills, Norfolk; Colley Cibber, Surrey; Bul-lock, Lord Sandys; Mrs. Barry, Queen Ka-tharine; and Mrs. Bradshaw, Anne Bullen: an exceptionally strong cast. It was pro-duced at Drury Lane 21st May, 1722, the actors being Booth, Cibber, Wilks, Mills, Johnson, Thurmond, Miller, Williams, Pen-kethman, Norris, and Mrs. Porter. The dis-position of the characters is not given. Mrs. Porter was, however, Queen Katharine. Booth

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would, of course, be King Henry VIII., and Johnson was doubtless Gardiner, which was his great part. On Oct. 30, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, it was played, but no actors are mentioned. The cast, however, was probably the same that was assigned it at the same house on the 22nd of the following April, namely:

Henry VIII.	=	Quin.
Wolsey	=	Boheme.
Buckingham	=	Ryan.
Cromwell	=	Walker.
Queen Katharine	=	Mrs. Parker.
Anne Bullen	=	Mrs. Bullock.

Its next revival attained great celebrity for a reason not belonging intrinsically to the play. This took place at Drury Lane on 26th Oct. 1727, the principal actors being Booth, who played the King, Cibber = Wolsey, Wilks = Buckingham, Mills = Cranmer, Johnson = Gardiner, Mrs. Porter = Queen Katharine. On this occasion a spectacle of the coronation of Anne Bullen was added. Colley Cibber is very proud concerning the success of this. In his suit in Chancery against Sir Richard Steele, in which he was his own counsel, he said, addressing the court: "Now, Sir, though the Menagers" (of Drury Lane, consisting of himself, Wilks, and Booth) "are not all of them able to write Plays, yet they have all of them been able to do (I won't say as good, but at least) as profitable a thing. They have invented and adorn'd a Spectacle that for Forty Days together has brought more Money to the House than the best Play that ever was writ. The Spectacle I mean, Sir, is that of the Coronation-Ceremony of Anna Bullen." These words, with the entire speech, Cibber, with pardonable vanity, gives in the Apology (vol. ii. p. 206, ed. Lowe). The coronation of George the Second had taken place on the 11th of the month, and the popularity of the spectacle is thus easily conceived.

Apart from this adventitious aid the performance had signal merit. Barton Booth, then at the height of his powers, was an admirable King. Theophilus Cibber declares that "Mr. Booth in this part, though he gave full scope to the humour, never dropt the dignity of the character . . . When he appeared most familiar he was by no means

vulgar; when angry, his eye spoke majestic terror . . . he gave the full idea of that arbitrary Prince, who thought himself born to be obeyed" (Life of Booth p. 75). Colley Cibber was much praised as Wolsey, a character that seems totally unsuited to him. Davies holds that "his manner was not correspondent to the grandeur of the character. The man who was familiar in the greatest courts of Europe, and took the lead in the councils and designs of mighty monarchs, must have acquired an easy dignity in action and deportment, and such as Colley Cibber never understood" (Dram. Misc. i. 351). It is anticipating somewhat to say that in regard to this character Davies praises Mossop for speaking with the requisite feeling and energy, but declares that "his action, step and the whole conduct of his person were extremely awkward" (*Ibid.*). He concludes that but for extravagance of gesture and quaintness of elocution, West Digges would have been nearer the resemblance of Wolsey than any actor he had seen in the part. Ben Johnson was universally praised as Gardiner. What Davies calls "his chaste manner" would admit of no farce or buffoonery. "He preserved all the decorum proper to the character of a bishop and privy councillor" (*Ibid.* i. 427). Hippisley, who camelater, added "some strokes of humour which approached to grimace and Taswell degenerated into absolute trick and buffoonery." For Mrs. Porter as Queen Katharine is reserved the warmest eulogium of Davies. "The dignity and grace of a queen were never, perhaps, more happily set off than by Mrs. Porter. There was an elevated consequence in the manner of that actress, which, since her time, I have in vain sought for in her successors" (*Ibid.* p. 366). In spite of a bad voice she reached in the more pathetic scenes of Henry the Eighth a heart-touching tenderness which Mrs. Pritchard even was unable to approach.

Henry the Eighth was a great favourite with George the Second, and was in consequence frequently revived. It was commanded three several times in one winter. Colley Cibber notes (Apology ii. 216) that when the Cardinal whispers to Cromwell the words

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"Let it be nois'd

That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes.

—Act i. sc. ii.

The Solicitude of this Spiritual Minister, in filing from his Master the Grace and Merit of a good Action, and dressing up himself in it, while himself had been Author of the Evil complain'd of, was so easy a Stroke of his Temporal Conscience, that it seem'd to raise the King into something more than a Smile whenever that Play came before him" (*Ibid.*). On being asked by a "grave nobleman" after a performance of Henry the Eighth at Hampton Court how the king liked it, Sir Richard Steele replied, "So terribly well, my Lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my Actors! For I was not sure the King would not keep them to fill the Posts at Court that he saw them so fit for in the Play." It may be added that in playing Buckingham Wilks took a part many actors of his reputation would have scorned. He scored, however, in it; was earnest and impetuous in the early scenes, and gentle, graceful, and pathetic in the later.

The coronation scene was not confined to Henry the Eighth, but was given after other plays. A rival coronation at Lincoln's Inn Fields was a failure.

Henry the Eighth was given at Drury Lane, 14th October, 1734, with a cast all but entirely changed. Harper was then the King; Mills, Wolsey; W. Mills, Buckingham; Milward, Cranmer; Miller, Lord Sands; Cibber, jr., Surrey; Shephard, Campeius; Boman, Suffolk; Mrs. Thurmond, Queen; and Miss Holliday, Anne Bullen. Johnson was still Gardiner. A performance which Genest is not at the trouble to index was given at Drury Lane 6th May, 1738, with Quin as the King, Milward as Wolsey, Havard as Norfolk, Mrs. Roberts as Katharine, and Mrs. Bennett as Anne Bullen. Mrs. Pritchard played Anne Bullen at Drury Lane 2nd January, 1740.

Henry the Eighth had escaped the kind of treatment that befell most plays of Shakespeare. It experienced some not very formidable opposition from the "Virtue Betrayed

or Anna Bullen" of Banks, in which some fine actresses from Mrs. Barry downward appeared.

On 24th January, 1744, Henry the Eighth was given for the first time at Covent Garden, the coronation ceremony being revived. It was played about seven times with the following cast: King=Quin; Wolsey=Ryan; Suffolk=Stephens; Campeius=Chapman; Gardiner (Johnson being dead)=Hippisley; Lord Sands=Woodward; Queen Katharine=Mrs. Pritchard; Anne Bullen=Mrs. Stevens. After this the play went apparently out of favour, and no revival of interest is chronicled until 6th November, 1772, when was announced at Covent Garden "Henry the Eighth not acted 20 years." Once more the coronation ceremony was introduced, and the play was acted thirteen times with a cast comprising Clarke as King, Bensley as Wolsey, Wroughton as Buckingham, Shuter as Gardiner, Gardner as Cranmer, Hull as Cromwell, Lewes as Lord Chamberlain, Mrs. Hartley as the Queen, and Miss Ogilvie as Anne Bullen. The performance is passed without notice by Gentleman in the Dramatic Censor, and we lose the interesting criticisms supplied on the performers in other Shakespearian plays. Judging by the reports in the various magazines the performance appears to have been indifferent. One of these, in language that recalls the criticism of to-day, taxes the management with mounting a piece without possessing a single actor who can pronounce blank verse with tolerable grace. Mrs. Hartley was a lovely woman, but a not very competent actress. Upon the revival of the play at the Haymarket, 29th August, 1777, Gentleman was himself the King, a part for which he had few qualifications; West Digges was Wolsey; Palmer, Buckingham; Parsons, Gardiner; and Mrs. Massey the Queen. Digges was favourably noticed in Wolsey, but failed to attract the public. A correspondent of the London Evening Post censured Parsons for buffoonery as Gardiner. Parsons imitated Taswell in playing Gardiner with a crutch, and at the close of the scene, when he followed Cromwell, held it over his head.

Henderson, the Bath Roscius, appeared for

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the first time as Wolsey at Covent Garden, 30th October, 1780. Miss Younge was the Queen; Mrs. Inchbald, Anne Bullen; and Clarke the King. Ireland, quoted by Genest, praises the sensible speaking and accurate elocution of Henderson, but complains of want of dignity. On 26th March, 1787, at the same house, Mrs. Pope for her benefit played the Queen; Aikin was the King; Pope, Wolsey; Farren, Buckingham; Hull, Cranmer; Macready (the elder), Surrey; Davies, Cromwell; and Edwin, Gardiner, a part which, contrary to what might have been expected, he is said to have acted without buffoonery.

Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance as Katharine at Drury Lane, 25th November, 1788. The cast comprised in addition King = Palmer; Wolsey = Bensley; Buckingham = Wroughton; Cranmer = J. Aikin; Cromwell = Kemble; Surrey = Barrymore; Lord Chamberlain = R. Palmer; Gardiner = Suett; and Lord Sands, Baddeley. Queen Katharine became one of the favourite parts of Mrs. Siddons. On his first introduction to her, Dr. Johnson "asked her which of Shakespeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catharine in Henry the Eighth, the most natural:—'I think so too, Madam, (said he;) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble to the theatre myself'" (Boswell's Johnson, ed. Hill, iv. 242). He did not, however, live to witness the performance. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, gives a full analysis of her acting in the character, and exhausts himself in terms of eulogy. Each separate scene is praised to the height, and at the close he says: "I can hardly bring myself to think the Lady Macbeth a greater effort: one more perfect I am sure it was not" (Life of Siddons, ii. 266). A second and marvelously fine analysis of the performance, received from James Ballantyne of Edinburgh, and attributed to Terry the actor, is given by Campbell (Life of Siddons, vol. ii. pp. 140, *et seq.*). In this Terry declares the empire of Mrs. Siddons over the regions of tragedy to be unlimited, and her potency of terror and woe equal. Her death scene he calls "the

most entirely faultless specimen of the art that any age ever witnessed."

Performances of no special interest were given at Covent Garden, 24th May, 1793, with Pope as Wolsey, Mrs. Pope as the Queen, Farren as Buckingham, Miss Chapman as Anne Bullen, and Holman as the King; and 15th May, 1799, with Mr. and Mrs. Pope and Holman in the same parts, and with Lewis, H. Johnston, Murray, Munden, Fawcett, and Knight in other characters.

In 1804 Kemble published an acting version of Henry the Eighth with a cast comprising Cooke as the King, Brunton as Buckingham, Charles Kemble as Cromwell, and Munden as Gardiner. When on 23rd April, 1806, it was acted at Covent Garden, Pope was the King; Kemble, Wolsey; H. Johnston, Buckingham; Brunton, Cromwell; and Blanchard, Gardiner. Miss Brunton was Anne Bullen, Kemble played Wolsey, and Mrs. Siddons reappeared as the Queen. Of Kemble's play a full analysis is given in Genest, vol. viii. pp. 4-15. It is no better than the majority of similar alterations. The play is said to have been finely acted. Genest saw Henry VIII. in Bath, 30th December, 1820, with Young as Wolsey, Bartley as the King, and Mrs. Bartley as the Queen. He records that Young in delivering the lines:

"This candle burns not clear! 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes, —Act iii. sc. 2.

kept his arms folded and slurred the metaphor completely" (Account of the Stage, ix. 122). Colley Cibber used at this point to snuff the candle. Kemble avoided this rather prosaic piece of realism, but "seemed to smell a stink" (*Ibid.*).

On 20th May, 1822, Kean made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Wolsey to the King of Cooper, the Cromwell of S. Penley, and the Queen of Mrs. W. West. The performance attracted comparatively little attention, and the play was only acted four times. Unimpressive in the early scenes Kean made his great effect in the third act. In the closing scenes he exhibited much pathos.

Less than a year subsequently, on 15th January, 1823, at Covent Garden, Macready

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first essayed Wolsey; Mrs. Ogilvie made her first appearance at the house as the Queen; Miss Foote was Anne Bullen; Egerton, the King; Abbott, Buckingham; C. Kemble, Cromwell; Bartley, Cranmer; and Blanchard the Bishop of Winchester. Macready records that he had laboured at the part with unremitting diligence, and says "it remained among his most favourite Shakespearean assumptions" (*Reminiscences*, ed. Pollock, i. 278). He reappeared in the character at Drury Lane, 9th June, 1824, with Mrs. Bunn for the first time as the Queen, Miss Smithson (subsequently Madame Berlioz) as Anne Bullen, Pope as the King, Archer as Buckingham, and Terry as Lord Sands. In Wolsey, on 23rd June, 1824, he terminated his then engagement at Drury Lane.

Phelps's first season of management of Sadler's Wells closed 10th April, 1845, with Henry the Eighth, in which Phelps played Wolsey, and Mrs. Warner Queen Katharine. The part remained a favourite with Phelps, and was subsequently played at various theatres, though it does not seem to have been seen again at Sadler's Wells. A pleasing souvenir of the actor in this character is in the Garrick Club in the shape of a picture by Mr. Forbes Robertson, now of the Garrick Theatre, of Phelps in the robes of Wolsey.

Much pains and expense had been spent upon successive productions of Henry VIII. A thousand pounds had been expended on the coronation scene on its first production. Charles Kemble stated that under his brother's management Henry the Eighth was the most costly and the least remunerative of revivals. Previous expenditure was, however, surpassed in the famous revival by Charles Kean at the Princess's, 16th May, 1855. What was more important than dresses and upholstery was the restoration in the acting edition of portions of the text previously omitted. The character of Griffith, which had generally been merged in that of Cromwell, was now assigned a separate exponent, and the fine scene at the beginning of the third act, in which the two cardinals, for the purpose of prevailing on the queen to submit to a divorce, wait on her by command of the King in her apartment in the palace at Bridewell, was reinstated. This

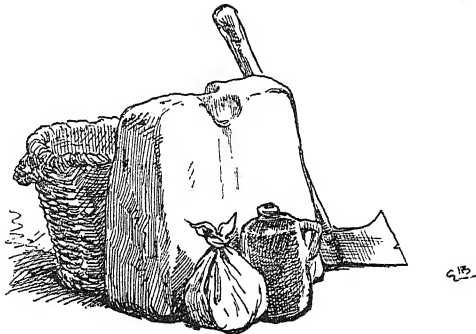
scene, for some inexplicable reason, Mrs. Siddons had chosen to omit. In the last act, however, resort was had to customary processes of mutilation. This was cut down to the last scene of the christening, and a moving panorama conducting the spectator to the church of the Grey-Friars at Greenwich, where the ceremony was performed, was introduced.

Mrs. Charles Kean, reappearing after an absence from the stage which had been misconstrued into retirement, appeared as the Queen. Her performance in this character is still remembered. The tragic intensity, the majesty of bearing, and the solemnly impressive dignity of Mrs. Siddons were not there, but the character had much truth to nature and infinite pathos. John Oxenford (*The Times*, 21st May, 1855) dwells at considerable length upon her dying scene, and says: "The attitude in which, half rising from her couch, she follows with her eyes the departing forms, might serve as a study for some picture of a saint's 'ecstasy.'" Charles Kean's Wolsey was not especially happy, and the criticism of the day glides over it lightly. Some pains had been taken with the archaeological details, and the figure of the Cardinal as described in the memoir by Cavendish was realized. Mr. Walter Lacy personated the King, a difficult thing for a slim actor, and played the part admirably. Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, was Anne Boleyn, Ryder played Buckingham, and Cooper accepted the restored part of Griffith. At the time of its production this was described as the most marvellous spectacle that had ever been put on the stage. In Edinburgh Mr. Wyndham spent many months upon a careful reproduction of the play, which was given 2nd October, 1855. Phelps played Wolsey at Drury Lane in 1865, and at the Gaiety ten years later. Charles Calvert and Miss Geneviève Ward appeared as the Cardinal and the Queen, August, 1877. On January 5, 1892, Henry VIII was produced at the Lyceum by Henry Irving, who gave a fine and dignified impersonation of Cardinal Wolsey. William Terriss was the King, and Miss Terry the Queen. The play was splendidly mounted; and the stage version was arranged by Irving in five acts.

KING HENRY VIII.

Henry the Eighth was revived with the coronation scene in Aungier St. Theatre, Dublin, about 1735. Much pains were bestowed on the revival, but Hitchcock, the historian of the Dublin stage, has neglected to supply the cast. In America Henry the Eighth has been less popular than other plays of Shakespeare, and there is difficulty in finding an actor whose

reputation is associated with Wolsey. Charlotte Cushman played, however, the part, and was said in so doing to have "made old play-goers recall the times of Cooke, Kean and Macready" (Life by Emma Stebbins, Boston, U.S.A., 1878, p. 217). Garrick, it may be noted, did not include Wolsey among his Shakespearean characters.—J. K.





"I come no more to make you laugh."

KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

[I come no more to make you laugh: things
now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad,¹ high, and working,² full of state and
woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to
see
Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow

In a long motley coat guarded³ with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend, 21
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known
The first and happiest⁴ hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.]

¹ *Sad*, grave.

² *Working*, *i.e.* of stirring interest.

³ *Guarded*, trimmed.

⁴ *Happiest*, *i.e.* best disposed.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF NORFOLK; on the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw¹ in France?

Nor. I thank your grace, Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

[*Nor.* Twixt Guines and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;

Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung

In their embracement, as they grew together; Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time I was my chamber's prisoner.]

Nor. Then you lost The view of earthly glory: men might say, Till this time pomp was single, but now married To one above itself. Each following day

Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders its. To-day, the French,

All clinquant,² all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

Made Britain India; every man that stood Show'd like a mine. [Their dwarfish pages were

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear

The pride upon them, that their very labour Was to them as a painting: now this masque

Was eried incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a fool and beggar.] The two kings,

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye, so

Still him in praise: and, being present both, 'T was said they saw but one; and no discernor Durst wag his tongue in censure.³ When these suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis was believ'd.

[*Buck.* O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship,⁴ and affect In honour honesty, the tract of every thing Would by a good discourser lose some life, Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;

To the disposing of it naught rebell'd, Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinctly his full function.]

Buck. Who did guide, I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion

Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce⁵ vanities? [I wonder That such a keech⁶ can with his very bulk Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir, There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon For high feats done to the crown; neither allied To eminent assistants; but, spider-like, Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note

³ *Censure*, i.e. judgment between the two.

⁴ *As I belong to worship*, as I belong to the honoured class. ⁵ *Fierce*, immoderate. ⁶ *Keech*, a lump of fat.

¹ *Saw*, saw one another.

² *Clinquant*, glittering.

{The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him; which buys
A place next to the king.}

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver
eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: [whence has
he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.}

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up
the file¹
Of all the gentry; for the most part such



Vol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.—(Act i. 1. 118, 119.)

To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out, 79
Must fetch him in he papers.²

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors
on 'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not
values ss

The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded³
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?⁴

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and pur-
chas'd 98

At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.⁵

Nor. Like it your grace,

³ *Aboded*, foreshowed.

⁴ *Silenc'd*, i.e. refused an audience.

⁵ *Carried*, managed.

¹ *File*, list.

² *Papers*, i.e. sets down in a list.

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. [I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishestowards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power.] You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be
said,

110

It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes
that rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before
him; certain of the Guard, and two Secre-
taries with papers. The Cardinal in his
passage fixes his eye on Buckingham, and
Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,
ha?

Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I

120

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor.

What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires.

Buck.

I read in 's looks

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd

Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores¹ me with some trick: he's gone to
the king;

128

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor.

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck.

I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be ad-
vis'd:

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along 150
By your prescription: but this top-proud fel-
low,—

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous 160
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests² the king our mas-
ter

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break 't the rinsing.

¹ Bores, overreaches.

² Suggests, tempts.

Nor.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour,¹ sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew 169
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: [but our count-
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it.] Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 't was indeed his colour;² but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their
amity, 181

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus de-
sir'd,—

That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know— 190

As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable:

I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg.

Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name 201
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck.

Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.³

Bran.

I am sorry,

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on



Nor.

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.—(Act i. 1. 139-141.)

The business present: 't is his highness' plea-
sure

You shall to the Tower.

Buck.

It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210
O my Lord Abergany, fare you well!

¹ Give me favour, i.e. excuse me.² Colour, pretext.³ Device and practice, scheming and stratagem.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—

[*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure

By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I
hope. 220

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal

Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the
Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles, SIR THOMAS
LOVELL, the Cardinal's secretary, and at-
tendants. The Cardinal places himself
under the King's feet on his right side.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
level

Of a full-charge'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasours of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The King takes his state.*¹ *The Lords of
the Council take their several places.
The Cardinal places himself under the
King's feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!"

*Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the
DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she
kneels. The King rises from his state,
takes her up, kisses and places her by his
side.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am
a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: half
your suit 10

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions 20

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on²
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,—

It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,³ have put off
The spinsters,⁴ carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord car-
dinal,

² *Putter-on*, instigator.

³ *'Longing*, belonging.

⁴ *Spinsters*, spinners.

¹ *Takes his state*, seats himself on his throne.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part in aught 41
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and
yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
tions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are 48

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.¹

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes
bold mouths: 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come
to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer² business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by 69
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. [We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow 79
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once⁴ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;⁵ what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act.] If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 81
Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop,⁶ bark, and part o' the
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [Aside to the Secretary] A word with
you.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

³ Cope, encounter.

⁴ Once, i.e. at one time or another.

⁵ Allow'd, acknowledged.

⁶ Lop, the smaller branches, cut from trees.

The works of William Shakespeare, by William Shakespeare, 1616.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure.¹

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker; 111

To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great
teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we, 119

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point. 139
Not friended by² his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on: 143
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail³ to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

[*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped
to France, 151

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultnery, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence"⁴
This pausingly ensu'd,—] 'Neither the king
nor's heirs, 168

Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
[Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.]

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions

³ Upon our fail, in case of our want of issue.

⁴ With demure confidence, in a grave confidential manner.

¹ Is run in your displeasure, i.e. has incurred your displeasure.

² By, i.e. according to.

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous

For him to ruminate on this so far, until 150
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant, 191
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,

As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on's breast, mounting¹ his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,²
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;³

¹ Mounting, raising.

² His period, i.e. his end.

³ Attach'd, arrested.

Call him to present trial: if he may 211
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?⁴

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors 9
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt⁵ reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our monsieur's

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

⁴ Mysteries, fantastic fashions.

⁵ Spavin or springhalt, two diseases causing lameness in horses.

[*Lov.* They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants 24
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,

Short blister'd¹ breeches and those types of
travel, 31
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and belough'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their
diseases
Are grown so catching.



Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em.—(Act i. 3. 42, 43.)

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly where-
sons 39
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they
are going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.]

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great
one, 53

To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord,—'has wherewithal;
in him

¹ Blister'd, puffed.

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: 60

Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The presence-chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests.
Enter, on one side, ANNE BULLEN and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; on the other, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company s
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
[*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
> But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
> Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
> I think would better please 'em:] by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor

To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

[*Lov.* Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.]

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry, 19
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: 28

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,¹
Let me alone.

Hautboys. *Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, 42
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

¹ Cure, charge.

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall
have 'em 44

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

[*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk
anon.]

[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers¹*
discharged, within.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear
not; 51

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the
French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend
him. 60

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,*
and the tables are removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as
masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered
by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully
salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair
conduct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King*
chooses Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd!
O beauty,

Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. 81
[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll
make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. Ye have found him, cardinal:
[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,— 92

¹ Chambers, small cannon.

'The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women. 93
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*]. A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
 I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100



K. Hen. A health, gentlemen!
 Let it go round.—(Act i. 4. 96, 97.)

K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
 In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.
 Sweet partner,
 I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry:

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen
 healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it
 [*Exeunt with trumpets*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
 E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.



First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.—(Act ii. 1. 3-5.)

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

[*Sec. Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke 11

Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *virt voce*, to his face: 18
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he
could not:

And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear
himself? 30

First Gent. When he was brought again to
the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly] 39
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste, too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous
Buckingham, 52
The mirror of all courtesy,—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-staves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more
Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against
'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me, 71

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; 83
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with. no
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years! 91
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your
grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits 99
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now
seal it;

And with that blood will make 'em one day
groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with
him! 111

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
me 119

A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most; 122

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and coun-
sels

Be sure you be not loose;¹ for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub² in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God for-
give me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

[*First Gent.* O, this is full of pity! Sir, it
calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 141
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will
require

A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation 143
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark:
but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. An ante-chamber in
the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,
and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and
of the best breed in the north. When they were ready
to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by commission and main power, took 'em from me;
with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before
a subject, if not before the king; which stopp'd our
mouths, sir." 10

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his
brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so:

¹ Loose, i.e. incautious.

² Rub, impediment.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day. 22

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know
himself else.

[*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd
the league

'Tween us and the emperor, the queen's great-
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scat-
ters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,



Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.—(Act ii. 2. 17, 18.)

Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his mar-
riage:

And out of all these to restore the king, 30

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king: and is not this course
pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!

'Tis most true

These news are everywhere; every tongue
speaks 'em, 39

And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all 47

From princes into pages: all men's honours

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch¹ he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the Pope.]

Nor.

Let's in;

¹ Into what pitch, i.e. to what height.

And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him. 58

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships!

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens
a folding-door. The King is dis-
covered sitting, and reading pensively.*]

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted.

K. Hen. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all
offences

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate;¹ in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of busi-
ness:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my

Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;

Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Campeius*]

You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

Use us and it. [*To Wolsey*] My good lord,
have great care 78

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are
busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suffolk*] This priest has no
pride in him!

Suf. [*Aside to Norfolk*] Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suffolk*] If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Norfolk*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely 87

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy² reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius;

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:

They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for. 101

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue—

The court of Rome commanding—you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their
servant

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall
be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gar-
diner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd
her 110

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have;
and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Car-
dinal,

¹ Estate, state.

² Envy, hatred.

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:

116

I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gardiner*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wolsey*] But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

120

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*]



K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best.—(Act ii. 2. 114, 115.)

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace

122

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion
spread, then,

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied
him;

And fearing he would rise, he was so vir-
tuous,

Kept him a foreign man¹ still; which so griev'd
him,

129

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-
murers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

¹ A foreign man, i.e. employed abroad.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.

140
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 't is a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber in the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang
that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her,
and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the
which

To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

[*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
gifts— 30

Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;] you would
not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange; a three-pence bow'd
would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

[*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck
off a little; 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!]
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:¹ I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
long'd

No more to the crown but that. Lo, who
comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't
worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

¹ An emballing, i.e. a coronation (an investiture with the ball, one of the insignia of royalty).

Cham. It was a gentle business, and be-
coming 54
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and 61
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,



Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?—(Act ii. 3. 34.)

Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers
and wishes 69
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obe-
dience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his high-
ness;

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit¹
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perus'd
her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who
knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

[*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see! 81

¹ *Fair conceit*, good opinion.

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could ss
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd¹ fortune!—have your mouth
fill'd up

Before you open 't.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty
pence, no. 89

There was a lady once—'t is an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark.] The Marchioness of
Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises me thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular
fancy, 101

And leave me out on 't. Would I had no
being,

If this salute² my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two
Vergers, with short silver wands; next them,
two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after
them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN,
ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next
them, with some small distance, follows a
Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great
seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two priests,
bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentle-*

*man-usher bare-headed, accompanied with
a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace;
then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver
pillars; after them, side by side, the two
Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two
Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then
enter the KING and QUEEN, and their trains.
The KING takes place under the cloth of
state; the two Cardinals sit under him as
judges. The QUEEN takes place some dis-
tance from the KING. The Bishops place
themselves on each side the court, in manner
of a consistory; between them, the Scribes.
The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest
of the Attendants stand in convenient order
about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is
read,

Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;

You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come
into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England,
come into the court. 11

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out
of her chair, goes about the court, comes
to the King, and kneels at his feet;
then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and
justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent,³ nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness, 22

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

¹ Compell'd, involuntary.

² Salute, affect.

³ Indifferent, impartial.

At all times to your will conformable; 24
 [Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
 friends 29

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd?] Sir, call to
 mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by
 many

A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore
 I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose coun-
 sel

I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Vol. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore boot-
 less 61

That longer you desire the court;¹ as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

¹ That longer you desire the court, i.e. that you desire a longer session.

Cam.

His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Vol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir.
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
 We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,
 certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay,
 before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge: for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say
 again, 80

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Vol. I do profess
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do
 me wrong:

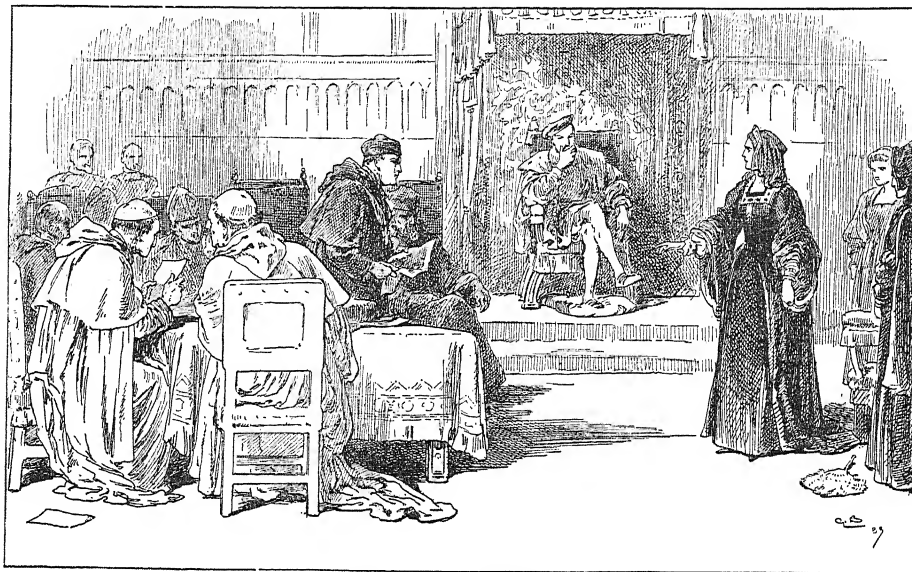
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted 91
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
 charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
 The king is present: if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me: and the cure is to 101
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which
 before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
 ing, 104
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
 humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility: but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
 mounted 112
 Where powers are your retainers; and your
 words,



Q. Kath. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy.—(Act ii. 2. 75-77.)

Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope, 119
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
 into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
 keep your way:
 When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
 help,
 They vex me past my patience! Pray you,
 pass on: 130

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other
 Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
 That man i' the world who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: thou art, alone—

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee
out— 140

The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Vol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever 151
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
never 163

Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,
oft,

The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd
me to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;
give heed to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advérse
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. [This respite
shook 181

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than 190
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not

Be gladdened in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling¹ in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are 201
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd your-
self to say 210

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;

¹ *Hulling*, drifting to and fro.

And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:]
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest crea-
ture

229

That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam.

So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. [Aside] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cran-
mer,

Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *London. Palace at Bridewell: a room
in the Queen's apartment.*

The QUEEN and some of her Women at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul
grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave
working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by. 10
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals
Wait in the presence.¹

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
favour? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as
righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol.

Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of
a housewife:

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath.

Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 30

Deserves a corner: [would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions

¹ *The presence, i.e. the presence-chamber.*

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
 Envy¹ and base opinion set against 'em,
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
 Out with it boldly:] truth loves open dealing.

Vol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, re-*
gina serenissima,—² 41

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
 suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will
 thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord
 cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed 49
 May be absolv'd in English.

Vol. Noble lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed—
 And service to his majesty and you—
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
 You have too much, good lady,—but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty differ-
 ence 53

Between the king and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 [Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,]
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside] To betray me.—
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
 Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye
 prove so!
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine
 honour,— 71
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,

¹ *Envy, malice.*

² "Such is my integrity of purpose towards thee, most
 serene highness."

And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids, full little, God knows,
 looking

Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Vol. Madam, you wrong the king's love
 with these fears: 81
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
 But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
 pleasure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be
 honest,—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
 protection; 93
 He's loving and most gracious: 't will be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause;
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Vol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
 my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men

I thought ye, 102
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your
 comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries;
 I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once 110

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;¹

You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. You turn me into nothing: woe
upon ye,

And all such false professors! [Would you
have me—

If you have any justice, any pity,

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me?

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already, 119

His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,

And all the fellowship I hold now with him

Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me
speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,

Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-
sure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,

Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.]

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good
we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself
so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title 140

Your master wed me to: nothing but death

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol.

Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this Eng-
lish earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts. 145

What will become of me now, wretched lady!

I am the most unhappy woman living.

[*To her Women*] Alas, poor wenches, where are
now your fortunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flour-
ish'd, 152

I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we,
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. [You wrong;
your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts 170

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware you lose it not:] for us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready

To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and
pray forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;

You know I am a woman, lacking wit

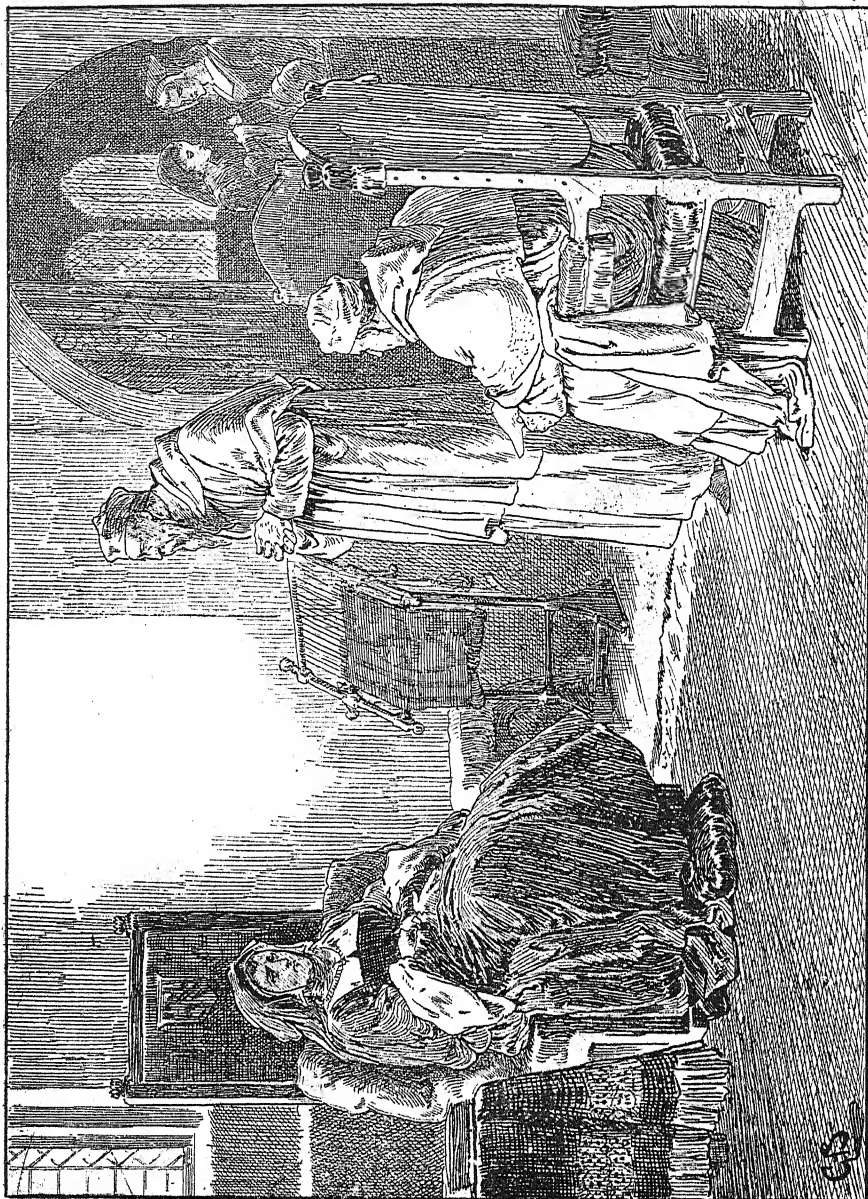
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my
prayers 180

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

¹ *Distraction, frenzy.*



*O. Karfi. Do what ye will, my lords, and pray forgive me.
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.*

KING HENRY VIII
Act III. Scene I. Lines 26-76.



Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Ante-chamber to the
King's apartment in the palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force¹ them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person 12
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars 21
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the Pope mis-
carried, 30
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts 38
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord!

For, I profess, you have 't.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace² the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,³ and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete 40
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

¹ Force, i.e. enforce.

² Trace, follow.

³ Young, recent.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more 69
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of
Pembroke! 90

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Suf. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman,
a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one 102
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 't were something that would
fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart!

Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, reading a schedule, and Lovell.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he
accumulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name
of thrift, 109

Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him: some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;

There is a mutiny in's mind. [This morning]
Papers of state he sent me to peruse, 121
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:

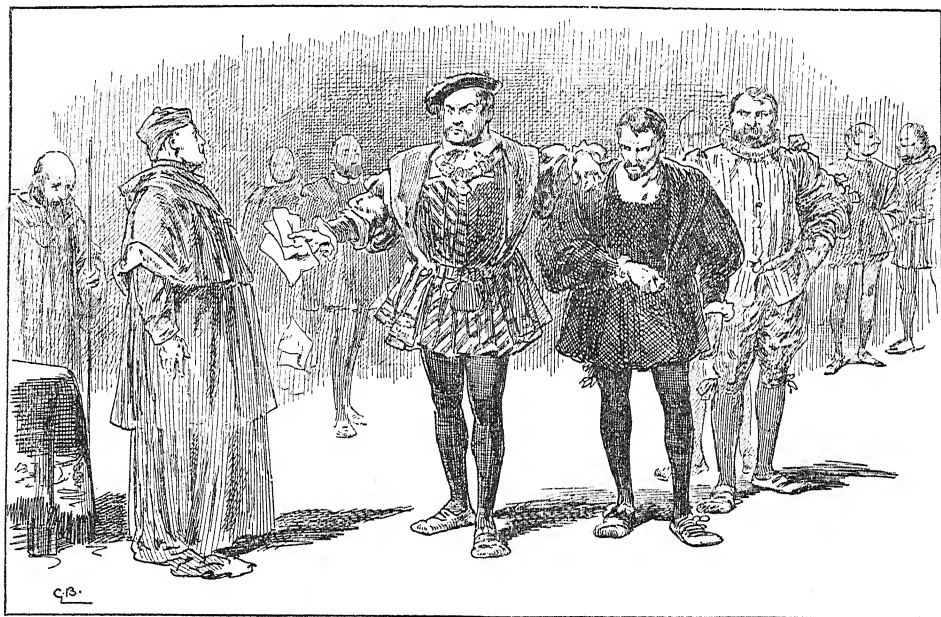
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen.】 If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid 133
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

*[Takes his seat, and whispers Lovell,
who goes to Wolsey.]*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time 139



K. Hen. Read o'er this;
And after, this *[Gives him a letter]*: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have—*(Act iii. 2. 201-203.)*

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,¹ and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke to-
gether, 150
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

¹ An ill husband, a bad manager.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*Aside to the others*] The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you The prime¹ man of the state? I pray you, tell me, If what I now pronounce you have found true: And, if you may confess it, say withal, 164 If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces, Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could

My studied purposes requite; which went Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours Have ever come too short of my desires, 170 Yet fil'd² with my abilities: [mine own ends Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person and The profit of the state. For your great graces Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks, My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty, Which ever has and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd; A loyal and obedient subject is 180 Therein illustrated: the honour of it Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more On you than any, so your hand and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

As 't were in love's particular, be more 189 To me, your friend, than any.]

Wol. I do profess That for your highness' good I ever labour'd More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,— Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw it from their soul; though perils did Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and

Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding³ flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken. Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, For you have seen him open 't. [*Gives him the inventory.*] Read o'er this; 201 And after, this [*Gives him a letter*]: and then to breakfast with

What appetite you have.

[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean? What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so; This paper has undone me: 't is the account Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to- 211

gether For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Pope- dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence, Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross⁴ devil Made me put this main secret in the packet I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains? I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune, Will bring me off again. What's this? "To the Pope!" 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to 's holiness. Nay, then, farewell! I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting: I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the evening, And no man see me more.

¹ Prime, first, foremost.

² Fil'd, kept pace.

³ Chiding, resounding.

⁴ Cross, perverse.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal;
who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—

I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand
gave me; 247

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bemoaning land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland;

200

Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou
gav'st him; 262

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour, 271
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
shouldst feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My
lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded¹ by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness

Of gleanings all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king: your
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 291

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

¹ Jaded, spurned.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Vol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise, 301
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Vol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.

Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or know-
ledge, 310

You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the
king

To be your servant.

Suf. [Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude, 321
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.]

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance—

By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere¹ undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 331
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far! 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

[*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further
pleasure is,—

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine,² within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,— 340
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.]

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medi-
tations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you. 348

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*

Vol. So farewell to the little good you bear
me.

Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blos-
soms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory; 360

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have; 370

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

¹ *Mere*, utter.

² *Power legatine*, i.e. power as legate.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you
weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.



Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!—(Act iii. 2. 350, 351.)

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has
cur'd me, 380
I humbly thank his grace; and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that
right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel, 388
To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in
blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
'em!—

What more? 400

Crom. That Crammer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever: 410

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,

Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let 419

Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use¹ now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear 420

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,
Cromwell; 432

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour, 437

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that
hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
king— 450

And, prithee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. 458

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent.

So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand
here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her corona-
tion?

¹ Use, interest.

[*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal¹ minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants and sights of honour. 10

First Gent. Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?



Sec. Gent. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.—(Act iv. 1. 36.)

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk, He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.] But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine, The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which 28

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not: And, to be short, for not appearance and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton, Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.* The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. 30
[*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.

¹ Royal, i.e. loyal.

3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* [Musicians.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then GARTER, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand as high-steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and WINCHESTER.*
9. *The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
They pass over the stage in order and state.

A royal train, believe me. [These I know:
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent. 'T is the same,—high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent. Yes.]

Sec. Gent. [Looking on the Queen] Heaven bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

[Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.]

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are
all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train 51
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.

[Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw

The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it? 60

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.

[Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were
woven 80

So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and
with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
saintlike, ^{s3}
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems, ^{s9}

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. ^{Sir,}
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. ^{I know it;}
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. ^{What two reverend bishops}
Were those that went on each side of the queen? ¹⁰⁰

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one
of Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. ^{He of Winchester}
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. ^{All the land knows that:}
However, yet there is no great breach; when
it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

Sec. Gent. ^{Who may that be, I pray you?}

Third Gent. ^{Thomas Cromwell;}
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king ¹¹⁰
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

Sec. Gent. ^{He will deserve more.}

Third Gent. ^{Yes, without all doubt.—}
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be
my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. ^{O Griffith, sick to death!}

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the
earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, ¹ 10
For my example.

Grif. ^{Well, the voice goes, madam:}
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. ^{Alas, poor man!}

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester;

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, ² honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—“O father
abbot, ²⁰

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!”

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
After the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

¹ *Happily*, haply.

² *Convent*, convent.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him! 31
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; [One that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:] 40
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal, 48
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him, 59

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honour from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note¹
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit
down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six personages, clad in white robes,
wearing on their heads garlands of bays,
and golden visards on their faces; branches
of bays or palm in their hands. They first
congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain
changes, the first two hold a spare garland
over her head; at which the other four
make reverent curtsies; then the two that
held the garland deliver the same to the
other next two, who observe the same order
in their changes, and holding the garland
over her head: which done, they deliver the
same garland to the last two, who like-
wise observe the same order; at which, as it
were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep
signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands
to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish,
carrying the garland with them. The music
continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are
ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness, 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel

¹ Note, tune.

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, 92
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music¹ leave;

They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

Pat. [*Aside to Griffith*] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. [*Aside to Patience*] She is going,
wench: pray, pray.

Pat. [*Aside to Griffith*] Heaven comfort her!



Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—(Act iv. 2. 44-46.)

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-
ness, 102

To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is
staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but
this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the em-
peror, 109

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I
pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the
next,

The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

¹ *The music, i.e. the musicians.*

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes
too late; 120

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but
prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to de-
liver

This to my lord the king.

[*Takes the letter from Patience, and gives
it to Capucius.*]

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness 131

The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter,—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!—

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breed-
ing—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor
petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—

And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall
have 'em.

The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over, to remember me by: 151
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer
life

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: and, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remem-
ber me 160

In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd
him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Fare-
well,

My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Their lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet
like 171

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt leading Katherine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, a
Page with a torch before him.*

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at
primero¹
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter? 10
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch² of your late business: affairs
that walk,



Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work.—(Act v. l. 16-18.)

As they say spirits do, at midnight have 14
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

[*Lov.* My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's
in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,]
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Crammer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for
Cromwell, 38
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O' therolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade³ of moe prefer-
ments,

¹ *Primero*, a game at cards.

² *Some touch*, i.e. some hint.

³ *Trade*, general course.

With which the time will load him. The arch-
bishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
tur'd 40

To speak my mind of him. and, indeed, this
day—

Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have
Incens'd¹ the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they
mov'd

Have broken with the king;² who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mis-
chiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51
He be convented.³ He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest
your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter King and SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-
night;

My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles; 50
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the
news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

[*K. Hen.* What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her
sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of 71
Your highness with an heir!]

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate⁴ of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.
[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop, 80
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the
bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid⁵ the gallery. [*Lovell seems
to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns
he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire
to know 90

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
[*Cranmer rises.*]

¹ *Incens'd*, informed.

² *Have broken with the king*, have broached the matter
to the king.

³ *Convented*, summoned.

⁴ *Estate*, state.

⁵ *Avoid*, leave.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
 I have news to tell you: come, come, give me
 your hand. 95
 Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
 And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
 I have, and most unwillingly, of late
 Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being
 consider'd, 100
 Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
 This morning come before us; where, I know,
 You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
 But that, till further trial in those charges
 Which will require your answer, you must take



K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
 In us, thy friend.—(Act v. 1. 114-116.)

Your patience to you, and be well contented
 To make your house our Tower: you a brother
 of us,¹
 It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
 Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your
 highness; 109
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion
 Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
 There's none stands under more calumnious
 tongues
 Than I myself, poor man.

¹ You a brother of us, i.e. you being one of the council.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
 In us, thy friend: give me my hand, stand up:
 [Raises Cranmer.
 Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
 What manner of man are you! My lord, I
 look'd
 You would have given me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring to-
 gether 120
 Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard
 you,
 Without indurance,² further.

² Indurance, delay.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh¹
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.



Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—(Act v. 1. 159–161.)

[*K. Hen.* Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices 129
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever²
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been
done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,

¹ *Weigh*, value.

² *Not ever*, i.e. not always.
144

I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; 139
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!]

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give
way to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring 151
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. [*Gives Cranmer a
ring.*] Look, the good man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]

He has strangled
His language in his tears.

[*Enter old Lady; Lovell following.*]

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that
I bring 160

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by the looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Lov.

Sir? 171

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit.*]

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now, While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Doorkeeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means
this?—Ho!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*]

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound¹ not my disgrace!

For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate
me—

God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice—

To quench mine honour: they would shame
to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

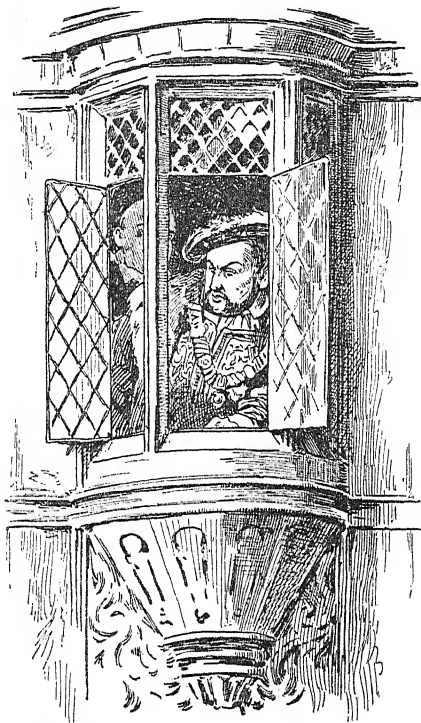
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

¹ Sound, give utterance to.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?



K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?—(Act v. 2. 25, 26.)

Butts. I think your highness saw this many
a day. 21

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pur-
suits, Pages and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well there's one above 'em yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among'em—

At least good manners—as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on their lordships'
 pleasures, 31
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
 We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The council-chamber.*

*Enter the LORD CHANCELLOR, the DUKE OF
 SUFFOLK, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL
 OF SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GAR-
 DINER, and CROMWELL. The chancellor
 places himself at the upper end of the table
 on the left hand; a seat being left void
 above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF
 CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in
 order on each side. CROMWELL at the
 lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
 Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Can-
 terbury.

[*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
 And has done half an hour, to know your
 pleasures.]

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer enters and approaches the coun-
 cil-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very
 sorry
 To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
 In our own natures frail, and capable 11
 Of our flesh;¹ few are angels: out of which
 frailty
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should
 teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your
 chaplains,—

For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

[*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden
 too, 20]

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
 spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage.² If we suffer,
 Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neigh-
 bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the
 progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever to do well: nor is there living—
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,³
 Both in his private conscience and his place,
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do. 41
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.]

Gard. My lord, because we have business of
 more moment, 51
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
 pleasure,
 And our consent, for better trial of you,

¹ Capable of our flesh, i.e. impressible through our flesh.

² Manage, rule.

³ Stirs against, bestirs himself against.

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again, 55
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
thank you;

You are always my good friend; if your will
pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end, — 61

'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss
discovers, 71
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a
little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer so
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; 89
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-
some. —

Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my
lords; *[Shows the ring.]*

By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Suf. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told
ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-
rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
Would I were fairly out on't!

[Crom.] My mind gave me,¹
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at
ye!]

*Enter the KING, frowning on them; he takes
his seat.*

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

¹ *My mind gave me, my mind told me, i.e. I suspected.*

Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[*To Hammer*] Good man, sit down. Now let
me see the proudest, 130

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee
not.

Sur. May't please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some under-
standing

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my com-
mission 141

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

[*Chan.* Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
pos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather— 150
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.] }

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of
Canterbury, 160

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
tism;

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons: you shall have two noble part-
ners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk,
and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please
you? 170

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge
you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart

And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. [Good man, those joyful tears show
thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of
Canterbury
A shrewd turn,¹ and he is your friend for
ever."]

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. 180
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *The palace-yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye ras-
cals: do you take the court for Parish-garden?²
ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.³

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to
the larder.

¹ A shrewd turn, i.e. a bad turn.

² Parish-garden, i.e. the Paris-garden, a celebrated
bear-garden.

³ Gaping, shouting with open mouth.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with canons—

To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor
Colbrand, 22

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd
any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good
master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would have me do? 31

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em
down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields¹ to
muster in? or have we some strange Indian
with the great tool come to court, the women
so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of forni-
cation is at door! On my Christian conscience,
this one christening will beget a thousand;
here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir.
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my
conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign
in's nose; all that stand about him are under
the line, they need no other penance: that
fire-drake² did I hit three times on the head,

and three times was his nose discharged against
me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to
blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of
small wit near him, that rail'd upon me, till
her pink'd porringer³ fell off her head, for
kindling such a combustion in the state. I
miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman,
who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from
far some twenty truncheoners draw to her
succour, which were the hope o' the Strand,
where she was quartered. They fell on; I
made good my place: at length they came to
the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when
suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot,
deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was
fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win
the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think,
surely. 62

Port. These are the youths that thunder at
a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that
no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill,
or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,
are able to endure. I have some of 'em in
Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
these three days; besides the running banquet
of two beades that is to come. 70

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are
here!

They grow still too: from all parts they are
coming,

As if we kept a fair here! What are these
porters,

Theselazyknaves?—Ye have made a fine hand,
fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall
have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

¹ Moorfields, where the train-bands were exercised.

² Fire-drake, fiery dragon, meteor.

³ Pink'd porringer, a cap like a porringer, worked in small holes.

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,¹ when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets
sound;

They're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find

A Marshalsea² shall hold ye play these two
months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Man. You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!

Port. You i' the camlet,

Get up o' the rail; I'll peck³ you o'er the pales
else! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen,
LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE
OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE
OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great
standing-bowls for the christening-gifts;
then four Noblemen bearing a canopy,
under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK,
godmother, bearing the child richly habited
in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady;
then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET,
the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop
pass once about the stage, and GARTER
speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
the high and mighty princess of England,
Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace,
and the good queen,

My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.

[*Cranmer rises.*

With this kiss take my blessing: [*Kisses the
child*] God protect thee! 11

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too
prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,

When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em
truth.

This royal infant—heaven still move about
her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall
be— 21

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba⁴ was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall
bless her; 31

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good
grows with her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir, 42

As great in admiration as herself;

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,

¹ *Baiting of bombards, tipping.*

² *Marshalsea, name of a prison.*

³ *Peck, pitch.*

⁴ *Saba, the Queen of Sheba.*

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name 52
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! But she must
die; 60

She must; the saints must have her; yet a
virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,

[Thou hast made me now a man! never before
This happy child did I get any thing:]

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker. 69

[I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords:]

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye;

She will be sick else. This day no man think
'Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.

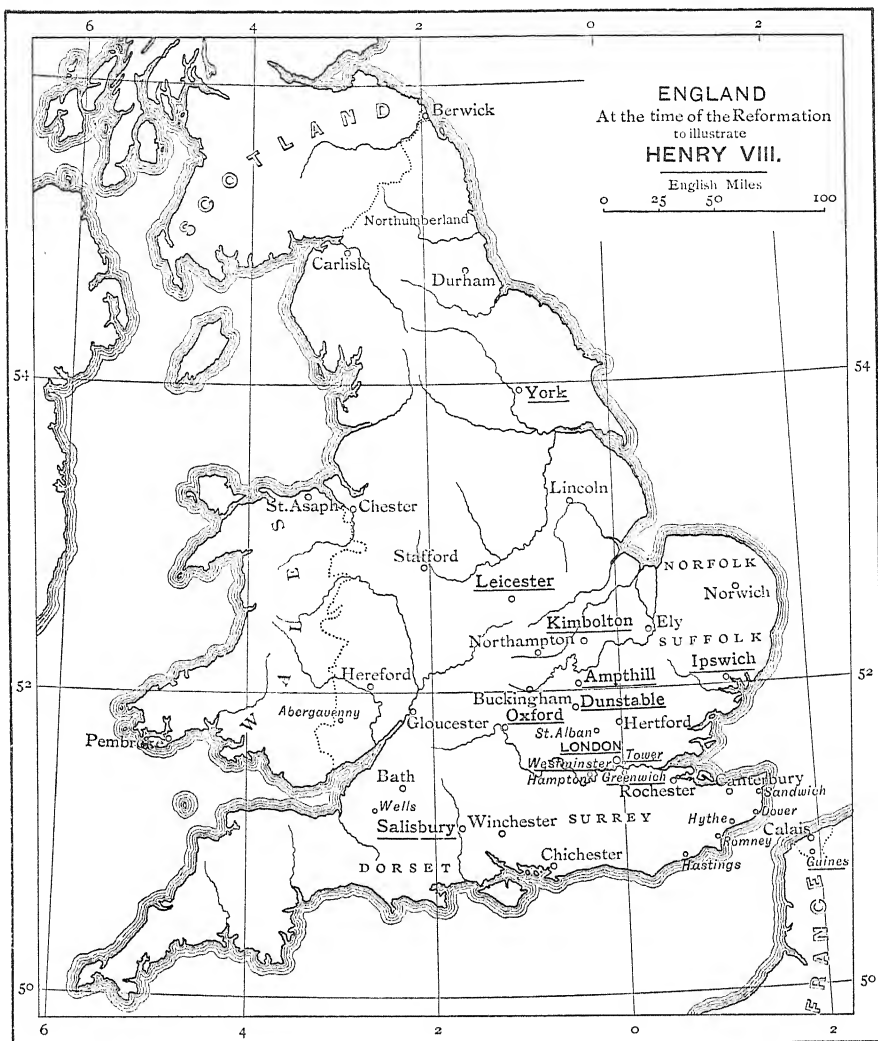
[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

['Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is
clear,

They'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the
city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.]



NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. HENRY VIII. was born in 1491. He was the second son of Henry VII. (see note 6 to Richard III.), and became heir-apparent on the death of his elder brother Arthur in 1502. At an early age he was betrothed to his brother's widow, Katharine of Aragon (see note 27), who was six

years older than himself. In 1509 Henry acceded to the throne, and the marriage took place immediately upon his accession. In 1519 Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, thus describes the king: "His majesty is twenty-nine years old, and extremely handsome. Nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign of Christendom,—a good deal

handsomer than the King of France,—very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. . . . He is very accomplished, a good musician, composes well, is a most capital horseman, a fine joustier, speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish, is very religious, . . . is very fond of hunting, and never takes his diversion without tiring eight or ten horses." In England, the first part of Henry's reign was marked chiefly by its splendours and festivities. His great aim was to win for himself and for his country a leading position in Europe—an aim in which he was entirely successful. Shortly after coming to the throne he joined Ferdinand and Maximilian in a league against France. While in France Henry was winning the battle of Spurs (Aug. 18, 1513) Surrey at home was defeating the Scots at Flodden. In 1514 peace was made with France, and the king's sister Mary was married to Louis XII. In 1520 (after the accession of Francis I.) occurred the pseudo-chivalric episode of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which was followed in 1523–25 by a French war. In 1526 Henry's "scrupulosity of conscience" began to suggest the advisability of a divorce from his wife, and he already saw his way to a new queen in the person of Anne Boleyn. (See notes 27 and 28.) In 1533 the marriage with Anne took place, and, later in the same year, the former marriage was declared null. It was in consequence of the pope's refusal to sanction the divorce that Henry ere long found himself in open opposition to the papal authority. In 1534 the Act of Supremacy was promulgated, and in the next year two of the noblest victims of the reign—Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, bishop of Winchester—were executed for refusing to accept it. The dissolution of the monasteries followed, and in 1538 Henry was formally deposed by the pope. The English Reformation, as it is called, was largely, if not entirely, a party affair; nor was it very thorough in its Protestantism. Its success, however, was unquestionable, and not less so the firmness and sagacity by which the king, at this perilous crisis, avoided the dangers which menaced him on every side. In 1536 Anne Boleyn had been executed, and on the day after her execution Henry had married one of her maids of honour, Jane Seymour, who died in 1537, two days after giving birth to a son, afterwards Edward VI. In 1539 Cromwell had the charge of finding for the king a new and Protestant wife. The choice was unfortunate, and Anne of Cleves was divorced and pensioned off six months after her marriage. On August 8, 1540, she was succeeded by Katharine Howard, who was beheaded February 13, 1542. Henry's last wife, who had the happiness to survive him, was Katharine Parr, whom he married July 10, 1543. During the later part of his reign Henry's popularity had abated; faction, civil and religious, began to show itself; there was general discontent in the land. In 1542 James V. of Scotland invaded England, but his army was defeated at Solway Moss. The English troops invaded France in 1544, and Boulogne was taken. Peace was concluded, somewhat ineffectually, in 1546. On January, 28, 1547, the king died, leaving in the minds of his people as strong a feeling of relief as that with which they had welcomed him to the throne. Henry's character has been judged from every point of view; perhaps nothing better could be said than in these words, written of a later and a lesser man: "That mass of hu-

manity profusely mixed of good and evil, of generous ire and mutinous, of the passion for the future of mankind and vanity of person, magnanimity and sensualism, high judgment, reckless indiscipline, chivalry, savagery, solidity, fragmentariness, was dust."

The children of Henry who survived him were: 1. Mary, afterwards queen (by Katharine of Aragon); 2. Elizabeth, afterwards queen (by Anne Boleyn); 3. Edward, who ascended the throne on the death of his father (by Jane Seymour).

2. CARDINAL WOLSEY. Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, probably in 1471. He was the eldest son of Robert Wolsey, not, as was commonly reported, a butcher, but a grazier, and perhaps a wool merchant. Wolsey was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. at the age of fifteen. He afterwards became M.A. and was elected a fellow of his college. Through the interest of the Marquis of Dorset he obtained, on his taking orders, the living of Lymington. In 1501 he became chaplain to Henry Dean, archbishop of Canterbury. Two years later the archbishop died, and Wolsey obtained a chaplaincy with a favourite agent of the king's, Sir Richard Nanfan, treasurer of Calais, through whose "instant labour and special favour" he became chaplain to Henry VII. By 1509 we find him dean of Lincoln. On the accession of Henry VIII. Wolsey's rise was rapid. He was appointed king's almoner, then privy-councillor; in 1510 he was made canon of Windsor, in 1511 prebendary of York, in 1512 dean of York. Ere long we find him organizing the army which was to win the battle of Spurs in France in 1513. Wolsey was now appointed Bishop of Lincoln, and six months after (July, 1514) Archbishop of York. He had also Bath, Worcester, and Hereford in farm. In 1515 he was appointed lord-chancellor, and in the same year Pope Leo X., at the urgent desire of Henry, conferred upon him the rank of cardinal. In 1518 he was appointed legate, in conjunction with Cardinal Campeggio, and in 1524 the office was settled upon him for life. Henry showered upon him ecclesiastical honours and court preferments; his revenues were enormous, his pomp and splendour equal to that of the king. In 1519 the Venetian ambassador thus described him: "The cardinal is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal; and all state affairs are managed by him, let their nature be what it may. . . . He is in great repute, and seven times more so than if he were pope." In 1526 Henry began to raise the question of a divorce from his wife Katharine. Wolsey, though himself disapproving of the measure, did all in his power to convince the pope that it was right, even in his own interests, to oblige Henry, who was in danger of throwing off his allegiance to Rome. His policy was defeated at the papal court through the counter-influence of Charles V., Katharine's nephew. The pope's refusal precipitated the foreseen result, and brought Wolsey into disgrace along with Katharine. On October 9, 1529, a writ of præmunire was issued against him, on the ground that his acts as legate were contrary to statute. A week later

the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk demanded from him the great seal, and on his refusal to surrender it to them, returned next day with letters from the king. He surrendered the seal, left York Place, and retired to a little house at Esher. Here, after some time, a portion of his money and goods was restored to him; he was allowed to resume his archbishopric, and to remove to Richmond. In November, 1530, he was again arrested, on a charge of high treason, as he was preparing for his re-installation at York. He was brought by easy stages as far as Leicester, where "he waxed so sicke, that he was almost fallen from his mule." He was lodged at the abbey of Leicester, where, at eight o'clock on the morning of November 29, 1530, he breathed his last. The next day his body was buried in the Grey Friars church, where, as Chapuys notes in his despatch to the emperor, Richard III. was also buried; "and the people call it The Tyrants' Sepulchre." "No man," says Brewer in his *Reign of Henry VIII.*, "ever met with harder measure from his contemporaries; and never was the verdict of contemporaries less challenged than in his case by subsequent enquirers" (vol. ii. p. 450). "No statesman of such eminence ever died less lamented. . . . Yet, in spite of all these heavy imputations on his memory, in spite of all this load of obloquy, obscuring our view of the man, and distorting his lineaments, the Cardinal still remains, and will ever remain, as the one prominent figure of this period" (p. 457).

3. **CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.** Lorenzo Campeggio or Campeggi was born in Bologna, 1479. He was at first engaged in the legal profession, and was professor of law in the University of Padua, but after the death of his wife he entered the Church, and was appointed Bishop of Feltro in 1512, and afterwards sent to Germany as papal nuncio. He was made cardinal in 1517, and two years later he was sent to England on a mission from the pope. On this occasion he received from Henry the title of Bishop of Salisbury. At the end of 1528 he again came to England, as co-adjutor with Wolsey in the trial of Katharine. "The whole consistorie of the college of Rome," says Holinshed, "sent thither Laurence Campeius, a preest cardinall, a man of great wit and experience." The trial lasted from May 31, 1529, to July 23, 1530, when it was prorogued by Campeius. Henry in consequence deprived him of his bishopric, and he returned to Rome, where he died in 1539.

4. **CAPUCIUS,** ambassador from the Emperor. The Capucius of this play was Eustace Chapuys, or Chapuis, named by Holinshed Eustachius Caputius. His interview with Katharine (iv. 2) is taken from Holinshed. (See note 235.) He was present at the queen's death, together with Lady Willoughby, who, as Maria de Salucci, had been one of her ladies in waiting. The despatches of Chapuys are printed among the State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.

5. **CRANMER,** Archbishop of Canterbury. Thomas Cranmer was born at Aslacton in Nottinghamshire, July 2, 1489. He came of an old family, and was trained in all intellectual and physical exercises. He was educated at Jesu College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of D.D. Having attracted the notice of the king he wrote a treatise in favour of the contemplated divorce. Henry

promoted him to the archdeaconry of Taunton, and in 1530 sent him to Italy on a mission connected with the divorce. In 1532 he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, upon which he repaid the favour by pronouncing the decree of divorce between Henry and Katharine. On September 10 he stood godfather to the Princess Elizabeth, and in all matters of ecclesiastical polity was in ready accord with the king's views. In 1536 he pronounced the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn to have been null and void. In 1540 he officiated at the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, and six months later became the chief instrument of her divorce. It was not long before several conspiracies were formed against him by the orthodox party, in view of his evident latitudinarianism. These intrigues would probably have been successful but for the king's personal intervention. On his death-bed Henry named Cranmer one of the council of government during the minority of Edward VI. On the death of the young king he became, somewhat unwillingly, a partisan of Lady Jane Grey, and on the accession of Mary he was put on trial for treason. He confessed the indictment, and was sentenced to death; his life, however, was spared, and he was kept prisoner in the Tower till March, 1554, when he was called upon, together with Ridley and Latimer, to justify himself from his heresies in public disputation. The decision was of course given against him, and he was afterwards judicially condemned, and his offices and dignities formally taken from him. After his degradation he signed seven successive recantations, but on being brought to the stake he declared to all the people his rejection of these submissions, "as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death." On being chained to the stake, he thrust his right hand into the flames, that it might burn first, and so died, March 21, 1555, not far from the spot now marked at Oxford by the Martyrs' Memorial.

6. **DUKE OF NORFOLK.** The dramatist has confused the second Duke of Norfolk (1443-1524) with the third duke (1473-1554). The Duke of Norfolk of i. 1 is the former—the Earl of Surrey of Richard III. (see note 12 to that play), who became Duke of Norfolk Feb. 1, 1514. In that year he was great chamberlain of England, and in 1520 he was guardian and lieutenant of England, and in the following year lord high-steward for the trial of the Duke of Buckingham. In the rest of the play the dramatic character is the third duke, Thomas Howard, created Earl of Surrey Feb. 1, 1514. He led the van of the English army at Flodden (Sept. 9, 1513), was appointed admiral in 1514, privy-councillor in 1516. From 1520 to 1522 he was lord-lieutenant of Ireland; from 1523 to 1525 he was lieutenant of the North. He succeeded his father as third Duke of Norfolk, May 21, 1524. He was lord high-steward of England for the trial of Anne Boleyn, and, though uncle of the queen, pronounced sentence upon her. In 1547 he was attainted for high treason, but in 1553 he was restored to his honours. He died August 25, 1554.

7. **DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.** This was Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham, son of Henry, second duke, who appears as a character in Richard III. (See note 10

to that play.) He was descended from the Bohuns, and in ii. 1. 103 he speaks of himself as "poor Edward Bohun." (See note 129.) He was born Feb. 3, 1478, and until 1486 was styled Lord Stafford. In that year he was restored to his father's dukedom. In 1495 he was made K.G.; in 1497 he was a captain in the royal army in the west; in 1500 he married Lady Ailano Percy, eldest daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland. On the occasion of the enthronement of Warham, archbishop of Canterbury (March 7, 1504), he was high-steward of England, and at the coronation of Henry VIII. (June 24, 1509) he was lord high-constable. He was a member of the privy-council in 1509, and from January to October 1513 was a captain in the English army in France. Although in i. 1 he tells us that "an untimely ague" kept him prisoner in his chamber on the occasion of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he is mentioned by Holinshed as having been present: "The lord Cardinall in statelie attire, accompanied with the duke of Buckingham, and other great lords, conducted forward the French King" (iii. 654). According to Holinshed, and, indeed, the general belief of the time, Buckingham's downfall was due to the enmity of Wolsey. There is no certain foundation for this report, and it seems very improbable. On the accusation of his servants and surveyor the duke was arrested on a charge of high treason, and committed to the Tower April 16, 1521. His trial took place on May 13 and the following days; he was condemned, and on the 17th was beheaded on Tower Hill. That he was really guilty of the charges laid to his account it is impossible to believe. His execution was a state necessity: he was too powerful and too dangerous to live.

8. DUKE OF SUFFOLK. This was Charles Brandon, the son of William Brandon, who was Henry VII.'s standard-bearer at Bosworth Field, and was there killed by Richard III. in hand-to-hand encounter. Charles Brandon was from the first in high favour with Henry VIII., who in 1513 created him Viscount Lisle, and in February, 1514, Duke of Suffolk. In the latter year he was Henry's ambassador in France, and in 1515 he secretly and precipitately married the king's sister Mary, the widow of Louis XII., thus, by his way of doing it, displeasing the king, who was really in favour of the match. At this time he had been twice married, and his second wife was still living. He had owed many favours to Wolsey, which he repaid by doing his best to accelerate the cardinal's fall. It was he, together with the Duke of Norfolk, who endeavoured to take the great seal from Wolsey without the written commission of the king (see iii. 2). He afterwards signed the bill of articles drawn up against the cardinal. In 1532 he accompanied the king to France, and received from Francis the order of St. Michael. In 1533 he was sent with the Duke of Norfolk to announce the king's marriage to Katharine, on which occasion he was appointed high-steward for the day. On the death of his wife Mary, the "French queen," he immediately married Katharine, daughter of the widowed Lady Willoughby, his ward. On the occasion of the suppression of the monasteries Suffolk obtained a large share of the abbey lands; he received from the king numerous honours and commissions, including the position of steward of the

royal household; on August 24, 1545, he died at Guildford, and was buried at the king's charge at Windsor.

9. EARL OF SURREY. Historically, this was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet and scholar, executed in 1547; but in iii. 2. 256 the dramatic character identifies himself with his father—the third duke—who was Buckingham's son-in-law. See note 6.

10. LORD CHAMBERLAIN. There were two lord chamberlains during the period of this play. The first was Sir Charles Somerset, natural son of the third Duke of Somerset. (See III. Henry VI. note 4.) In May, 1508, he was appointed lord chamberlain for life. He was created Earl of Worcester Feb. 1, 1514; was chief ambassador to France Nov. 1518 to March 1519, and again in July 1521; he died April 15, 1526. On his death the office of chamberlain was given to William, Lord Sandys, the Lord Sands of the play. See note 15.

11. LORD CHANCELLOR. During the period of this play the office of lord chancellor was held by Sir Thomas More and Sir Thomas Audley. Sir Thomas More, son of Sir John More, Chief-justice of the King's Bench, was born in 1480. He studied at Oxford, where he formed a friendship with Erasmus; was called to the bar, and became noted as the most eloquent speaker in the kingdom. He became a great favourite with Henry VIII., and was employed in various public missions abroad. In 1516 he was made a privy-councillor, and in the same year published his *Utopia*. He was knighted in 1521, and in 1523 was appointed speaker in the House of Commons. In 1529 he was made chancellor, which post he resigned, in consequence of his opposition to the king in the matter of the divorce, on May 16, 1532. In 1534 he was attainted for high treason, and, in spite of the failure of the evidence against him, was found guilty, and beheaded, July 1535. More was succeeded in the chancellorship by Sir Thomas Audley, who is, historically, the chancellor named in the "order of the procession," iv. i. 36.

12. GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester. Stephen Gardiner was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1483. He is believed to have been the illegitimate son of Dr. Woodville, bishop of Salisbury, brother of the queen of Edward IV. He studied at Cambridge, and afterwards distinguished himself in the canon and civil law. His abilities were noticed by Cardinal Wolsey, who made him his secretary, and in 1527 he accompanied Wolsey on his mission to France. It was owing to his advocacy that the commission was issued by the pope for the trial of Katharine. In 1529 he was appointed the king's secretary, and in 1531 he became Bishop of Winchester, in succession to Wolsey. In 1534 he wrote a treatise, *De vera Obedientia*, in defence of the royal supremacy. In the following year he had a dispute with Crammer, and some years later he endeavoured to fasten a charge of heresy upon the archbishop, in which, but for the king's intervention, he would probably have been successful. When Edward VI. came to the throne Gardiner's opinions caused his committal to the Fleet, and afterwards to the Tower, where he remained during the five years of Edward's reign. Mary's first act on her accession was to release the various state prisoners, among whom was Gardiner: he

was restored to his bishopric and became the leading councillor of the queen. The extent of his responsibility for the persecutions under Mary has been variously estimated: during the later part of them, at all events, he had little or no share in the proceedings. In October, 1555, he fell ill, and on November 12 he died, and was buried in his cathedral at Winchester.

13. BISHOP OF LINCOLN. This was John Longland, born at Henley-on-Thames, 1476. He was appointed canon of Windsor in 1519, Bishop of London in 1528. He was the king's confessor, and is said, but incorrectly, to have first suggested the divorce of Katharine. Longland was only won to give his consent after long urging on the part of the king. (See ii. 4. 206 *et seq.*) It was he who, with the Bishop of Bath, served on the king and queen the citation to appear before the legates in June, 1529. The bishop was chancellor of the University of Oxford from 1532. He was a great lover of architecture, and designed the Longland Chapel in Lincoln Cathedral. He died in 1547.

14. LORD ABERGAVENNY. George Nevill, third Lord Abergavenny, was born about 1471. He succeeded to the title Sept. 20, 1492. In 1513 he was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports, and in the same year was a captain in the king's army in France. From May to August, 1514, he was chief captain of the English forces in the Marches of Calais; in 1516 he formed a member of the privy-council; in June, 1520, he was assistant marshal at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and in 1522 he was imprisoned in the Tower for concealment of treasonable words spoken by the duke on Sept. 10, 1519. He was, however, soon released and restored to favour. In 1530 he was summoned to parliament as premier baron of England by the title of George Nevyle de Bergevenny, chivalier. He died in 1535.

15. LORD SANDS. Sir William Sandys was descended from an old Hampshire family. In 1513 he was sent to assist Ferdinand of Aragon against the French; on the attainder of the Duke of Buckingham he obtained a grant of some of the forfeited estates; in 1523 he was treasurer of Calais, and in the same year, April 27, he was advanced to the rank of a baron of the realm by the title of Lord Sands of the Vine. In 1526 he succeeded the Earl of Worcester as lord-chamberlain. He died in 1542.

16. SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. The Guildford family was an old Kentish one. In Richard III. iv. 4. 502, a messenger tells the king: "In Kent, my liege, the *Guildfords* are in arms." Sir Henry was the son of Sir Richard Guildford, who, like his father, was comptroller of the royal household. He was K.G., master of the horse to Henry VIII., and standard-bearer of England for life. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold he was in close attendance on the king. He was an eminent soldier in the wars against the Moors in Spain. He died in 1533. His second wife, Joan, was a sister of Sir Nicholas Vaux. See note 19.

17. SIR THOMAS LOVELL was esquire of the body to Henry VII., who in 1485 appointed him chancellor of the exchequer for life. He was knighted after the battle of Stoke, 1487; treasurer of the household in 1502; and was named by Henry one of his executors. He was a member of the privy-council in the reigns of Henry VII. and

Henry VIII., a K.G., marshal of the house to Henry VIII., surveyor of the court of wards, and constable of the Tower, in which capacity he is represented in the play (ii. 1) at the committal of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1516 Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, writes in his despatch: "Sir Thomas Lovel, an old servant of the late and the present king, a person of great authority, seems also to have withdrawn himself [from the privy-council], and interferes little in the government." He died without issue May 25, 1524, and was buried, with great ceremony and full civic honours, in the chapel which he had built at the priory of Haliwell.

18. SIR ANTHONY DENNY, second son of Sir Edmund Denny, chief baron of the exchequer, was born Jan. 16, 1501. He was educated at Cambridge, where his reputation for scholarship made him known to the king, who summoned him to court and bestowed various offices upon him. He was knighted Sept. 30, 1544. In 1546 he was empowered, together with two others, to affix the royal seal to all warrants issued in the king's name. He was a promoter of the Reformation, an alder of learning, and a true friend to the king, whom he, alone of all the courtiers, had the courage to warn of his approaching death. Henry appointed him one of his executors, and one of the councillors to his son, Edward VI. He is believed to have died in 1549, leaving six children by his wife Joan, daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, herself an ardent and open friend of the Reformation.

19. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX. This was the son of the William Vaux of II. Henry VI. (See note 16 to that play.) On the accession of Edward IV. Sir Nicholas Vaux was despoiled of his estates in consequence of the act of attainder which had been passed against his father; he was, however, restored to his possessions on the accession of Henry VII. In April, 1523, he was summoned to parliament by Henry VIII. as Baron Vaux of Harrowden; on May 24 he died. Fuller describes him as "a jolly Gentleman, both for camp and courts; a great Reveller, good as well in a March as a Masque." His son, Thomas, Lord Vaux (1511-1562), is now believed to have been the writer of two poems in Tottel's Miscellany (ed. Arber, pp. 172-174), one of which is ascribed by Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, to Lord *Nicholas Vaux*.

20. SECRETARIES TO WOLSEY. These were William Burbank, who became archdeacon of Carlisle, and Dr. Richard Pace, who is referred to in ii. 2. 116-130. (See note 140.) Hollinshed describes Pace as "courtuous, pleasant, delighting in music, highly in the king's favour, and well heard in matters of weight." He was sent by the king to Rome in 1524, to secure the papal election for Wolsey, whose emissary he had been in various foreign embassies and secret missions. His correspondence, largely with Wolsey, fills a considerable space among the State Papers. He filled various offices, among them dean of St. Paul's and secretary of state, and died at Stepney in 1532.

21. CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey. Thomas Cromwell was the son of Walter Cromwell, a blacksmith, fuller, innkeeper, and brewer at Putney. He was born probably about 1485, and is said to have been very ill-conducted in

his younger days. In 1504 or thereabouts he seems to have been a soldier in the French army in Italy; we then hear of him at Antwerp; then again in Italy, at Rome, and Venice. About 1513, after his return to England, Cromwell married the daughter of an old neighbour and seems to have taken up part of his father's business, afterwards becoming a solicitor, and rising gradually into prominence. Through the favour of Wolsey he was placed in the cardinal's household, and afterwards admitted into parliament. In 1529, after various employments, chiefly in connection with the suppression of the monasteries and the foundation of the universities of Oxford and Ipswich, we find him secretary to Wolsey, and in very prosperous circumstances. In the October of that year occurred Wolsey's downfall, and Cromwell, while not neglecting his own interests, did not neglect the interests of his benefactor, advocating his cause in parliament and finally securing his pardon. The fidelity of his conduct won credit for him at court, and from this time his rise into favour was rapid. He seems to have suggested to the king the policy of declaring himself head of the Church, and his ambition was viewed with general disfavour by all those whom it concerned. In 1531 he was made a privy-councillor, and by 1533 Chapuys could write of him, "He rules everything." On April 12, 1533, he was made chancellor of the exchequer, and in 1534 he was appointed the king's secretary and afterwards master of the rolls. Before long he was the king's vicegerent in all causes ecclesiastical, and his main agent in carrying into effect the Act of Supremacy. After the execution of Anne Boleyn in May, 1536, the office of lord privy-seal, which had formerly belonged to her father, was given to Cromwell. He became more and more powerful and more and more unpopular. He aided the king in the suppression of the monasteries, and received substantial pickings. In 1539 he was made Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and in the same year he negotiated the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, through which, ere long, he came to have his downfall. The nobles, ever jealous of his power, chose the moment when Henry had already begun to tire of his new bride, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. The charges of extortion and various misdemeanours were only too correct; he had now lost the support of the king; and on July 28 he was beheaded on Tower Hill. His son Gregory had been created Baron Cromwell. Gregory married a sister of Jane Seymour; his male line ceased in 1687.

22. GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine. Little is known of this "honest chronicler," as his mistress calls him in iv. 2. 72. His name occurs in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, in the passage corresponding to ii. 4. 121-123 of the play. "With that she [Katharine] rose up, making a low courtesy to the King, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her General Receiver, called Master Griffith" (p. 217). His proper name was Griffin Richardes, and his account as receiver-general to the queen will be found in the Calendar of State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII. vol. iv. p. 2731. The expression used by

Cavendish of the queen, "*leaning, as she was wont always to do, on the arm of her General Receiver,*" is enough to indicate the esteem in which he was held, and may seem to give historical weight to the pleasant picture found in iv. 2.

23. DR. BUTTS, physician to the king. Sir William Butts was born in Norfolk, and was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of B.A. in 1506, of M.A. in 1509, of M.D. in 1518. From 1524 to his death in 1545 he was employed as physician to the court at a salary of £100 a year, afterwards increased by forty marks. The king, Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, and the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary (whose life he is said to have saved), were among his patients. He is entered on the books of the College of Physicians as "*vir gravis, eximia literarum cognitione, singulari iudicio, summa experientia et prudenti consilio doctor.*" He was a staunch friend to both Wolsey and Crammer, and two of the prominent reformers, Hugh Latimer and Sir John Cheke, owed their advancement to his influence. He died Nov. 22, 1545, and was buried in Fulham Church, where the restored monument wrongly gives the date of Nov. 17. He was twice painted by Holbein: in the fine portrait now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Pole Carew, and again as the leading figure in the group of medical men to whom the king is presenting the charter of the Barber Surgeons.

24. GARTER KING-AT-ARMS. At the time of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, June 1533, this office was held by Thomas Wriothesley, who was appointed by Henry VIII. in 1529. He was the eldest son of John Wriothesley, Falcon herald in the reign of Edward IV. and Garter King-at-arms under Richard III., the founder of the College of Arms. Shakespeare's friend, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, was the grandson of the character in this play.

25. SURVEYOR TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. This was Charles Knyvet, or Knyvet, the duke's cousin, and at one time his steward. He was dismissed from this office, which was no doubt one of the causes of his resentment against his former master. Another cause may be found in an information against the duke for "wrongfully withholding the goods of Elizabeth Knyvet, deceased" (Calendar of State Papers, ed. Brewer, vol. iii. p. 1288). (See the quotation from Holinshed in note 88.) The original informer against the duke, however, would seem to have been, not Knyvet, but Gilbert. See the unsigned letter addressed to Wolsey, quoted by Brewer, Reign of Henry VIII. vol. i. p. 379, 380. See also, concerning Gilbert, note 67 below.

26. BRANDON. The stage-direction in i. 1. 108 is "Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two or three of the Guard," to arrest the Duke of Buckingham. This name does not occur in the Chronicles. The officer who really arrested the duke was Sir Henry Marney, captain of the guard, who afterwards obtained a grant of some of the forfeited estates of his prisoner. He was created Baron Marney in 1533. Perhaps the Brandon mentioned in the text may be meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, who, together with Sir Henry Marney, was a member of the privy-council in the early years of Henry VIII. (See Calendar of State Papers, vol. i. p. 507, note.)

27. **QUEEN KATHARINE.** Katharine of Aragon, first queen of Henry VIII., was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and on her mother's side was descended from John of Gaunt. She was born at Alcalá de Henares, December, 1485. Her first husband was Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., to whom she was married November 14, 1501. The marriage was probably one of ceremony only, and on April 2, 1502, the sixteen-year-old husband died at Ludlow. On June 25, 1503, Katharine was solemnly betrothed to Henry, the second son of Henry VII., and a special dispensation was received from the pope in order to legalize the union. The marriage, however, was delayed, and did not take place till after the death of the king. Henry VIII., on coming to the throne, at once took steps to secure his bride, and the ceremony was performed on June 11, 1509, seven weeks after his accession. On January 31, 1510, Katharine was prematurely delivered of a still-born daughter, and on the 1st of January in the following year she gave birth to a son, who died on the 22nd of February. In 1513 she had a second son, who also soon died, and in November, 1514, she had another premature delivery. On February 18, 1516, the Princess Mary was born, and in November, 1518, another daughter was born, who did not live long. During her husband's absence in France, in 1513, Katharine acted as regent, and it was during this period that James IV. of Scotland was defeated at Flodden. In 1526 Henry began to profess "scruples" as to the legitimacy of his union. The course and consequences of the trial are dealt with elsewhere in the notes on *Dramatis Personæ*. Katharine fought for herself with her best energies. She refused to take her cause out of the hands of the pope, into which she had put it; but, neglected by him and deserted by her husband, she fought in vain. Notwithstanding the popular sympathy, she was totally without friends at court. Henry secretly married Anne Boleyn, January 25, 1533, and on April 13 the marriage was openly declared. It was not till after this that Cranmer pronounced the invalidity of Henry's first marriage. Katharine took no notice of her formal deposition from the queenship, and on being remonstrated with, vigorously asserted her claims. She was treated with every indignity, and it seems as if attempts were even made to hasten her end. In May, 1534, she was removed from Buckden to Kimbolton, her high spirit unbroken by every misfortune. In December, 1535, she grew dangerously ill, seemed to recover slightly, but on Friday, January 7, finally succumbed, and died about two o'clock in the afternoon. There were suspicions at the time that her end was hastened by poison. Probable as this seems from some points of view, it is not strictly carried out by what we know of the symptoms observed after her death. She was solemnly buried, by order of the king, in the abbey of Peterborough, where, half a century later, the same sacristan, Scarlett, placed Mary Queen of Scots in her grave. Katharine was of a fair complexion, somewhat plump, fond of her needle, a devoted student of the Bible. She had been carefully trained in her youth, and Erasmus (who in 1526 dedicated to her his work on Christian Matrimony) speaks highly of her scholarship.

28. **ANNE BOLEYN.** Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, was born in 1507. In her youth she spent some years at the French court, remaining there, as "one of the French queen's women," till 1521 or 1522. On returning to England she took part in one of the court revels in March 1522, and is known to have attracted the marked attention of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet. She also found a suitor in the person of Lord Henry Percy, heir to the earldom of Northumberland, but the match was peremptorily forbidden by Wolsey, at the direction of the king, who at that time planned for her a marriage with Sir Piers Butler, son of the Earl of Ormond. Before this time Henry had dishonoured Anne's elder sister Mary, whom he married to Sir William Cary, and it was not long after Anne's return to England that his affections were transferred to her. From April, 1522, to 1525, her father received frequent grants of land, and in the latter year was created Viscount Rochford. It was not, however, till 1527 (after a long series of astonishing love-letters) that the king began to move for a divorce from his first wife Katharine. After certain abortive proceedings in the May of that year, Cardinal Campeggio was sent from Rome, at the king's desire, to try the question of the lawfulness of Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur. While proceedings were pending Anne was installed near the king at Greenwich, and after his final, though not judicial, separation from his wife in 1531, she was publicly recognized as his mistress. The marriage took place in 1533, no decree having been granted by the pope; but after the ceremony the desired sentence was given by Cranmer, pronouncing the marriage with Katharine null and that with Anne lawful; after which Anne was crowned on Whitsunday at Westminster Hall. Three months after her coronation (on September 7, 1533) she gave birth to her only daughter, the future Queen Elizabeth; in the following year she had a miscarriage, and on January 29, 1536, she was prematurely delivered of a dead child. Meanwhile the king's interest in his new wife had considerably cooled, and early in 1536 there was an open breach between them. Upon this Anne was committed to the Tower on a charge of incest and various charges of adultery; the trial took place on May 15, and every peer, including her father and her uncle (the latter of whom even pronounced the sentence), gave in a verdict of guilty. On the 17th her marriage with the king was pronounced invalid, and on Friday, May 19, she was decapitated on Tower Green. She protested her innocence to the last, her cheerful and courageous demeanour in the Tower being certainly in her favour. Few, however, seem to have had any sympathy for her in her fate, deserved or undeserved, and on the following day Henry married her maid of honour, Jane Seymour. A writer whose letter is included in Brown's *Calendar of Venetian State Papers* tells us that "Madame Anne" is "not one of the handsomest women in the world," and has nothing in her favour "but the king's great appetite, and her eyes, which are black and beautiful." Cranmer, however, speaks with admiration of her long flowing hair, in which he describes her as sitting in her horse-litter.

PROLOGUE.

29. Lines 15, 16:

*a fellow**In a LONG MOTLEY COAT guarded with yellow.*

Steevens quotes: Marston's 10th Satire:

*The long fool's coat, the huge stop, the lugg'd boot,
From mimick Pisa all doe claime their roote.*

"Thus also Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596: "*—fooles, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall foolles) are suted in long coats.*"
Motley was of course the customary dress of clowns.

30. Lines 18, 19:

*To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As FOOL AND FIGHT is.*

Compare Fletcher's Women Pleased, v. 1:

*To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And fight and fool!* —Works, p. 199.

31. Line 24: *The first and HAPPIEST hearers of the town.*
—Happy is used here, as *felix* in Latin, with the sense of favourable, propitious. Compare Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 32: "*A happy star.*"

32. Lines 25, 26:

*think ye SEE**The very persons of our noble STORY*

Story as a rhyme for *see* does not sound like Shakespeare; and, curiously enough, a similar atrocious is perpetrated in the Epilogue, lines 8-10:

*All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women.*

Monck Mason refers to another instance of the same kind of mistreatment of verse in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 1:

*Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham forest.*

ACT I. SCENE 1.

33. Lines 1, 2:

*How have ye done**Since last we SAW in France.*

Compare Cymbeline, i. 1. 124, and Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 59:

When shall we see again?

34. Line 7: *the vale of ANDREN.*—*Andren* is Hall and Holinshed's orthography for *Ardres* (spelt in the latter part of the line *Arde*), which, with *Guines*, is a town in Picardy. *Ardres* belonged to the French, *Guines* to the English, and it was in the valley between them that the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was situated.

35. Lines 9-12:

*Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd
Such a compounded one?*

Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 3. 4-6:

*Were they metamorphosed
Both into one, O, why, there were no woman
Worth so composed a man!*

36. Line 19: *All CLINQUANT, all in gold.*—*Clinquant*, meaning glittering, from the French *clinquant*, tinsel, is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare. Steevens quotes A Memorable Masque performed before James I. at Whitehall in 1613: "*his buskins clinquant as his other attire.*" Compare Florio, "*Aginina, a kind of networke worne over tinsel or cloth of gold to make it show clinkant.*" Boyer defines the French word *clinquant* as "*lame d'or ou d'argent qu'on met dans les broderies, les dentelles, &c.*"

37. Lines 36-38:

*that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That BEVIS was believ'd.*

The reference here is to the popular story of Bevis of Southampton. See Camden's Britain (Translated newly into English by Philémon Holland, MDCX): "*Lower still and not far from this Citie [Salisbury], is situate upon Avon, Duncton or Donketon, a burrough (as they say) of great antiquity, and well known by reason of the house therein of Beavois of Southampton, whom the people have enrolled in the number of their brave worthies for his valour, commended so much in rhyme to posterity*" (p. 250). "*Bevis of Hampton, that is, Southampton, was*" (says Halliwell, Folio ed. xii. 90) "*a favourite old English metrical romance, several editions of which were published in the 16th and 17th centuries. A prose version of a later period long continued popular. An account of one of his exploits, which certainly partakes a little of the marvellous, is thus given in an early copy in a Cambridge manuscript:*

*Now begynneth the fyght, as y saythe,
Betwene Befyse and the tyte.
Then seyde Befyse hende and gode,
To the people that be hym stode,—
I councele you ondo the yate,
And let me wynde owte ther ate
Then alle the can crye.
Yylde the, traytour, thou shalt dye!
Tho Befyse smote with herte gode,
And bathed his swerde yn ther blode.
V. hundurd men he feltyd to grounde,
And hym-selfe never a wounde;
Alle the blode of the men
As swete out of ther bodyes ranne."*

—Halliwell, Folio ed. xii. 90.

In II. Henry VI. ii. 3. 93, some editors insert, from The Contention: "*as Beuys of South-hampton fell upon Aska-part.*" See note 139 to that play.

38. Lines 42-49 are arranged as by Theobald. Ff. print as follows:

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

39. Lines 48, 49:

*One, CERTES, that promises no ELEMENT
In such a business.*

Certes is used by Shakespeare in the Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 78; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 169; Tempest, iii. 3. 30; and Othello, i. 1. 16. In the last instance it may be pronounced as a monosyllable (and so Schmidt gives it), but I think it more likely that here, as in all the other examples save the one in the text, it is pronounced in two syllables. The use of *element* is also without a parallel in Shakespeare. The meaning of the sentence is, I think, correctly given by Schmidt: "One of whom it would not be expected that he should find his proper sphere in such a business." Johnson understands *element* to mean "imitation, previous practice," and Dyce, "rudimentary knowledge." Knight takes it to mean "constituent quality of mind." The expression is very obscure and awkward, however we take it.

40. Line 54: *these FIERCE vanities*.—Compare Lucrece, line 894:

Thy *violent* vanities can never last.

Fierce seems to be used here for immoderate, excessive, as in Timon, iv. 2. 30: "O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings." Johnson and Steevens suppose that *fierce* = the French *fier*, proud. Nares quotes from Ben Jonson, Poetaster, v. 3:

And, Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
One fit him with a pair of larger ears.

41. Line 55: *such a KEECH*.—A *keech* is defined by Nares as "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, a good deal resembling the body of a fat man." In II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 101 Mrs. Quickly refers to "goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife," and the word in the present passage derives its sting from the fact that Wolsey was said to be the son of a butcher. "It had," says Grant White, "a triple application to Wolsey, as a corpulent man, a reputed butcher's son, and a bloated favourite." It is most likely that the *tallow-catch* of the Ff. in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 252 is a misprint for *tallow-keech*.

42. Line 60: *CHALKS successors their way*.—Compare Tempest, v. i. 203, 204:

For it is you that have *chalk'd forth* the way
Which brought us hither.

43. Line 63: *Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note*.—This is Capell's very generally accepted emendation of the Ff. reading:

Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note.

Capell conjectured that *O* was a misprint for *A* (i.e. *he*), and the Old-Spelling edd. print "*a* giues vs note." In Notes and Queries, 6th Ser. vol. ii. Aug. 21, 1880, Mr. R. M. Spence well explains the passage (62-64): "Without the prestige of birth, and without external aid, Wolsey 'spider-like' had proved self-sufficient to be the architect of his own fortune, thus compelling even those who hated him most to acknowledge the force of his merit."

44. Lines 65, 66:

*A gift that heaven gives for him; which buys
A place next to the king.*

This is the reading of Ff., which Steevens explains: "What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys* a place, &c." Warburton read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him—

a transposition which certainly provides an easier sense, but which (*pace* Walker and Dyce) does not seem to be imperatively called for.

45. Lines 75, 76:

He makes up the FILE

Of all the gentry.

File is used here for list, as in a very closely parallel passage in Macbeth, v. 2. 8, 9:

Of all the gentry. I have *a file*

46. Lines 78-80:

and his own letter,

*The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he PAPERS.*

Pope no doubt rightly takes *papers* as a verb, and interprets: "his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down." The construction is much forced, but this would seem to be the meaning. See Holinshed: "The peeres of the realme receiuing letters to prepare themselves to attend the King in this iourneie, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why nor wherefore; seemed to grudge, that such a costlie iourneie should be taken in hand to their importunate charges and expenses, *without consent of the whole board of the counsell*" (vol. iii. p. 644, ed. 1808). Compare Albion's England, ch. 80:

Set is the Sovereign Sunne did shine when *paper'd* last our penne.

47. Lines 83, 84:

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em.

Compare King John, ii. 1. 70:

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs;

and Beaumont and Fletcher, The Honest Man's Fortune, iii. 1. 26:

My back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-houses.

Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, says: "Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor on his back*" (p. 482, ed. 1634).

48. Line 90: *the hideous storm that follow'd*.—Holinshed says: "On mondaie, the eighteenth of Iune, was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betwene princes" (iii. 6. 54). The expression *hideous storm* occurs in the famous dirge in the Duchess of Malfy, iv. 2:

Their death a *hideous storm* of terror.

49. Line 93: *aboded*.—This word (with a similar meaning to *forebode*) occurs in III. Henry VI. v. 6. 46, and the noun *abodement* in the same play, iv. 7. 13, but nowhere else in Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "With good abode, *auspicat*," &c.; "With ill abode, *contra auspicia*," &c.

50. Line 98: *A PROPER title of a peace*.—Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 60, 61:

O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear.

And Much Ado, i. 3. 54: "A *proper* squire!" The word is still used, colloquially, in this ironical way.

51. Line 112: *BOSOM up my counsel*.—There is no other instance in Shakespeare of the use of *bosom* as a verb. Compare Day, *Ile of Guls*, l. 3:

Court spaniell! mum; *Ile bosome* what I thinke;
Old Gibs not blind; I see altho I winkle.

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 25.

52. Line 120: *This BUTCHER'S CUR is VENOM-MOUTH'D*.—Compare Skelton's satire against Wolsey, "Why come ye not to Court," 293-296:

They dare not look out at doors
For dread of the mastiff cur;
For dread the butcher's dog
Would worry them like a hog.

See note 41 above. *Venom-mouth'd* is Pope's emendation of the Ff. *venom'd-mouth'd*.

53. Lines 122, 123:

A beggar's BOOK
OUTWORTHS a noble's blood.

Book is again used for learning in II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 76, 77:

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my *book* prefer'd me to the king.

Outworths is not used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

54. Line 128: *He BORES me with some trick*.—*Bores* is here used figuratively for overreaches, or perhaps undermines—a word not used in this sense elsewhere in Shakespeare. Compare *The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, iii. 2: "No, I'll assure you, I am no earl, but a smith, Sir; one Hodge, a smith at Putney, Sir; one that hath gulled you, that hath *bored* you, Sir" (*Doubtful Plays*, ed. Tauchnitz, p. 103).

55. Lines 132-134:

anger is like

A FULL-HOT HORSE, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle TIRES him.

Compare Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, iv. 2. 6:

Let his passion work, and like a *hot-reined horse*
'T will quickly *tire* itself;

and also Lucrece, 707:

Till, like a *jude*, Self-will himself doth *tire*.

56. Lines 146, 147:

I say again, there is no English soul
MORE STRONGER to direct you than yourself.

Instances of the double comparative and superlative are not infrequently met with in Shakespeare and the contemporary literature. See note 297 to Merchant of Venice. Ben Jonson, perhaps erroneously, speaks of the idiom as "a certain kind of English atticism, imitating the manner of the *most ancientest and finest Grecians*" (*Works*, ed. Gifford, 1838, p. 786).

57. Lines 148, 149:

If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but alloy, the fire of passion.

Steevens compares Hamlet, iii. 4. 123, 124:

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.

There is all the difference, in these two distinctly parallel passages, between a bad metaphor and a good one.

58. Lines 154, 155:

And proofs as clear as founts in JULY, when
We see each grain of gravel.

F. 1 prints *Inly* (turned *u*). Compare *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1. 112:

There through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them.

59. Line 164: *SUGGESTS the king; i.e. tempts*.—Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 34:

Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*;
and ii. 6. 7, 8, of the same play:

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy *tempted* subject, to excuse it!

60. Lines 166, 167:

and like a glass

Did break i' the RINSING.

Ff. have *wrenching*, which is no doubt a corruption of *rinsing* (Pope's emendation). Similar confusions are not uncommon—that between *lance* and *lanch* for instance. In Richard III. iv. 4. 224, Ff. read:

Whose hand soeuer *lanch'd* thy tender hearts;

and in Howell's Instructions for Forraine Travell, 1642, the transposition is made in the opposite way: "not daring to *lance* out into the maine, to see the wonders of the deep" (Arber's Reprint, p. 15).

61. Line 168: *Pray, GIVE ME FAVOUR, sir; i.e. give me your indulgence, excuse me*. Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 149: "*Give me your favour*;" and Tempest, iv. 1. 204:

Good my lord, *give me thy favour* still.

62. Line 183: *HE privily*.—So F. 2 and succeeding editors (except the Old-Spelling edd.); F. 1 omits *he*.

63. Line 184: *I THROW*.—F. 1, F. 2 spell *troa*.

64. Line 200: *Hereford*.—So Capell; Ff. print *Hertford*.

65. Line 211: *O my Lord ABERGAV'NY, fare you well!*—Here and in i. 2. 137 F. 1 prints *Aburgany*; the Cambridge edd. spell the name in full, *Abergavenny*.

66. Lines 216, 217:

Here is a warrant from

The king to attach LORD MONTACUTE.

This was Henry Pole, grandson to George, duke of Clarence, eldest brother to Cardinal Pole, and son-in-law to Lord Abergavenny. On this occasion he was pardoned and restored to favour, only to become implicated in another treason, for which he was afterwards executed.

67. Line 219: *One Gilbert Peck, his CHANCELLOR*.—So Theobald; Ff. have *Councellour*, but in ii. 1. 20 they print rightly "Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour." *Peck*, or as Holinshed has it, *Perke*, seems to be a mistake. The man's real name was Robert Gilbert. Besides having the position of chaplain to the duke, he seems to have been employed as a confidential agent in various pecuniary transactions. His testimony against the duke betrays a strong animus, "not unlike the tone of a man who had been false to his master, and sought to cover his falsehood by exaggerated statements." The text of his "confession and deposition" is contained in the Harleian MSS. (283, f. 70) in the British Museum; it is reprinted in Brewer's *Reign of Henry VIII.* i. 391, 392. The duke's reply to the charge is given on the following page (foot-note).

68. Line 221: *O, NICHOLAS Hopkins?*—Ff. print *Michaell Hopkins*, which was corrected by Theobald (after Hall

and Holinshed). The correct Christian name is given (with a wrong surname) in i. 2. 147. "In the MS.," as Malone remarks, "*Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.*" Halliwell mentions, on the authority of Mr. D. D. Hopkyns of Weycliffe, that the name was familiar to Shakespeare as a family surname in his own county, and that there was a Nicholas Hopkins who was Sheriff of Coventry in 1561.

69. Lines 224-226:

*I am the SHADOW of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.*

These lines, which have given a great deal of unnecessary trouble to editors, are thus explained by Grant White: "The speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity." Steevens (Variorum Ed. vol. xix. pp. 328, 329) quotes a number of similar figures from various parts of Shakespeare. Compare King John, ii. 1. 496-500:

*I find . . .
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.*

ACT I. SCENE 2.

70. Lines 2, 3:

*I stood 'T THE LEVEL
Of a full-charg'd confederacy.*

Compare Sonnet exvii. 11, 12:

*Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me;*

and All's Well, ii. 1. 158, 159:

*I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim.*

The word is often used by Shakespeare in this sense. See Winter's Tale, note 68. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has: "The level of a gun, *scopus*."

71. Line 24: *putter-on*; i.e. instigator. Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 141:

You are abused, and by some putter-on.

72. Lines 29-37.—Mr. Robert Boyle, in his paper on the authorship of Henry VIII., read before the New Shakespeare Society, Jan. 16, 1835, sees in these lines an allusion to events occurring in the years 1615-17. See Gardiner's History of England between 1603 and 1642, p. 385. The conjecture may be given for what it is worth. The allusion is certainly doubtful, and might have referred to earlier events, mentioned in Holinshed or Hall. "From 1613 on, if not earlier" (I quote from Mr. Boyle's summary), "the king's attention had been directed to the state of the cloth trade. From time to time regulations had been issued in favour of the trade, with the particular purpose of providing that the cloth should not only be woven, but also dyed and dressed in England. With the greater part of the cloth exported, this legislation had been successful. But the great company of merchant adventurers trading in the country between Calais and Hamburg found no market for the cloth dyed and dressed in England. . . . Under these circumstances

they ceased to export it. Alderman Cockayne pressed on the king the necessity of making a new effort in favour of the English trade. Permission to export undyed cloth was withdrawn. The merchant adventurers refused to trade under these conditions, and gave up their charter on the 21st of February, 1615. A new company, with Cockayne at its head, was formed. When in 1616 the Dutch saw that the English meant to force their dyed and dressed cloth on the market, they determined to take the remedy into their own hands. They promised a premium for every new loom started, and in a few weeks the sound of the shuttle was heard all over the country. The consequences were not long in showing themselves. Gloucestershire sent in a petition complaining of the numbers thrown out of employment by the new regulations. Worcester and Wiltshire joined in the complaint. In 1617 Cockayne's company were compelled to give up business, and the merchant adventurers resumed their charter on their own conditions."

73. Line 33: *The SPINSTERS*.—*Spinster* occurs again in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 45, and in Othello, i. 1. 24, always in the literal sense of one who spins. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives the word in this sense, and then adds: "Spinster [in Law] *fœmina mariti expers, Vidua*."

74. Line 55: *bolden'd*.—This word (probably a contraction of emboldened) is used again in As You Like It, ii. 7. 91:

Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

75. Line 57: *commissions, which COMPEL*.—So Pope; FF. print *compels*.

76. Line 67: *There is no PRIMER BUSINESS*; i.e. business of "first" importance, pressing business.—FF. have *basenesse*; the emendation is Warburton's, who says: "The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons, which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured, then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

There is no primer business,

i.e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch" (Variorum Ed. xix. 333). This reasoning is quite conclusive, especially when all the typographical change made (in the old spelling) is that of an *a* into a *u*, and an *e* into an *i*. With this use of *prime* compare iii. 2. 162 below: "The *prime* man of the state;" and ii. 4. 229: "the *primest* creature." In all the rest of Shakespeare the word is only used in this sense four times.

77. Line 78: *To COPE malicious censurers*.—*Cope* is used in Shakespeare not only in the phrase "to cope with," but by itself with the meaning of encounter, either in a friendly manner or as an adversary. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 34, 35: "They say he yesterday *cop'd* Hector in the battle, and struck him down."

78. Lines 79, 80:

*As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is NEW-TRIMM'D.*

Trim is used of ships in the sense of prepare, fit out, in *Pericles*, v. Prol. 18, 19:

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, *trimm'd* with rich expense.

79. Line 82: *sick interpreters*, ONCE *weak ones*; i.e. at one time or another.—Steevens compares *Merry Wives*, iii. 4. 103, 104:

I thank thee; and I pray thee, *once* to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring;

and Drayton's *Idea*, Sonnet xiii.:

This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.

80. Line 85: *act*.—Capell completes the line by printing *action* (which, however, would have to be pronounced as a trisyllable). It is very possible that this may be the original reading.

81. Lines 95, 96:

Why, we take

From every tree LOP, bark, and part o' the timber.

Lop is still given in modern dictionaries as "that which is cut off trees." The act described in these lines was forbidden, says Schmidt, by statute 1 Jac. I. cap. 22. sec. xxi.

82. Lines 105-107:

let it be nois'd

*That THROUGH OUR INTERCESSION this revokement
And pardon comes.*

Holinshed says: "The cardinall, to deliver himself from the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abrode that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things."

83. Line 118: *This man so COMPLETE*.—Schmidt, in his Appendix I. § 1, on the changeable accent of adjectives, states that, with this exception, the word *complete* is invariably accented on the first syllable when it precedes a noun, on the last syllable when it is used in the predicate. Too much should not be made of a metrical custom which might be made to bend to metrical exigencies, but the exception is interesting, and, so far as it goes, confirmatory of the non-Shakespearian authorship of the play.

84. Lines 132-138.—Holinshed says: "This Kneuet [that had bene the dukes surueior] being had in examination before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And first he vttered, that the duke was accustomed by waie of talke, to saie, how he meant so to vse the matter, that he would attaine to the crowne, if king Henrie chanced to die without issue: & that he had talke and conference of that matter on a time with George Neuill, lord of Aburgauennie, vnto whome he had giuen his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatened to punish the cardinall for his manifold misdooings, being without cause his mortall enemie" (iii. 657).

85. Line 140: *Not FRIENDED BY his wish*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 51-53:

Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be *friended*
With aptness of the season.

By is used here for "in accordance with," or, as Abbott paraphrases the passage, "to his heart's content." Compare *Coriolanus*, iii. 2. 52-54:

Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not *by* your own instruction,
Nor *by* the matter which your heart prompts you.

86. Lines 144, 145:

*How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our FAIL?*

Compare ii. 4. 197, 198:

I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's *fail*.

87. Lines 147, 148: *Nicholas HENTON*.—So Ff.; Pope in his 2nd ed. on the suggestion of Theobald printed *Hopkins*. Compare i. 1. 221 (where in Ff. he is called *Michaell Hopkins*) and ii. 1. 22. The man's real name was Nicholas Hopkins (and so many editors read here). *Hopkins* was a friar of *Henton*. Holinshed says that Buckingham was "brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a vain prophesie which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monke of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor had opened vnto him" (iii. 658). Brewer describes him as "a kind-hearted but crazy enthusiast, Dan Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of the Charterhouse at Henton, who brought the duke unintentionally into trouble, and died broken-hearted after his fall" (Reign of Henry VIII. i. 386). See a letter of his to the duke, quoted in the foot-note to that page.

88. Lines 151-171.—Holinshed says: "Beside all this, the same duke the tenth of Maie, in the twelwe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultrie in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Kneuet esquier, what was the talke amongst the Londoners concerning the kings iourneie beyond the seas? And the said Charles told him, that manie stood in doubt of that iourneie, least the Frechmen meant some deceit towards the king. Wherto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe, according to the words of a certaine hofie monke. For there is (saith he) a Chartreux moonke, that diuerse times hath sent to me, willing me to send vnto him my chancelor: and I did send vnto him Iohn de la Court my chapleine, vnto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne vnto him to keepe all things secret, and to tell no creature liuing what hee should heare of him, except it were to me.

"And then the said moonke told da la Court, that neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indenour my selfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie of England; for I the same duke and my blood should prosper, and haue the rule of the realme of England" (iii. 660, 661).

89. Line 156: *fear'd*.—So Pope; Ff. print *fearre*.

90. Line 164: *under the CONFESSION'S seal*.—This is Theobald's correction; Ff. have "vnder the *Commissions Seale*," which is nonsense. Theobald confirms his conjecture by the following passage in Holinshed: "The duke in talke told the monke, that he had doone verie well, to bind his chapleine Iohn de la Court, *vnder the seale of confession*, to keepe secret the matter" (iii. 659). In the Roman Catholic Church the priest is bound to secrecy in regard to all confessions by an ecclesiastical law, which says: "Confessio coram sacerdote in penitentia facta non

probat in iudicio: *quia censetur facta coram Deo*; imo, si sacerdos eam emunciet, incidet in pœnam."

91. Line 167: *with DEMURE confidence*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 59: "after a *demure* travel of regard," which the Clarendon Press editor interprets, "after allowing his look to pass gravely from one to another." See too Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 9. 30, 31:

Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers.

Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Demure, Adj. (Bashful, or Reserved) *Froid, qui a une mine froide, serieux, reservé, grave.*"

92. Lines 169, 170:

bid him strive

To GAIN the love o' the commonalty.

F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 omit *gain*, which is inserted by F. 4, and seems definitely to be required. See the words of the quotation from Holinshed: "*purchase the good wils of the commonaltie of England.*"

93. Line 180: *For HIM to ruminate on this*.—This is Rowe's correction of the Ff. misprint *this*.

94. Lines 188-210.—This follows Holinshed closely: "And further more, the same duke on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the Kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said vnto one Charles Kneuet esquier, after that the king had reprooued the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight into his seruice, that if he had perceined that he should haue beene committed to the Tower (as he doubted hee should haue béene) hee would haue so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not haue had cause of great reioisng; for he would haue plaied the part which his father intended to haue put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisburie, who made earnest sute to haue come vnto the presence of the same king Richard: which sute if he might haue obtained, he hauing a knife secretlie about him, would haue thrust it into the bodie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to kmele downe before him. And in speaking these words, he maliciouslie laid his hand vpon his dagger, and said, that if he were so euill vsed, he would doo his best to accomplish his pretended purpose, swearing to confirme his word by the bloud of our Lord" (iii. 660). In the Variorum Ed. vol. xix. p. 341 there is an extract (in French) from the Year Book, 13 Henry VIII. confirming the main outlines of Holinshed's account.

95. Line 213: *by day and night*.—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 164:

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

ACT I. SCENE 3.

96. Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.—Malone observes: "Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house [in 1526], Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the chamberlain, himself possessed that office." The Lord Chamberlain who is supposed to be present was Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester. Sir William Sandys succeeded to his office on his death in 1526.

97. Line 10: *Pepin or Clotharius*.—*Pepin* was the founder of the Carolingian dynasty; *Clothaire* was the name of several kings of the Merovingian dynasty. *Pepin* is alluded to, as in the text, as a representative of antiquity, in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 121-123: "an old saying, that was a man when King *Pepin* of France was a little boy;" and in All's Well, ii. 1. 79. "King *Clothair*" is named in Henry V. i. 2. 67.

98. Lines 11-13:

They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it, That never saw 'em pace before, the SPAVIN

OR SPRINGHALT reign'd among 'em.

Spavin and *springhalt* are two diseases of horses—the former consisting in a swelling of the joints, the latter causing a horse to twitch up his legs; both consequently producing lameness. *Spavins* occurs in Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 53, among the list of horse-diseases. In line 13 Ff. print *A*; which Pope replaces by *And*, and Verplanck by *Or*, which is adopted by the Cambridge editors. The same reading had been independently arrived at by Dyce and Collier's MS. Corrector.

99. Line 12: *saw*.—So Pope; Ff. have *see*.

100. Line 14: *Their clothes are after such a pagan cut* TOO.—Ff. read *too't*, which may be intended for *to't*, i.e. in addition to it—which is the reading adopted by the Old-Spelling editors.

101. Lines 24, 25:

those remnants

OF FOOL AND FEATHER, that they got in France.

The allusion here is at once to the feathers worn in the hat and carried as fans in the hand, and to those worn by fools in their caps. Douce quotes Rowley's Match at Midnight, i. 1: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers, next to the sign of *The Fool laughing at a Feather*." Halliwell gives the following note, contributed by Mr. Fairholt: "No better illustration of Shakespeare's minute truthfulness in his occasional descriptions could probably be offered than this passage, which so simply, and yet so pointedly, alludes to the extravagant follies of the French fashions exhibited at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. . . . A close scull-cap of velvet is worn upon the head, and the bonnet or hat slung at the back of it, with an enormous radiation of feathers set around it, which an old French writer compares to the glories of a peacock's tail." Compare Hall, who relates that some young Englishmen, when they came from France in 1518-19, "were all *Freche*, in eatynge, drynkyng and apparell, yea, and in *Freche* vices and braggies, so that all the estates of Englande were by them laughed at: the ladies and gentlewomen were dispraised, so that nothing by them was praised, but if it were after the *Freche* turne" (ed. 1809, p. 597).

102. Line 27: *flights and FIREWORKS*.—Steevens says: "We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie Française*, vol. iv., that some very extraordinary *fireworks* were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our 'travelled gallants,' who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art."

103. Line 31: *Short BLISTER'D breeches.*—*Blister'd* doubtless means puffed, and "describes," says Grant White, "with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes." Compare with this passage, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, ii. 4:

Now you that trust in travel,
And makes sharp beards and *little breeches* deities,
You that enhance the daily price of tooth-picks,
And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
Behold a model of your mind and actions.

Halliwell gives a cut representing a dandy in *blistered breeches*, with "tall stockings drawn high above the knee, where they are cut into points, the breeches very short, and gathered into close rolls or blisters."

104. Line 34: *WEAR away.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *wee*.

105. Line 48: *Your COLT'S TOOTH is not cast yet.*—Compare Massinger, *The Guardian*, i. 1, where Durazzo, an elderly person, having expressed some rather warm sentiments, Camillo cries "Out upon you," and Donato exclaims "The colt's tooth still in your mouth!" Boyer (*French Dictionary*) has "Colts-teeth, *Dents de Lait, les premières Dents qui viennent aux Animaux.*"

106. Lines 63, 64:

My barge stays;

Your lordship SHALL ALONG.

"The speaker," says Malone, "is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now *Whitehall*." Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 4:

And he to England *shall along* with you.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

107.—The account of this banquet and masquerade is taken from Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*. He says:

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damisels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy, their hairs and beards either of fine gold wires or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water gate, without any noise; where against his

coming were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlewomen and ladies to muse what it should mean, coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort. First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a noblemen, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the king, and also by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that, quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then [they] went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently: to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good Grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your Grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered, that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first, and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some nobleman,

whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal afterwards desired his Highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my Lord's bed-chamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And, in the time of the King's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but to sit still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled" (ed. Singer, vol. i. pp. 49-55). The incident really took place on January 3, 1527. For an authentic account see the letter of Spinelli, the Venetian secretary (No. 4 in Brown's Venetian Calendar).

108. Line 4: *this noble BEVY*.—This word was originally used of a company of roebucks or a flock of quails. Cole's Latin Dictionary has: "A Bevy [as of quails, &c.] *grex, egis*." Boyer gives under *Bevy*, "A Bevy of Quails," "A Bevy of Roe-bucks," "A Bevy of Gossips," and "A Bevy of Ladies, *Un Cercle de Dames*." The Imperial Dictionary states that the word *bevy* is given as the correct term for a company of ladies by Dame Juliana Berners, 1496. In *Hamlet*, v. 2. 197, Ff. have "nine[F. I mine] more of the same *Beavy*," where Qq. print "many more of the same breed."

109. Lines 6, 7:

As FAR's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

This is Dyce's conjectural emendation of the reading of Ff.:

As *first*, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

The Cambridge editors retain this reading (inserting a comma after "as"); Theobald joined "first-good" by a hyphen, and understood it to mean "the best in the land."

110. Line 12: *a running banquet*; i.e. a hasty refreshment. *Banquet* was frequently used for the dessert only. Compare Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1:

We'll dine in the great room; but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here.

Malone quotes Habington's History of King Edward IV.: "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them."

111. Line 41: *I am BEHOLDING to you*.—We now say *beholden*, and so many editors print throughout Shakespeare, where the form is invariably *beholding*. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives both forms, but in all the examples he uses *beholden*. I take from Rolfe (p. 169) a quotation from Butler's Grammar, 1633, given by Grant White, and imperfectly quoted by Boswell: "*Beholding* to one:—of to *behold* or regard; which, by a *Synecdoche generis*, signifyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. . . . So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness: yet some, now-a-days, had rather write it *Beholden*, i.e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiori obligari*: which concept would seeme the more probable, if to *beholde* did signifie to *holde*, as to *bedek* to *dek*, to *besprinkle*, to *sprinkle*. But indeed, neither is *beholden* English, neither are *behold* and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or *besem* and *seem*."

112. Lines 47, 48:

Sands. and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot show me.

Mr. Robert Boyle, in the paper cited above, compares the following scrap of dialogue in *Women Pleased*, v. 2:

Isabella. He that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do—
Claudio. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot show you.

113. Line 49. Stage-direction: *chambers* discharged.—*Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance standing on the breech, without a carriage, and used only in rejoicings and stage-fights. It was these *chambers* in this very play that caused the burning of the Globe Theatre (see quotation in Introduction). The word is used, quibblingly, in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 57. Coles has: "Chambers [sort of guns] *pyroboli*."

114. Line 62: *A GOOD DIGESTION to you all*.—Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 38, 39:

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

115. Lines 65, 66:

*Because they speak no English, thus they PRAY'D
To tell your grace.*

So FF.; Collier added *me* in his second edition on the strength of his MS. Corrector, and Dyce, supported by Walker's approval, also adopts it.

116. Lines 92, 93:

*An't please your grace, SIR THOMAS BULLEN'S daughter,—
THE VISCOUNT ROCHFORD.*

Compare Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey* (ed. Singer, vol. i. p. 56): "This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, being at that time but only a bachelor knight, the which after, for love of his daughter, was promoted to higher dignities. He bare at divers several times for the most part, all the rooms of estimation in the king's house, as comptroller, and treasurer, vice chamberlain and lord chamberlain. Then was he made Viscount Rochford; and at the last created Earl of Wiltshire, and knight of the noble order of the Garter, and, for his more increase of gain and honour, he was made Lord Privy Seal, and most chiefest of the king's privy council."

117. Lines 95, 96:

*I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.*

Steevens quotes Thomas Lovell, A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie:

But some reply, what foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doon,
He may not have at ladies lips
That which in daunce he wooon.

I am unable to verify the quotation, as there is no copy of the book in the British Museum or the Bodleian. It is, according to Lowndes and Brunet, without date; but is entered in Stationers' Registers 23rd May, 1581. The connection of kissing and dancing is mentioned by Stubbes (*Anatomy of Abuse*, New Shakspere Society's ed. pp. 155, 165) and by Taylor (*Works*, Spenser Soc. ed. p. 258). A more distinct reference is found in John Northbrooke's *Treatise wherein Dicing, Dancing, Vaine playes, or Enterludes, . . . are reprov'd, &c.* The book was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1577; a second edition was published in 1579; the edition printed by Collier for the Old Shakespeare Society is undated. On p. 165 of this reprint occurs the following passage: "and when the minstrels doe make a signe to stinte, then, if thou doe not kiss hir that thou leading by the hande didst daunce withall, then thou shalt be taken for a rusticall, and as one without good maners and nurture." This passage, and others before it, are prefaced by the words "Erasmus sayth," and this side-note: "Erasm. Roter. in lib. de contemptu mundi cap. 7." I quote the sentence translated by Northbrooke, with its context, from *Erasmus' Works* (Lugd. Bat. 1704), vol. v. pp. 1249, 1250: "Cujus animus sic compositus, sic firmus, sic marmoreus est, quem lascivi illi motus, agitataque in numerum brachia, citharæ cantus, voces puellares, non corrumpant, non lebeant, non emolliant? . . . At ubi chorales, citharæ ex more facta, quiescenti signum dedit, rusticus habebis, ne eam cujus levam complexus saltasti dissuaviatus fueris."

118. Line 108: *Let the music KNOCK IT.*—Steevens compares Marston, Antonio and Mellida:

Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Fla. Pert Catzo, knock it then.

Halliwell quotes Ravenscroft's *Briefe Discourse*, 1614, in which the following line occurs in the song of the Hunting of the Hare:

The hounds do knock it lustily.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

119.—The account of Buckingham's trial is found in Holinshed, iii. 661, 662 (copied almost verbatim from Hall). The play follows the chronicle very closely, and most of the significant expressions it contains are little more than copied. See lines 31-33 ("he sweat extremely"). Holinshed says: "The duke was brought to the barre sore chafing, and sweet marvellouslie." Buckingham's dying speech owes much to the chronicler. With lines 97-103 compare Holinshed: "Then was the edge of the sword turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordered for him. He said nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohune the most catife of the world."

120. Line 18: *have.*—So F. 4; F. 1 has *him*.

121. Lines 40-44.—Compare Holinshed, iii. 645: "At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by occasion of the earle of Kildare his coming out of Ireland. . . . Such accusations were framed against him when no bribes would come, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good prefeement the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the king's depute, in lieu of the said earle of Kildare, there to remaine rather as an exile, than as lieutenant to the king, even at the cardinals pleasure, as he himselfe well perceived."

122. Line 53: *The mirror of all courtesie.*—Steevens quotes from Henry VIII.'s Year Book, fol. 11 and 12, ed. 1597: "Dieu à sa ame grant meye—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et *mirror de tout courtesie.*"

123. Line 54: Stage-direction. Enter . . . Sir William Sands.—FF. print Sir Walter Sands, by an evident oversight or misprint, which there seems no real reason for retaining. The correction was made by Theobald. Holinshed, in his account of the trial of Buckingham, says: "Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him sir Nicholas Vawse & sir William Sands baronets."

124. Line 67: *Nor build their RVILS on the graves of great men.*—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2 170-172:

Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there?

and see note 88.

125. Line 78: *o' God's name.*—So Theobald; FF. have *a*.

126. Line 81: *now to forgive me frankly.*—Pope, whom some editors follow, omits *to*, and so very likely the author wrote. But the line as it stands is not beyond the limits of a possible license. Similarly in the fourth line from this one Dyce omits *that*.

127. Lines 85, 86:

no black envy
Shall MARK my grave.

Ff print *make*. The emendation adopted in the text was first introduced by Hammer, after a conjecture of Warburton's. As Grant White very justly remarks, reference to envy *making* a grave, while expressive if used of another, can scarcely be applicable to the person who speaks, and for whom the grave is made. Steevens defends the reading of the Folio by interpreting it to mean: "No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life;" and again by suggesting that to *make* a grave means to close it. But surely either meaning is decidedly forced.

128. Line 89: *till my soul FORSAKE*.—Rowe, who is followed by many editors, adds *me*; but the expression seems more emphatic and significant if *forsake* is used absolutely. Schmidt compares the use of the German *versagen*.

129. Lines 102, 103:

When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward BOHUN.

The Duke of Buckingham's family name was Stafford (see note 7), but he was descended from the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, whose name expired in 1372, and he is said to have affected the earlier surname. "His reason for this might be," says Tollet (Var. Ed. xix. 362), "because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance from the *Bohuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun*?"

130. Lines 126, 127:

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not LOOSE.

Compare Othello, iii. 3. 416, 417:

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will nutter their affairs.

131. Line 168: *We are too OPEN here to argue this*.—Compare iii. 2. 405:

This day was view'd in *open* as his queen.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

132. Lines 31-33:

a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.

Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 307, 308:

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck;

and see note 36 to that play.

133. Lines 42-44:

Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have SLEPT UPON
This bold bad man.

Compare Sonnet lxxxiii. 5:

And therefore have I *sleep* in your report.

134. Line 62: Stage-direction. Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.—*Ff*. print: "Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits

reading pensively." The stage-direction in the text is Malone's, who says, in quoting the *Ff*: "This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time was, to place such persons in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. . . . Norfolk has just said—'Let's in,'—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This, indeed, in the simple state of the stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself."

135. Line 70: *business of ESTATE*.—Compare Richard III. ii. 2. 126, 127:

Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the *state's* green and yet ungovern'd.

136. Lines, 78, 79:

My good lord, have great care
I be not found a TALKER.

Steevens compares Richard III. i. 3. 350-352:

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

137. Line 85: *I'll venture ONE HAVE-AT-HIM*.—So Dyce and Staunton; *F*. 1 prints *Ile venture one; have at him*, which the editor of *F*. 2 distorted into *Ile venture one heave at him*. See iii. 2. 309: "Have at you!" and v. 2. 113: "now have at ye!"

138. Line 94: *HAVE their free voices*; i.e. have sent their free voices—a proleptic construction which is certainly awkward enough, but none the less likely to have been written by the author. Grant White reads *Gave*, which is as good as most conjectural emendations, and may quite possibly be right.

139. Line 107: *unpartial*.—Shakespeare's spelling of this word is invariably *impartial*.

140. Lines 116-130.—This follows Holinshed, who says: "About this time [1529] the king received into favour doctor Stephan Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of doctor Pace, the which being continuallie abroad in ambassagos, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the cardinals appointment, at length he took such gréeffe therewith, that he fell out of his right wits" (iii. 737).

ACT II. SCENE 3.

141. Lines 7-9:

Still growing in A majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more better than
'T is sweet at first to acquire.

This is the arrangement of *Ff*. (several others have been proposed and adopted by various editors), and it follows them throughout in text except by the admission of Theobald's emendation—*leave's* in place of *leave*. Perhaps after all the addition is unnecessary; somewhat similar ellipses are certainly found in Shakespeare.

142. Line 9: *after this PROCESS*.—Compare Richard II.

ii. 3. 12:

The tediousness and *process* of my travel.

143. Lines 14-16:

*Yet, if that QUARREL, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance PANGING
As soul and body's severing.*

It is doubtful whether *quarrel* here means (as Warburton supposed) an arrow (an old word for which was *quarrel*), or whether (according to Johnson) the act is put for the agent, and *quarrel* stands for quarreller. Nares gives a number of examples of the word in the former sense, and Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "A quarrel of a Cross-bow, *speculum quadratum*." Pang is used in an active sense in Cymbeline, iii. 4. 97, 98:

how thy memory
Will then be *pang'd* by me.

Compare with the whole passage, Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 13. 5, 6:

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off;

and All's Well, ii. 1. 37: "I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body."

144. Line 21: *to be PERK'D UP in a glistening grief*.—To "*perk oneself up*" is still a familiar expression in the country for a vain and conceited dressing-up. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives "*To perk up, sese erigere*."

145. Lines 22, 23:

*Our content
Is our best HAVING.*

Compare iii. 2. 159: "par'd my present *havings*;" and Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 379: "my *having* is not much."

146. Line 31: *Saving your MINCING*.—Compare Lear, iv. 6. 122, 123:

That *minces* virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.

147. Line 32: *your soft CHEVERIL CONSCIENCE*.—*Cheveril* = kid (*peau de chèvre*). A *cheveril conscience* was a proverbial expression. See note 160 to Twelfth Night, and compare also Dekker, Old Fortunatus, i. 2: "'T was never merry world with us, since purses and boys were invented, for now men set lime-twigs to catch wealth: and gold, which riseth like the sun out of the East Indies, to shine upon every one, is like a cony taken napping in a purse-net, and suffers his glistening yellow-faced deity to be lapped up in lambskins, as if the innocency of those leather prisons should dispense with the *cheveril consciences* of the iron-hearted gaolers." Halliwell quotes, among others, "*Proverbiale est, he hath a conscience like a cheveril's skin, i.e., it will stretch*" (Upton's MS. additions to Junius).

148. Line 36: *a THREE-PENCE BOW'D would hire me*.—Halliwell gives the following note of Fairholt: "This allusion to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin (one particularly affected by love-lorn country-folks) here involves an anachronism. No three-pences were coined by Henry 8, nor was the coin known in England until the close of the reign of Edward 6. They are very rare, and appear to have been scarcely issued, except as pattern-pieces. Mary did not attempt their issue. The first large and regular coinage of three-pences took place

in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1561 was the first issued . . . ; it may be detected from the coins it nearly resembles in weight by the rose behind the Queen's head."

149. Line 37: *to queen it*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 460: "I'll *queen it* no inch farther."

150. Line 61: *Commends his good opinion to YOU*.—This is Pope's reading; Capell prints of *you*. Ff. have of *you, to you*, which is an obvious misprint, and leaves an open choice between the two forms of speech.

151. Lines 78, 79:

*from this lady may proceed a GEM
To LIGHTEN all this isle.*

Johnson supposes this to be an allusion to the carbuncle and its imagined quality of giving light in the dark. Steevens compares Titus Andronicus ii. 3. 226-230:

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit.

Holt White quotes from Amadis de Gaule, ed. 1619, b. iv. p. 5: "In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lumps of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchasod two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roomes, that there was no neede of any other light."

152. Line 87: *This COMPELLED fortune*; i.e. a fortune forced upon one, coming involuntarily. Compare Hamlet, iv. 6. 16-18: "Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a *compelled* valour, and . . . boarded them."

153. Line 89: *How tastes it? is it bitter? FORTY PENCE, no*.—That is, "I wager forty pence, no." *Forty pence* was a conventional sum—half a noble—as its modern equivalent, three and fourpence, still is in law offices. Steevens quotes a comedy of 1570, The Longer Thou Livest, the More Fool Thou Art: "I dare wage with any man *forty pence*;" and an interlude of 1665, The Storrey of King Darius: "Nay, that I will not for *forty pence*." The expression, in this form, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, but in other terms, "ten groats," it is found in All's Well, ii. 2. 22, 23: "As fit as *ten groats* is for the hand of an attorney;" and in Richard II. v. 5. 68.

The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear.

Forty was also a conventional term, used for an indefinite number.

154. Line 92: *For all the mud in Egypt*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 24, 25:

He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

155. Lines 97, 98:

*honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt.*

"This line," says Fairholt in Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare, "is capable of a more literal explanation than at first sight appears. At the close of the 15th century, the superfluous use of cloth, and the vast expenses incurred at the funerals of the nobility and gentry, led to the enactment of sumptuary laws, by which the length of the train was regulated by the rank of the wearer. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, undertook in the eighth year of the reign of her son Henry VII., to regulate those of the

ladies; those highest in rank 'to wear the longest, their surcoats with a train before and another behind, and their mantles with trains, a tippet at the hood lying a good length upon the mantle.'"

156. Line 103: *If this SALUTE MY BLOOD a jot.*—Compare Sonnet cxxi. 5, 6:

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give *salutation* to my sportive blood?

157. Line 107: *What do you think me?*—This is Pope's reading, and the only one, so far as I know, adopted by any subsequent editor up to the Old-Spelling edd. Ff. print:

What do you thinke me—

The Old-Spelling edd. point:

What! do you thinke me—

And so, possibly, it may have been written, the line being supposed to be broken off, or the conclusion lost in the exit.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

158.—The stage-direction is substantially that of Ff. except that *Capell's* addition is admitted: "Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains." *Sennet*, which so frequently occurs in stage-directions, "seems to indicate," says Nares, "a particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish." Compare Dekker's *Satiromastix*: "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*." (See note 286 to King Henry V.) The *two great silver pillars* borne before Wolsey are often referred to in contemporary accounts (Hales, Holinshed, More's Life of Wolsey, &c.).

In Holinshed's account of Wolsey's investiture as cardinal it is said: "No lesse adoo was there at the bringing of the cardinal's hat, who on a sumdaie (in S. Peters church at Westminster) receiued thesame, with the habit, the *pillar*, and other such tokens of a cardinal" (iii. 613).

Again, in the final summary of Wolsey's character and circumstances, we read: "Thus went he downe through the hall with a sergent of armes before him, bearing a great mace of siluer, and two gentlemen carieng *two great pillars of siluer*. And when he came at the hall doore, there was his mule, being trapped all in crimson veluet, with a saddle of the same stuffe, & gilt stirrups. Then was there attending vpon him when he was mounted, his two cross-bearers: & his *pillar*-bearers in like case vpon great horses, trapped all in fine scarlet" (iii. 763).

159. Lines 13-57.—Here, as in so many parts of the play, most of what is best in this famous speech of the Queen's comes directly from the prose account of the chronicles. Holinshed gives her speech as follows: "Sir (quoth she) I desire you to doo me iustice and right, and take some pittie vpon me, for I am a poore woman, and a stranger, borne out of your dominion, having héere no indifferent counsell, & lesse assurance of fréendship. Alas sir, what haue I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure haue I shewed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my iudge, I haue beene to you a true & humble wife, euer conformable to your will and pleasure, that neuer contraried or gainesaid any thing thereof, and being alwaies contented with all things where-in you had any delight, whether little or much, with out

grudge or displeasure, I loued for your sake all them whome you loued, whether they were my fréends or enimies.

"I haue béene your wife these twentie yeares and more, & you haue had by me diuerse children. If there be anie iust cause that you can allége against me, either of my dishonestie, or matter lawfull to put me from you; I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I praie you to let me haue iustice at your hand. The king your father was in his time of excellent wit, and the king of Spaine my father Ferdinando was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spaine manie yeares before. It is not to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise counsellors vnto them of euerie realme, as to their wisdoms they thought méet, who démed the marriage betwéene you and me good and lawfull, &c. Wherefore, I humbly desire you to spare me, vntill I may know what counsell my fréends in Spaine will aduertise me to take, and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled" (iii. 737, 738). It will be seen that much of this is put into verse as nearly verbatim as versification will allow. Indeed, through all this scene the dramatist follows his authorities almost step for step.

160. Line 17: *No judge INDIFFERENT.*—*Indifferent* is again used in the sense of impartial in Richard II. ii. 3. 115, 116:

I beseech your grace

Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye.

161. Line 32: *That had to him DERIV'D your anger; i.e.* that had brought your anger upon him; as in All's Well, v. 3. 265: "things which would *deriue* me ill will to speak of."

162. Line 62: *That longer you DESIRE the court.*—F. 4 reads *defer*, which is adopted by Dyce. The words as they stand in the earlier Ff. give a quite intelligible sense—*i.e.* that you desire a longer session—and there is no need to make any change.

163. Line 127: *Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.*—Ff. give this line to a Gentleman-Usher. There is no doubt that Griffith is meant. Compare Holinshed: "The King being aduertised that shée was readie to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call hir againe, who called hir by these words; Katharine quene of England, come into the court. With that (quoth maister Griffith) madame, you be called againe" (iii. 735).

164. Line 174: *A marriage.*—Ff. misprint *And*. The correction was made by Rowe in his second edition.

165. Line 182: *The BOSOM of my conscience.*—So Ff.; Hammer, on a conjecture of Thirlby's, approved, though not adopted, by Theobald, reads: "The *bottom* of my conscience," on account of the occurrence of that expression in the passage of Holinshed paraphrased in the text. Holinshed says, in his report of the king's speech: "Which words once conceiued within the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinentlie accombred, vexed, and disquieted." Considering the closeness with which the narrative is followed throughout the play, it seems very likely that *bosom* is a misprint for *bottom*; but as it gives a perfectly legitimate sense in itself I have not ventured to alter it on a mere conjecture.

166. Line 183: *Yea, with a SPLITTING power.*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *spitting*.

167. Line 199: *Many a groaning THROE.*—Ff. print *throw*.

168. Lines 199, 200:

Thus HULLING in

The wild sea of my conscience.

Holinshed has "Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind" (iii. 738); and Cavendish: "Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience." To *hull* is, in nautical language, to drive or float to and fro on the sea. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 433-439:

Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back;
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they *hull*, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

Halliwell quotes Donne, *Essays in Divinity* (1656): "So, in this question, where we cannot go forward to make Moses the first author, for many strong oppositions, to ly *hulling* upon the face of the waters, and think nothing, is a stupid and lazy inconsideration, which (as Saint Austin says) is the worst of all affections."

169. Line 225: *drive.*—So Pope and subsequent editors; Ff. have *drives*.

170. Lines 238, 239:

*My learn'd and well-beloved seroant, Cranmer,
Prithce, return.*

Johnson incorrectly added here a stage-direction: "The king speaks to Cranmer." Cranmer was at this time abroad on an embassy. Compare iii. 2. 62-67: "When returns Cranmer?" &c. The words in the text are merely a mental apostrophe.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

171.—Holinshed's account of the cardinals' visit to the Queen is as follows: "The cardinals being in the queenes chamber of presence, the gentleman vsher aduertised the quene that the cardinals were come to speake with hir. With that she rose vp, & with a skeine of white thred about hir necke, came into hir chamber of presence, where the cardinals were attending. At whose conning, quoth she, What is your pleasure with me? If it please your grace (quoth Cardinal Wolseie) to go into your pryncie chamber, we will shew you the cause of our conning. My lord (quoth she) if yee haue anie thing to saie, speake it openlie before all these folke, for I feare nothing that yee can saie against me, but that I would all the world should heare and see it, and therefore speake your mind. Then began the cardinall to speake to hir in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English.

"Forsooth (quoth the cardinall) good madame, if it please you, we come both to know your mind how you are disposed to doo in this matter betwene the king and you, and also to declare secretlie our opinions and counsell vnto you; which we doo onelie for verie zeale and obedience we beare vnto your grace. My lord (quoth she) I thanke you for your good will, but to make you answer in your request I cannot so suddenlie, for I was set among

my maids at worke, thinking full little of anie such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer, for I need counsell in this case which toucheth me so néere, & for anie counsell or frendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What thinke you my lords, will anie Englishman counsell me, or be fréends to me against the K. pleasure that is his subject? Naie forsooth. And as for my own counsell in whom I put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spaine in my owne countrie.

"And my lords, I am a poore woman, lacking wit, to answer to anie such noble persons of wisdomes as you be, in so weightie a matter, therefore I praie you be good to me poore woman, destitute of fréends here in a forren region, and your counsell also I will be glad to hear. And therewith she took the cardinall by the hand, and led him into hir pryncie chamber with the other cardinall, where they tarried a season talking with the quene" (iii. 739, 740).

172. Lines 16, 17:

the two great cardinals

Wait in the PRESENCE.

Presence is used for presence-chamber in Richard II. i. 3. 289, and very similarly in Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 86.

173. Lines 21-23:

*I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.*

The punctuation in the text is that of Rowe's second edition, substantially the same as Ff. Capell, followed by some editors, gives to the passage another sense by putting a comma after *coming* and a full stop after *on't*.

Stage-direction: Enter Wolsey and CAMPEIUS.—Ff. have "Campian" instead of "Campeius." The correction was introduced by Rowe.

174. Line 23: *But all hoods make not monks.*—The Latin proverb, *Quoculus non facit monachum*, is quoted in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62, and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 263. See note 204 to the latter.

175. Line 42: *O, good my lord, no Latin.*—Compare Webster, *The White Devil*, iii. 1. 10-25:

Lawyer. Domine iudex, converte oculos in hanc festem, multierum corruptissimam.

Vitt. Cor. What's he?

Fran. de Med. A lawyer that pleads against you.

Vitt. Cor. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue;

I'll make no answer else.

Fran. de Med. Why, you understand Latin.

Vitt. Cor. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory Which comes to hear my cause, the half or more May be ignorant in't.

Mont. Go on, sir.

Vitt. Cor. By your favour,

I will not have my accusation clouded In a strange tongue; all this assembly Shall hear what you can charge me with.

Fran. de Med. Signior,

You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.

Mont. O, for God sake!—Gentle woman, your credit Shall be more famous by it.

176. Line 61: *And comforts to YOUR cause.*—F. 1 misprints *our*; the error is corrected in F. 2.

177. Line 145: *Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.*—This is perhaps a reference to the famous *Non Angli sed Angeli*, attributed to Augustine and to Pope Gregory the Great. Steevens compares Greene, The Spanish Masquerado, 1585: "England, a little island, where, as saint Augustin saith, there be people with angel faces, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of Lyons."

178. Lines 151, 152:

the lily

That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd.

Holt White compares Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, ii. 6. 16:

The lilly, Lady of the flowing field.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

179.—Compare Holinshed's Chronicle, in the year 1527: "This time a bill was set vp in London, much contrarie to the honour of the cardinall, in the which the cardinall was warned that he should not counsell the king to marrie his daughter into France; for if hee did, he should show himself eninie to the king and the realme, with manie threatening words. This bill was delivered to the cardinall by sir Thomas Seimor maior of the citie, which thanked him for the same, & made much search for the author of that bill, but he could not be found, which sore displeased the cardinall. And upon this occasion the last daie of Aprill at night he caused a great watch to be kept at Westminster, and had there cart guns readie charged, & caused diuerse watches to be kept about London, in Newington, S. Johns street, Westminster, saint Giles, Islington, and other places néere London: which watches were kept by gentlemen & their seruants, with householders, and all for feare of the Londoners because of this bill. When the citizens knew of this, they said that they marvelled why the cardinall hated them so, for they said that if he mistrusted this, he loved them not: and where love is not, there is hatred: and they affirmed that they never intended anie harme toward him, and mused of this chance. For if fíue or six persons had made alarm in the citie, then had entred all these watchmen with their traine, which might have spoiled the citie without cause. Wherefore they much murmured against the cardinall and his vndiscreet dooings" (iii. 716).

180. Line 30: *The cardinal's LETTERS to the Pope miscarried.*—So Ff.; Steevens, and many subsequent editors, read *letter*, on the authority of line 53: "this letter of the cardinal's;" and lines 221, 222:

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness.

It seems more likely than not that *letter* is what the author wrote; but it is very possible that he wrote *letters*, whether of set intention or by inadvertence.

181. Lines 38, 39:

*The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And HEDGES his own way.*

To *hedge*, i.e. to creep along by the hedge, is used metaphorically once or twice by Shakespeare in the sense of shuffling, coming to an end by circumlocutions. Compare

Merry Wives, ii. 2. 26: "I . . . am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch."

182. Lines 44, 45:

Now, all my joy

TRACE the conjunction!

Grant White compares Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, iv. 4:

Now all my blessing on thee! thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years.

Trace is used here in the sense of follow, as in *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 152, 153:

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That *trace* him in his line.

183. Line 47: *Marry, this is yet but YOUNG.*—Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 144:

We are yet but *young* in deed;

and *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 166: "Is the day so *young*?"

184. Line 52: *memoriz'd.*—Compare *Macbeth*, i. 2. 40:

Or *memorize* another Golgotha.

185. Line 78: *Look'd he o' the inside of the PAPER?*—So Ff.; Keightley and some following editors read *papers*, which may not improbably be correct, though no change is really necessary.

186. Lines 85, 86:

*It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.*

This was the daughter of Charles of Orleans, married in 1509 to Charles, duke of Alençon, and in 1527, two years after her first husband's death, to Henry of Navarre. "It was reported at the time," says Lingard, "that the great object of [Wolsey's] embassy to France in July, 1527] was to offer in the king's name marriage to a French princess; according to some, to Margaret, duchess of Alençon, and sister of Francis; according to others, to his sister-in-law, Renée, daughter of the late king, Louis XII. We are even told that Margaret refused, on the ground that the consequence would be wretchedness and death to Catherine: and that the proposal was made to Renée, at Compeigne, but, for reasons with which we are unacquainted, did not take effect. These stories, though frequently repeated by succeeding writers, are undoubtedly fiction, both as far as regards Margaret, for she was married to the King of Navarre on the 24th of January, 1527, five months before Wolsey set out on the embassy; and also with respect to Renée. . . . It may have been that, as Polydore asserts (p. 82), Wolsey, when the question of the divorce was first mentioned, suggested the benefit which would arise from a union with Margaret, and that, after her marriage with the King of Navarre, he substituted in his own mind Renée in her place" (*History of England*, ed. 1840, vol. iv. pp. 587, 588).

187. Lines 91, 92:

*May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.*

Compare *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 248: "I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me."

188. Lines 120-128.—The incident by which Wolsey's fall is here brought about, though of course incorrect in its present application, is clearly enough taken, as Steevens

pointed out, from the account given by Holinshed of a similar accident by which Wolsey himself brought about the ruin of another. Holinshed's account of the matter is as follows:

"This yeare [1508] was Thomas Ruthall made bishop of Durham by Henrie the seauenth. . . . This man . . . was after the death of King Henrie the seauenth, one of the prinie counsell to King Henrie the eight; in whose court he was so continuallie attendant, that he could not steale anie time to attend the affaires of his bishoprike. . . . He was accepted the richest subiect through the realme. To whome (remaining then at the court) the king gave in charge to write a booke of the whole estate of the kingdom, because he was knowne to the king to be a man of sufficiency for the discharge thereof, which he did accordinglye.

"Afterwards, the king commanded cardinnall Woolseie to go to this bishop, and to bring the booke awaic with him to deliuer it to his maiestie. But see this mishap! that a man in all other things so provident, should now be so negligent: and at that time most forget himselfe, when (as it after fell out) he had most need to haue remembred himselfe. For this bishop hauing written two bookes (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his owne priuate affaires) did bind them both after one sort in vellame, iust of one length, bredth, and thicknesse, and in all points in such like proportion answering one another, as the one could not by anie especiall note be discerned from the other: both of which he also laid vp together in one place of his studie.

"Now when the cardinnal came to demand the booke due to the king: the bishop vnadvisedlie commanded his seruant to bring him the booke bound in white vellame being in his studie in such a place. The seruant dooing accordinglye, brought forth one of those bookes so bound, being the booke intreating of the state of the bishop, and deliuered the same vnto his maister, who receiuing it (without further consideration or looking on) gave it to the cardinnal to beare vnto the king. The cardinnal hauing the booke, went from the bishop, and after (in his studie by himselfe) vnderstanding the contents thereof, he greafully reioised, hauing now occasion (which he long sought for) offered vnto him to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, deliuered the booke into his hands, and bréefelie informed the king of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's hand, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to séeke further than to the cofers of the bishop, who by the tenor of his owne booke had accompted his proper riches and substance to the value of a hundred thousand pounds. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence (what he had doon, how the cardinnal vsed him, what the king said, and what the world reported of him) he was stricken with such gréefe of the same, that he shortlie through extreame sorrow ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After whose death the cardinnal, which had long before gaped after the said bishoprike, in singular hope to attaine therevnto, had now his wish in effect" (iii. 540, 541).

189. Line 123: *There, on my conscience, put UNWIT-*

TINGLY.—This word is only used elsewhere in Shakespeare in Richard III. ii. 1. 56.

190. Line 142: *I deem you an ill HUSBAND*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 71, 72: "while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university."

191. Line 142: *glad*.—F. I misprints *gald*.

192. Line 162: *The PRIME man of the state*.—*Prime* is used here for first, foremost. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 72: "Prospero the *prime* duke;" and 425: "my *prime* request." See, too, in the present play, i. 2. 67, and ii. 4. 229.

193. Lines 169-171:

*my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet FIL'D with my abilities.*

Ff. print *fil'd*. The reading in the text (an obviously accurate correction) is Hammer's. *Fil'd* means kept pace with, as if walking in file. Compare i. 2. 41-43:

I . . . front but in that *file*
Where others tell steps with me.

The verb is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare.

194. Lines 190-199:

*I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; THAT AM, HAVE, AND WILL BE.—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.*

It is not improbable that there is some corruption in this very puzzling passage. Many attempts have been made to mend it, and some to explain it. The best emendation, to my mind, is Grant White's, who reads: "that am *true*, and will be," which is really the alteration of only two letters. If the reading of the Folio is to be retained (as, in default of any conjecture approaching to certainty, seems best) it may be taken thus. The King, in his last speech, has said:

I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any, so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wolsey, beginning a vehement protestation of his loyalty, and being in some confusion, intends by *that am, have, and will be* to answer Henry's closing words, and to assert that he is, has been, and will be, all that the King has just required of him. The only apology for such a construction lies in the perturbed state of mind into which the Cardinal has been thrown. Perhaps that is enough to account for it.

195. Line 197: *As doth a rock against the CHIDING flood*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 119-123:

never did I hear
Such gallant *chiding*; for, besides the groves,

The skies, the mountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

196. Line 214: *what CROSS devil.*—*Cross* is used here in the sense of perverse. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3. 3-5:

For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is *cross* and full of sin.

We still use the phrase, akin to this, "to be at *cross* purposes."

197. Lines 220-232:

*What's this? "To the Pope!"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to s holiness.*

Compare the account given by Holinshed of the circumstances which led to Wolsey's fall: "While the matter stood in this state, and that the cause of the queene was to be heard and iudged at Rome, by reason of the appeale which by hir was put in: the cardinall required the pope by letters and secret messengers, that in anie wise he should defer the iudgement of the diuorse, till he might frame the king's mind to his purpose.

"Howbeit he went about nothing so secretlie, but that the same came to the king's knowledge, who tooke so high displeasure with his cloked dissimulation, that he determined to abase his degré, sith as an vnthankfull person he forgot himselfe and his dutie towards him that had so highlie aduanced him to all honor and dignitie" (iii. 740).

198. Lines 225-227:

*I shall fall
Like a bright EXHALATION IN THE EVENING,
And no man see me more.*

Compare Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, v. 2. 318:

*In the evening,
When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?*

Fletcher, *John van Olden Barnaveit*, iv. 3:

Must all these glories vanish into darkness,
And Barnaveit pass with them and glide away
Like a spent *exhalation*!

and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Thierry and Theodoret*, iv. 1:

'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent *exhalations* to this centre.

199. Lines 228-349.—Holinshed's account of this interview is as follows: "In the mean time the king, being informed that all those things that the cardinall had doone by his power legantine within this realme, were in the case of the premunire and prouision, caused his attorneie Christopher Hales to sue out a writ of premunire against him, in the which he licenced him to make his attorneie. ¶ And further the seventeenth of Nouember the king sent the two dukes of Norfolkke and Suffolke to the cardinals place at Westminster, who (went as they were commanded) and finding the cardinall there, they declared that the kings pleasure was that he should surrender vp the great seale into their hands, and to depart simplie vnto Asher, which was an house situat nigh vnto Hampton court, belonging to the bishoprike of Winchester. The cardinall demanded of them their commission that

gaue them such an authoritie, who answered againe, that they were sufficient commissioners, and had authoritie to do no lesse by the kings mouth. Notwithstanding, he would in no wise agreee in that behalfe, without further knowledge of their authorities, saing; that the great seale was deliuered him by the kings person, to inioy the ministration thereof, with the room of the chancellor for the terme of his life, whereof for his suretie he had the kings letters patents.

"This matter was greatlie debated betweene them with manie great words, in so much that the dukes were faine to depart againe without their purpose, and rode to Windsor to the king, and made report accordingle; but the next daie they returned againe, bringing with them the kings letters. Then the cardinall deliuered vnto them the great seale, and was content to depart simplie, taking with him nothing but onlie certeine provision for his house" (iii. 740, 741). The "articles collected from his life," hurled at Wolsey by the two dukes (lines 310-332), are all found in Holinshed (iii. 747), with three others, one of which probably suggested lines 294-296.

200. Line 250: *letters-patents.*—Knight and Collier print *letters patent*, but it is *letters patents* in the extract given above from Holinshed, and in *Richard II.* i. 1. 202 and ii. 3. 130. The term is not used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

201. Line 280: *To be thus JADED by a piece of scarlet.*—*Jade* is used twice in Shakespeare with a similar meaning of "spurn, treat like a jade." In *II. Henry VI.* iv. 1. 52 we have "a *jaded* groom;" and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 1. 33, 34:

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have *jaded* out o' the field.

The same word is used in the sense of "make ridiculous" in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 178. Compare *Cotgrave*, s. v. "*Rosse*, a *jade*." "Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en devien droit *rosse*: It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used."

202. Line 282: *And dare us with his cap like larks.*—The allusion is to the scarlet hat of a cardinal, and to a way of catching larks by engaging their attention by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth. Steevens quotes from Skelton's satire on Wolsey, *Why Come Ye Not to Court*:

The red hat with his lure
Bringeth all thinges under cure.

And Rolfe cites a parallel passage from Greene's *Never Too Late*, part i.: "They set out their faces as Fowlers do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest may stoope soonest."

203. Line 292: *WHO, if he live.*—F. 1 has *Whom*, the later Ff. *Who*.

204. Line 295: *the sacring bell.*—This is the name given to the little bell rung at the elevation of the Host. Compare *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 95: "In the meane time being neere to a church, he heard a little *sacring bell* ring to the elevation of a morrow masse." Compare also *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, iii. 1. 39-42:

Prioresse. You shall ring the *sacring Bell*,
Keeps your howers, and toll your knell,
Rise at midnight to your mattins,
Read your Psalter, sing your Lattins.

—Ed. Warneke and Proescholdt, pp. 27, 28.

Sacring is from the French *sacrer*, to consecrate. Rossetti in his translation of the "Ballade que Villon fait a la requeste de sa mère, pour prier Nostre-Dame," renders "La sacrement qu'on celebre à la messe" by "*sacring* of the mass."

205. Lines 305, 306:

*Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.*

This is the punctuation of Ff.; Pope read:

Now, if you can, blush and cry guilty, cardinal.

206. Line 321: *Gregory de CASSADO*.—So Ff., which Rowe corrected into "*Gregory de Casadis*." But Hall and Holinshed have *Cassado*. See the latter, iii. 747: "Item, he without the Kings assent, sent a commission en Gregorie de *Cassado*, Knight, to conclude a league betwene the King and the duke of Ferrara, without the Kings knowledge."

207. Line 339: *By your power* LEGATINE. — F. 1 has *Legatine* (turned *n*), which in F. 2, F. 3 became *Legantive*, and F. 4 *Legantine*. The correction was introduced by Rowe in his second edition. The word occurs in the passage of Holinshed quoted in note 199.

208. Line 343: *Chattels*.—So Theobald. Ff. have *Castles*, doubtless a misprint for *Catelles*, the form of the word in Hall. Theobald says: "I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *premunire* is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure." Compare Holinshed: "After this, in the kings bench his matter for the *premunire*, being called vpon, two attorneis, which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his owne hand, confessed the action, and so had iudgement to forfeit all his lands, tenements, goods and cattels, and to be out of the kings protection."

209. Line 351: *Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!*—Ff. have a note of interrogation after the first *Farewell*, and J. Hunter (New Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. 108) defends this punctuation, finding in it much significance; but with little probability. Nothing is more common in the Ff. than the substitution of a note of interrogation for a note of exclamation.

210. Lines 352, 353:

to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of HOPEs.

So Ff.; Stevens and most editors read *hope*, which is very likely right, though on the whole I am inclined to agree with Grant White, who says: "There is an appreciable, though a delicate distinction between the 'tender leaves of hope' and the 'tender leaves of hopes;' and the idea conveyed to me by the latter, of many desires blooming into promise of fruition, is the more beautiful, and is certainly less commonplace."

211. Line 369: *That sweet aspect of princes, and THEIR ruin.*—*Their* has been unnecessarily altered, by Pope to *our*, by Hammer to *his* (who reads *he* instead of *we* in the preceding line). The meaning is, the ruin inflicted by them. Compare ii. 2. 44: "And free us from *his* slavery,"

where "*his* slavery" means the slavery he imposes. Rolfe mentions the occurrence of three similar instances of the subjective genitive in a single scene (v. 1) of *The Tempest*: "*your* release," "*their* high wrongs," and "*my* wrongs."

212. Lines 397–399:

that his bones . . .

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'EM!

Ff. print *him*, which is retained only by the Old-Spelling editors. The correction (for it seems to be certainly required) was introduced by Capell. Stevens compares with the expression Drummond's Teares for the Death of Moeliades:

The Muses, Phcebus, Love, have raised of their tears

A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

213. Line 408: *There was the weight that pull'd me down.*—Compare Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey* (ed. Singer, vol. i. p. 55): "Thus passed the cardinal his life and time, from day to day and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph and glory, having always on his side the king's especial favour, until Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate, [and] thought she would devise a mean to abate his high port; wherefore she procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument. To work her purpose she brought the king in love with a gentlewoman that, after she perceived and felt the king's good will towards her, and how diligent he was to please her, and to grant all her request, wrought the cardinal much displeasure. This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn," etc. See remainder of passage in note 116 above.

214. Lines 421, 422:

make USE now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

Use is interest. Compare Venus and Adonis, 768:

But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Boyer (French Dictionary) has "*Use*, (Interest of Money) *intérêt*, *rente d'argent prêté*," and below "To put one's Money to use, or to lend it out upon use, *mettre son Argent à Intérêt*."

215. Line 452: *There take an inventory of all I have.*—Douce says: "This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 546, edit. 1631. Among the Harl MSS. there is one intitled, 'An Inventory of Cardinal Wolsey's rich Householde Stuffe. Temp. Henry VIII. The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers.' See Harl. Catal. No. 599" (Variorum Ed. xix. 433).

216. Lines 456–458:

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Holinshed, in his account of Wolsey's last hours, states that the cardinal said to "master Kingston" (that is, Sir William Kingston) immediately before his death: "if I had served God as diligentlie as I haue doone the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my greie haire: but it is the iust reward that I must receive for the diligent paines and studie that I haue had to doo him seruice,

not regarding my seruice to God, but onelle to satisfie his pleasure" (iii. 755).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

217.—The account of the coronation (including the order of the procession) is taken from Holinshed, who gives very elaborate details of the proceedings (iii. 779 *et seq.*).

218. Line 8: *their ROYAL minds*.—As in II. Henry IV. 4. 1. 193 ("our royal faiths") *royal* is used here in the sense of loyal—that which is due to, or concerns, a king.

219. Line 20: SEC. Gent.—So F. 4; the earlier Ff. give this speech to the *First Gentleman*, who has but just spoken.

220. Line 34: *Kimbolton*.—F. 1, F. 2 have *Kymmalton*; F. 3, F. 4 print *Kimbolton*.

221. Line 37: The order of the PROCESSION.—Ff. have "The order of the *Coronation*." This stage-direction is given much as in Ff., the only exception of importance being that instead of "They pass over the stage in order and state" (the reading of the Cambridge edd.) Ff. have "Exeunt, *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then A great Flourish of Trumpets*."

222. Lines 53, 54:

First Gent. . . . *all the rest are countesses.*

Sec. Gent. *Their coronets say so.*

Compare Holinshed: "Now in the meane season euerie duches had put on their bonets a coronall of gold wrought with flowers, and euerie marquesse put on a demie coronall of gold, euerie countesse a plaine circlet of gold without flowers, and euerie king of armes put on a crowne of copper and guilt" (iii. 784).

223. Lines 82-92.—Holinshed says: "When she was thus brought to the high place made in the midst of the church, betwéene the queere and the high altar, she was set in a rich chaire. And after that she had rested a while, she descended downe to the high altar and there prostrate hir selfe while the archbishop of Canturburie said certeine collects: then she rose, and the bishop annointed hir on the head and on the brest, and then she was led vp againe, where after diuerse orisons said, the archbishop set the crowne of gold of saint Edward on hir head, and then deliuered hir the scepter of gold in hir right hand, and the rod of iuorie with the doue in the left hand, and then the queere soong To Deum, &c." (iii. 784).

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

224. Line 7: *I THINK*.—So F. 2; F. 1 misprints *thanke*.

225. Lines 17-30.—Holinshed says: "The next daie he rode to Notingham, and there lodged that night more sicke: and the next daie he rode to Leicester abbeie, and by the waie waxed so sicke that he was almost fallen from his mule; so that it was night before he came to the abbeie of Leicester, where at his comming in at the gate, the abbat with all his conuent met him with diuerse torches light, whom they honorablie receiued and welcomed.

"To whom the cardinall said: father abbat, I am come

hither to lay my bones among you, riding so vntill he came to the staires of the chamber, where he alighted from his mule, and master Kingston led him vp the staires, and as soone as he was in his chamber he went to bed. . . .

" . . . Then they did put him in remembrance of Christ his passion, & caused the yeomen of the gard to stand by to see him die, and to witnesse of his words at his departure: & incontinent the clocke stroke eight, and then he gave vp the ghost, and departed this present life: which caused some to call to remembrance how he said the daie before, that at eight of the clocke they should loose their master" (iii. 755).

226. Line 19: *covent*.—This is the older form of *convent*, and it is nearer the French *convent*. The word is used again with this spelling in Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 133. In the form of *convent* it does not occur in Shakespeare. See note 180 to Measure for Measure.

227. Lines 33-44.—Holinshed thus sums up the character of Wolsey: "This cardinall (as you may perceiue in this storie) was of a great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, & by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced litle on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion: in open presence he would lie and saie vntruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much & performe litle: he was vicious of his bodie, and gaue the clergie euill example" (iii. 755).

228. Lines 35, 36:

one that by suggestion

TIED all the kingdom.

Ff. print "*Tyde* all the Kingdome;" Hammer, perhaps rightly, substituted *tithed*. The passage in Holinshed which is paraphrased here is: "& by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure" (whence the peculiar word *suggestion*, probably, as Schmidt remarks, =underhand practices). Tollet (Var. Ed. xix. 445) takes the word *tied* to mean "limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all the kingdom. . . . This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, p. 644: 'Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject.'"

229. Lines 45, 46:

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water.

Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 80, 81:

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;

and Massinger's Maid of Honour, v. 2:

but all that I had done,
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remembered!

Steevens quotes from More's History of Richard III. a very similar expression to that in the text: "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste" (Works, p. 59, ed. 1557).

230. Lines 48-68.—This too follows very closely a second summary of Wolsey's character found in Holinshed: "This

cardinall (as Edmund Campian in his historie of Ireland describeth him) was a man vndoubtedly borne to honor: I thinke (saith he) some princes bastard, no butchers sonne, exceeding wise, faire spoken, high minded, full of reuenge, victorious of his bodie, loftie to his enimies, were they neuer so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship woonderful courteous, a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie, insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford,¹ the one ouerthrowne with his fall, the other vnfinished, and yet as it lieth for an house of students, considering all the appurtenances incomparable thorough Christendome, whereof Henrie the eight is now called founder, because he let it stand. . . . In commendam, a great prefferer of his seruants, an aduancer of learning, stout in euerie quarrel, neuer happie till this his ouerthrow. Wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honor, than all the pompe of his life passed" (iii. 756).

231. Line 78: *Cause the musicians play me that sad*
NOTE.—*Note* is used many times by Shakespeare for tune, melody. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 79–81:

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.

Give me a *note*.

232. Lines 87–91:

*Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams vpon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands.*

Compare Dekker and Massinger, The Virgin Martyr, v. 1:

Theophilus. How can'st thou? to whom thy business?

Angelo. To you;

I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
That, when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garde: fruit and flowers; which here,
To haue her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

Theo. Cannot I see this garden?

Ang. Yes, if the Master

Will give you entrance.

[*He vanishes.*]

Theo. 'T is a tempting fruit,

And the most bright checked child I ever viewed.

233. Lines 97, 98:

*How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold?*

This is the reading of Ff; which Dyce, in his 2nd ed., on the conjecture of S. Walker, alters into *colour*, an emendation which gives decidedly worse sense than the original. *Earthy cold* is a very good and reasonable phrase, and the conjunction of *pale* and *cold* extremely natural; whereas people are not usually, even when they are dying, of an "earthy *colour*," and a reference to colour would be almost tautological after "how *pale* she looks."

234. Line 102: *Knowing she will not LOSE her wonted greatness.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *loose*, which was very generally used as a spelling of *lose*, which F. 4 prints.

235. Lines 108–173.—Holinshed gives but a brief account of the death of Katharine: "The princesse Dowager lieng at Kimbalton, fell into hir last sicknesse, whereof the king being advertised, appointed the emperors ambassador that was legier here with him named Eustachius Caputius, to go to visit hir, and to doo his commendations to hir, and will hir to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his dutie therein, comforting hir the best he might: but she within six daies after, perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father vnto hir: and further desired him to haue some consideration for hir gentlewomen that had serued hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir seruants might haue their due wages, and a yeres wages beside. This in effect was all that she requested, and so immediately herevpon she departed this life the eight of Januarie at Kimbalton aforesaid and was buried at Peterborow" (iii. 795, 796). "This letter," says Malone, after quoting part of the above extract (Var. Ed. xix. 453), "probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history." The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

236.—The incident contained in the first two scenes of this act is taken from Foxe's Acts and Monuments, under date 1556. After relating the plot against Crammer on the part of "his ancient enemy the bishop of Winchester," Foxe says: "The king perceiving their importunate suit against the archbishop (but yet meaning not to have him wronged, and utterly given over into their hands), granted unto them that they should the next day commit him to the Tower for his trial. When night came, the king sent sir Anthony Denny about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked, and tarried for him, his highness said, 'Ah, my lord of Canterbury! I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me, and the council, that you to-morrow, at nine of the clock, shall be committed to the Tower, for that you

and your chaplains (as information is given me) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm, such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contentions and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany: and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witness in these matters, you being a councillor.'

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down and said, 'I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness's commandment. And I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my trial; for there be that have many ways slandered me: and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report.'

"The king, perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, 'O Lord, what manner a man you be! What simplicity is in you! I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such endurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is, to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way, than your Master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you, for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow, when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councillor, that you may answer their accusations before them, without any further endurance, and use for yourself as good persuasion that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the King delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, 'If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this his token unto you all,' for' (said the king then unto the archbishop) 'so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well, that they shall understand that I have resumed the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.'

"The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him-wards, had much ado to forbear tears. 'Well!' said the king, 'go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

"On the morrow about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman-usher for the archbishop, who when he came to the council-door could not be let in; but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys and serving-men all alone. Dr. Butts the king's physician resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if

it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving-man: for yonder he standeth this half-hour without the council-door amongst them.' 'It is not so,' quoth the king, 'I trow; the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone,' said the king, 'and we shall hear more soon.'

"Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged, as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, the earl of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, 'When first you began this matter, my lords, I told you what would come of it. Do you think the king will suffer this man's finger to ache? Much more, I warrant you, will he defend his life against brabbling varlets!' And so incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness with a severe countenance said unto them, 'Ah, my lords! I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a councillor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a councillor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholden unto his subject [and so, solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said], by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholden;' giving him great commendations otherwise. And with that one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his endurance, it was rather meant for his trial, and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords,' quoth the king, 'take him and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.' And with that every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogether, which might easily be done with that man" (ed. Rev. Joseph Pratt, n.d., vol. viii. pp. 24-26).

237. Line 7: *primero*.—Nares, *sub voce*, has a very lengthy account of this game of cards. He quotes the following description of the game from Barrington, *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 132, corrected by Duchot's *Notes on Rabelais*: "Each player had four cards dealt out to him, one by one; the seven was the highest card in point of number that he could avail himself of, which counted

for twenty-one; the six counted for eighteen, the five for fifteen, and ace for the same; but the two, the three, and the four, for their respective points only. The knave of diamonds was commonly fixed upon for the *quinola*, which the player might make what card or suit he thought proper; if the cards were of different suits, the highest number was the *primero* [or *prime*]; but if they were all of one colour, he that held them won the *flush*. The game was very fashionable till the introduction of *ombre*, after which, according to the Compleat Gamester, it went rapidly out of fashion. Compare *Merry Wives*, iv. 5. 104: "I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *primero*."

238. Line 36: *Stands in the gap* and *TRADE* of *moe pre-ferments*.—Compare *Richard II.* iii. 4. 155–157:

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common *trade*, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

where *common trade* means general traffic. Here the expression means the general course. Singer compares *Udal's* Apothegms: "Although it repent them of the *trade* or way that they have chosen."

239. Lines 42, 43:

Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have
INCENS'D the lords o' the council that, &c.

The punctuation I have adopted is that of Dyce. That of the FF., however generally followed, seems to me quite indefensible. Is it reasonable for a man to say (as with this pointing Lovell is made to say):

Sir, I may tell it you, *I think I have*
Incensed, &c.?

Incensed means, according to Nares, instructed, informed. The word is more properly, as he says, *insense*, to put sense into: "A provincial expression still quite current in Staffordshire, and probably Warwickshire, whence we may suppose Shakespeare had it." The same meaning seems to attach to the word in two other passages. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 242: "*incensed* me to slander the Lady Hero;" and in *Richard III.* iii. 1. 151–153:

Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Halliwell quotes *Palsgrave*, 1530: "I insencèd with folye, *je infatue*."

240. Line 52: *convented*; i.e. *convened*. Compare *Coriolanus*, ii. 2. 58, 59:

We are *convented*

Upon a pleasing treaty;

and *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 158: "Whensoever he's *convented*," *Cotgrave* has: "Convenir en justice. To bring in suit, *convent* before a Judge, enter an action against."

241. Lines 68, 69:

her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

As *Malone* notes, this is almost a repetition of ii. 3. 15, 16:

'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

242. Line 86: *AVOID the gallery*; i.e. leave the gallery. Compare *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 24–26:

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you *avoid* the house,

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt
Your hearth.

Compare, too, *I. Samuel* xviii. 11: "And David *avoided* out of his presence twice;" where the word is used intransitively. *Coles*, Latin Dictionary, has "*Avoid* [*begone*], *abi facesse*."

243. Line 117: *by my HOLIDAME*.—In the Folio the word is spelt *Holydame*. Opinions differ whether *holidame* was a corruption of *halidom* (akin to the Anglo-Saxon word for holiness); or whether *halidom*, like *holidame*, was a corruption of *Holy Dame*, that is, Our Lady. *Halidom* occurs only once in Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 2. 135 (where it is spelt *hallidome* in the Folio); *holidame* in *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2. 99 (where it is spelt *holidam*), and *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 3. 43 (where it is spelt *holy-dam*).

244. Line 122: *indurance*.—*Steevens* explains this word, which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, as meaning imprisonment (being in *durance*). It is taken from the passage in *Fox*, which is here paraphrased: "I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers stand together for your triall, without any such *indurance*." *Schmidt* takes the word quite literally, *endurance*, suffering; *Johnson* gives it in his dictionary as *delay*. Perhaps this is the most probable explanation.

245. Lines 140, 141:

You take a PRECIPICE for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

F. 1 prints *Precept* and *woe*, which are corrected in F. 2.

246. Lines 161–163:

Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 103, 104:

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!

247. Lines 176, 177:

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't.

In *Samuel Rowley's* chronicle-play on the reign of *Henry VIII.*, *When You See Me, You Know Me*, there is a passage reminding me of this (B, *verso*, ed. 1632):

King. Ladies attend her, Countess of *Salisbury*, sister *Mary*,
Who first brings word that *Harry* hath a Sonne,
Shall be rewarded well.

If it, i. lie be his surety: but doe you heare *Wenches*, she that brings the first tydings howsoever it fall out, let her be sure to say the Child's like the father, or else she shall have nothing.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

248. Line 19: Stage-direction: Enter the King and Butts at a window above.—*Steevens* observes, in reference to this stage-direction: "The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among *Andrew Borde's* instructions for building a house, (see his *Dietarie of Health*), is the following: 'Many of the chambers to have

a view into the chapel.' Again, in a Letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573: 'And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a *window opening thereunto*.'" In Massinger's Roman Actor, ii. 1, the same contrivance is made use of for dramatic purposes. See the stage-direction: "Domitia appears at the window."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

249.—I have followed the Cambridge editors in beginning a new scene here—an innovation which almost every editor has acknowledged to be justified. The Cambridge edd. say (note x.): "Mr. Grant White suggests that a new scene should begin here, although the stage-direction in the Folio is only 'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State,' &c. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the scene changed from the lobby before the Council Chamber to that apartment itself.' We have adopted his suggestion, thinking that the obvious propriety of changing the scene outweighs any inconvenience which might result for purposes of reference. Hammer, Warburton, and Johnson all follow Pope in calling this Scene V. Theobald also supposes a new scene to begin here, although in his edition the scenes are not numbered. Capell, by his stage-direction, indicated that the scene presented the Council-chamber and the lobby both at once to the eyes of the spectator."

250. Lines 11, 12:

*In our own natures frail, and CAPABLE
Of our flesh.*

Capable, several times in Shakespeare, means impressive, susceptible. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 126, 127:

His form and cause conjoind, preaching to stones,
Would make them *capable*.

Some understand the word to mean here, capable of fleshly weaknesses, or susceptible to the temptations of the flesh.

251. Line 24: *Till they obey the MANAGE*.—This word is very frequently used by Shakespeare in reference to horses. Compare Richard II. iii. 3. 179:

Wanting the *manage* of unruly jades;

and Pericles, iv. 6. 68–70 (the non-Shakespearean part): "My lord, she's not pac'd yet: you must take some pains to work her to your *manage*." The word is from the French *manège*. Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "To manage a horse, *Manier un cheval, le dresser*;" and below: "A horse well managed, *Cheval qui fait bien le manège, qui est bien dressé, qui manie bien*." In the French part of the Dictionary he has: "Manège (exercice qu'on fait faire à un Cheval pour le dresser) *manage* or *managing* of a Horse."

252. Lines 29–31:

*as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitted in our memories.*

This is probably an allusion, as Grey remarks (Variorum Ed. xix. 473), "to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522."

253. Line 30: *stirs against*; i.e. bestirs himself against. The term occurs again in Richard II. i. 2. 1–3:

Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
To *stir against* the butchers of his life!

254. Line 41: *Defacers of A public peace*.—Rowe prints *the*, which Dyce adopts, and which may not improbably be right.

255. Lines 76, 77:

*'t is a cruelty
To load a falling man.*

Compare iii. 2. 332, 333:

O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far!

256. Lines 85, 86, 87–91.—These two speeches are in Ff. given to the Chamberlain, but as *Chan.* is so very easy a misprint for *Chan.* it is more natural to suppose that this is the case here. The emendation was made by Capell. As Malone observes, "the Chancellor's apologizing to the King for the committal in a subsequent passage [147–153], likewise supports the emendation."

257. Lines 123–125:

*But know, I come not
To hear such FLATTERY now, and in my presence
They are too thin and BARE to hide offences.*

Rowe, in his second ed., prints *flatteries*, which is very likely right, though they may refer to commendations above. *Bare* is the conjecture of Malone, adopted by Dyce. Ff. have *base*. Capell, whom many editors follow, introduced a semicolon after *presence*; but the turn of the phrase does not seem to me improved by the change. In Ff. line 125 ends with a comma, and the next line reads:

To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, &c.

I have adopted the pointing of Monck Mason, which is followed by Dyce and the Cambridge edd.

258. Line 133: *THIS place*.—Ff. print *his*, which Malone defends on the ground that *his* refers to the office of privy counsellor; the correction in the text was made by Rowe.

259. Line 146: *had ye MEAN*.—*Mean* is used a good many times by Shakespeare in the sense of *means*, as, for example, in Richard III. i. 3. 90, 91:

You may deny that you were not the *mean*
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment,

the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have *cause*.

260. Lines 162, 163:

*THAT is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.*

Rowe reads "*There is*," which certainly makes a smoother sentence; but the change is quite unnecessary. The king has just said, "I have a suit which you must not deny me;" and now he continues, "That is," or, in other words, "my suit is," &c. It is open to us to take the sentence in another way, and (changing the semicolon after *baptism* into a comma) understand (as Malone puts it), "My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened." In this sense *her* would be redundant; just the contrary construction is found in ii. 1. 47, 48:

whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment—
where we should expect the addition of *for*.

261. Line 167: *Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.*—*Spoons* were in Shakespeare's time, as (says Schmidt) they are to this day in Germany, the usual gifts of the sponsors at a christening. Those who could afford it gave twelve gilt spoons, called "apostle spoons," because the figures of the apostles were carved on the handles. See the numerous references from contemporary literature given in the Variorum Ed. xix. 480-482. In Middleton's *Chaste Maid* in Cheapside, iii. 2, there is a very interesting and instructive christening scene, in which "Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, carrying a silver standing-cup and two spoons."

Sir Wal. A poor remembrance, lady,
To the love of the babe; I pray, accept of it.
[Giving cup and spoons.]

Mis. All. O, you are at too much charge, sir!
2nd. Gos. Look, look, what has he given her?
What is't, gossip?
3rd. Gos. Now, by my faith, a fair high standing-cup.
And two great 'postle spoons, one of them gilt.
1st. Pur. Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.

262. Line 175: *Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *hearts*.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

263. Line 2: *do you take the court for* PARISH-GARDEN?—The *Paris-garden* was a bear-garden on the Bankside at Southwark, so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of Richard II. It was near the Globe Theatre, and in a line with Bridewell. Compare Dekker, *Gull's Hornbook*, ch. i.: "How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no more like the old *theatre du monde*, than old *Paris Garden* is like the King's Garden at Paris." I have retained *Parish-garden* (the reading of F. 1, F. 2, F. 3) as a characteristic vulgarity of the Porter's; F. 4 has *Paris-garden*, which is of course the correct word. Porters are not always correct speakers, as I can testify in reference to a certain gatekeeper who prefers to speak of the Comte de Paris as "the Paris count."

264. Line 3: *leave your GAPING.*—The word *gape* has lost part of the sense it once had, which was, not merely to open the mouth wide, but to shout with open mouth, to bawl. Boyer, *French Dictionary*, has (s. v. *Gape*) "He ever gapes, (or hawls) when he speaks, *Il crie, ou criaille toujours quand il parle.*" In *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 47, 54, "a gaping pig," it is not certain whether the word is used in this sense or whether it refers to roast pig as served at table.

265. Lines 12-15:
*'t is as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep*

On MAY-DAY MORNING; which will never be.

"The custom," says Narcs, "of going out into the fields early on May-day, to celebrate the return of spring, was observed by all ranks of people. 'Edwarde Hall hath

noted,' says Stowe, 'that K. Henry the Eighth, in the 7th of his reign, on May-day in the morning, with queene Katheren his wife, rode a *Maying* from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's hill' (*Survey of London*, p. 72, where some curious sports then devised for him are described). Stowe says also, 'In the moneth of May the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes together, had their several *Mayings*, and did fetch in May-poles,' &c. (p. 73)." See *Twelfth Night*, note 217.

266. Line 16: *Paul's.*—So F. 4: the earlier Ff. have *Powles*, which may perhaps be a vulgarity like *Parish-garden* above, but is more probably a mere variation in spelling.

267. Lines 22, 23:

*I am not Samson, nor SIR GUY, nor COLBRAND,
To mow 'em down before me.*

One of the famous exploits of Guy of Warwick was his encounter with the Danish giant Colbrand at Winchester. Sir Guy is said to have been the son of Siward, baron of Wallingford, and to have become Earl of Warwick through marriage with Felicia, daughter of Rohand, a warrior of the time of Alfred. He was nine feet high, and his sword, shield, breastplate, helmet, and staff are still to be seen in the Porter's Lodge at Warwick Castle, together with some of the gigantic bones of the dun cow which he killed at Dunsmore Heath, and other relics, no doubt equally authentic. His "porridge-pot" (capable of containing 102 gallons) is in the Great Hall. After his battle with Colbrand Sir Guy retired to a hermitage at Guy's Cliff, where he died in 929. The metrical romance of Guy of Warwick (Auchinleck and Cairns MSS.) was edited by Professor Kölbing for the Early English Text Society in 1883 and 1887.

268. Lines 26, 27:

*Let me ne'er hope to see a chiné again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!*

Stanton says: "The expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my mare, God save her!' or 'my sow, God save her!' appears to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's *Looking Glasse* for London, 1598, 'my blind mare, God bless her!'" Dyce quotes from a writer in the *Literary Gazette* of January 25, 1892, who states that a similar phrase is in common use to-day in the south of England. "'Oh! I would not do that for a cow, save her tail,' may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire." This quite disposes of the delicate suggestion of Collier's MS. Corrector, who for *chine* substituted *queen*, and for *cow*, *erown*. In a communication to Notes and Queries, 7th Ser. vol. iv. Oct. 15, 1887, W. C. M. B. writes: "[The passage in the text is] an allusion to a vulgar saying, common then, viz.: 'A cow and a queen have one time.' Something of the sort I fancy I have heard myself, and Barnaby Googe, 1578, alludes to it as common; while it is of that rustic humour likely to be widely known and used without appearing in print, except as it may here, by allusion."

269. Lines 34, 35: *or have we SOME STRANGE INDIAN with THE GREAT TOOL come to court?*—Mr. Robert Boyle, in his paper on Henry VIII., already quoted from, has an in-

teresting conjecture in connection with this line. After stating that in the Ff. the word "tool" is printed *Toole* (in italics, and beginning with a capital) after the manner of proper names, Mr. Boyle remarks: "There must evidently be some allusion intended. Now in Middleton's Fair Quarrel, which appeared in 1617, we have, Act IV. scene iv.:

I yield; the great O Toole shall yield on these conditions.

Dyce explains in a note that, in 1622, Arthurus Severus O Toole was the subject of a poem by Taylor the Water Poet, to which a portrait of the celebrated Irishman is prefixed. His youth had been devoted to Mars, and his old age to the town of Westminster, which was at the date of the poem honoured with his residence.

"In Middleton's Fair Quarrel an Indian is mentioned in the same scene a little earlier 'How I and my Amazon stripped you as naked as an Indian.' That Middleton was poking his coarse fun at the comical Irishman is plain. What has escaped all commentators till now is, that Fletcher is doing exactly the same in Henry VIII. In 1611 five Indians came to England. In 1614 three of them returned, one went to the Continent, one died and was exhibited as a show. The allusion in the text is probably to the latter. But we must not forget that in the year 1617 there was much talk of the Indians. In that year the famous Pocahontas came over to England, and was presented to the queen ('come to court') by the equally famous Captain Smith."

In the argument to his poem in honour of the Irishman Taylor says: "*The Great O Toole, is the toole that my Muse takes in hand*" (Works, Spenser Society ed. p. 176). A good deal of chaff—about four pages of the Spenser Society's folio reprint—is devoted to him, but few biographical details are given. The context, certainly, in the Porter's speech in Henry VIII. suggests another explanation, but the printing of *Toole* as though it were a surname scarcely seems likely to have been accidental. Probably enough there is a play on the two senses in which the word might be taken.

270. Line 46: *fire-drake*.—Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A fire drake [meteor] *draco volans*." The word means a fiery dragon, and was used both for a meteor and for the will-o'-the-wisp, as well as metaphorically for a man with a fiery face. Halliwell quotes Fulke's Meteors, 1670: "flying dragons, or as Englishmen call them, *fire-drakes*" (p. 67).

271. Line 49: *a haberdasher's wife of small wit*.—Malone points out that this same expression occurs in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady: "And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume."

272. Line 50: *till her PINK'D PORRINGER fell off her head*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 63-70:

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a *porringer*.

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pinked means pierced in small holes. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "To pink, *perfero*; pinked, *perforatus*." Halliwell, in his Folio edition, gives a cut illustrative of

porringer caps. He quotes from Fairholt: "This seems to be an allusion to the Milan bonnet extremely fashionable at this period. . . . They were generally made of velvet, and certainly bore an unlucky resemblance to an inverted porringer."

273. Lines 58-61: *suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work*.—Taylor, writing before 1617, thus describes the prowess of London "youths" who "put Play-houses to the sacke," &c.: "What avails it for a Constable with an army of reuerend rusty Bill-men to command peace to these beasts, for they with their pockets in stead of Pistols, well char'd [sic] with stone-shot, discharge against the Image of Authority, whole volleys as thicke as hayle, which robustious repulse puts the better sort to the worse part, making the band of unscur'd Halberdiers retire faster than ever they came on, and shew exceeding discretion in prouing tall men of their heeles" ("Jack-a-Lent," in Taylor's Works, Spenser Soc. ed. p. 125).

274. Lines 63-67: *These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but THE TRIBULATION OF TOWER-HILL, or THE LIMBS OF LIMHOUSE, their dear brothers, are able to endure*.—The allusions in this passage have never been explained; it contains, probably some contemporary allusion, the sense of which has escaped us. Four very lively pages are given up to the subject in the Variorum Edition (xix. 488-491), but it remains uncertain whether the skit (such as it is) is at the expense of the Puritans (which seems not unlikely) or falls merely upon the play-going youth of the period. On the latter supposition Steevens remarks: "*The Tribulation* does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prudens, the Puritans. *Mercutio* or *Truewit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the saint-like organs of Ebenezer or Ananias.

"Shakespeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of noise; and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was not a puritanical meeting-house because it was noisy? I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre has been exceeded by the bellowsings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory, compared with the vehemence of fanatick harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that idol Babel, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon.

"Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limhouse* could be called 'young citizens,' according to Malone's supposition. . . . The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance."

275. Line 68: *I have some of 'em in LIMBO Patrum*.—*Limbus Patrum* is, literally, the purgatory of the fathers, or the place where, in the middle ages, the saints who lived before the coming of Christ were supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. In *Limbo* was used jocularly (as it still sometimes is) for being imprisoned, or perhaps

it means here in the stocks. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 149:

As far from help as *Limbo* is from bliss;

Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 32:

No, he's in Tartar *limbo*, worse than hell;

and All's Well, v. 3. 260-262: "for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of *Limbo*, and of Furies, and I know not what."

276. Lines 69, 70: *the RUNNING BANQUET of two beadles that is to come*.—Compare i. 4. 12 above, where the term, as here, is used in *double entendre*. See note 110.

277. Lines 85, 86:

*And here ye lie baiting of BOMBARDS, when
Ye should do service.*

A *bombard* was a large leather vessel for holding liquor, perhaps so named from its similarity to the *bombards* used in war: "large machines for casting heavy stones in the attack and defence of fortified places, called also lithoboli and petrariæ; they subsequently became improved into large cannons." Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 497, 498: "that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge *bombard* of sack;" Tempest, ii. 2. 20-22: "yond same black cloud looks like a foul *bombard* that would shed his liquor;" and Ben Jonson, Masque of Angurs: "The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bombard* of sack."

278. Line 94: *I'll PECK you o'er the pales else!*—Johnson read *pick*, for which *peck* is probably a vulgarism, and which means pitch. It is used again in Coriolanus, i. 1. 203, 204:

as high

As I could *pick* my lance.

Boyer, French Dictionary, has "To pick (or throw) a dart, *Jetter, lancer un dard, darder un javelot*;" and Coles gives "To pick a dart, *jaculor*." "To *pick* or cast" is in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

279. Stage-direction: standing-bowls.—These are mentioned by Holinshed among the christening gifts: "Then the archbishop of Canterburie gave to the princesse a standing cup of gold: the dutches of Norfolke gaue to hir a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearle: the marchionesse of Dorset gaue threë gilt bolles, pounced with a couer: and the marchionesse of Exceter gaue threë standing bolles grauen, all gilt with a couer" (iii. 787). There is a cut of some *standing bowls* (bowls elevated on feet or pedestals) in Rolfe, p. 205. See the reference to "standing-cups" in the passage quoted from Middleton in note 261.

280. Lines 1-4: *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!*—This proclamation is taken, nearly verbatim, from Holinshed: "When the ceremonies and christening were ended, Garter cheefe king of armes cried alowd, God of his infinite goodnesse send prosperous life and long to the high and mightie princesse of England Elizabeth: and then the trumpets blew" (iii. 787).

281. Line 24: *Saba*.—In the Septuagint and Vulgate the Queen of Sheba (as our English version calls her) is spoken of as *Saba*, and so she is very generally known in our older literature, nor is the pretty name quite lost yet. Dyce quotes Marlowe's *Faustus*:

But she was chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

—Works, 1853, p. 87.

and Peele, Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes:

Diana for her daintie life, Susannah being sad,
Sage *Saba* for her soberness, &c.

—Works, 1861, p. 529;

and an unpublished copy of Latin verses addressed by William Gager to Queen Elizabeth:

Deservit Cassandra tibi: te *Saba* salutat.

282. Lines 37-39:

those about her

*From her shall read the perfect WAYS of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.*

F. 1 prints *way*, which F. 4 corrects. The accuracy of the correction is proved by the word *those* in the next line; and Steevens compares the similar expression occurring earlier in the play (iii. 2. 436): "Wolsey, that once trod the *ways* of glory."

283. Lines 60-63:

But she must die;

*She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.*

This is, virtually, the punctuation of Ff.; Theobald read:

She must; the saints must have her yet a virgin;—

which does not seem a pretty way of pointing a compliment.

284. Lines 70, 71:

To you, my good lord mayor,

And YOUR good brethren, I am much beholding.

Ff. have "And *you* good Brethren," which is obviously out of place in the mouth of the king. The correction was made by Theobald on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY VIII.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VIII.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. I.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Admirer..... i. 1 3	Decent..... iv. 2 145	King-cardinal.. ii. 2 20	Rod ¹⁷ iv. 1 39, 89
Allegiant..... iii. 2 176	*Devil-monk.. ii. 1 21	Larder..... v. 4 5	Sacring bell... iii. 2 295
Appointment ¹ . ii. 2 134	Discerner..... i. 1 32	Legatine..... iii. 2 339	Sectary ¹⁸ v. 3 70
Archbishopric. ii. 1 164	Disciples (sub.) v. 3 112	Londoners.... i. 2 154	Seemly ¹⁹ iii. 1 178
Arrogancy ² ii. 4 110	Discourser.... i. 1 41	Lop (sub.).... i. 2 96	Self-drawing.. i. 1 63
Assent..... { iii. 2 310	Dog-days..... v. 4 43	Lutheran..... iii. 2 99	Self-mettle.... i. 1 134
iv. 1 31	Domestics (sub.) ii. 4 114	Marchioness.. { ii. 3 63, 94	Shire..... i. 2 103
Avaunt (sub.).. ii. 3 10	*Down-bed.... i. 4 18	iii. 2 90	Sickened ²⁰ (vb. tr.) i. 1 82
Baiting ³ (verb) v. 4 85	Emballing.... ii. 3 47	Master-cord... iii. 2 106	Simony..... iv. 2 36
Benefit (vb. intr.) i. 2 80	Equal (adv.).. i. 1 159	Mention (sub.) iii. 2 434	Snuff ²¹ (verb).. iii. 2 96
Blistered..... i. 3 31	Faints (vb. tr.) ii. 3 103	Meridian..... iii. 2 224	Spanned..... i. 1 223
Board ⁴ (sub.).. i. 1 79	*Fair-spoken.. iv. 2 52	Misdemeaned.. v. 3 14	Spare (sub.)... v. 4 21
Bores ⁵ (verb).. i. 1 128	Fiddle (sub.).. i. 3 41	Mortar-piece.. v. 4 48	Spider-like.... i. 1 62
Bosom (verb).. i. 1 112	Filed (verb).. i. 3 42	Murmurers.... ii. 2 131	Spleeny..... iii. 2 99
Brazier..... v. 4 42	File ¹⁰ (verb).. iii. 2 171	*New-trimmed i. 2 80	Springhalt.... i. 3 13
Broomstaff.... v. 4 57	Fire-drake.... v. 4 45	O'er-great.... i. 1 222	Stagger ²² ii. 4 212
*Brother-love. v. 3 178	Fore-recited.. i. 2 127	O'er-mout.... i. 3 94	State-statues.. i. 2 88
Camlet..... v. 4 93	Foreskirt.... ii. 3 98	Out-speaks.... iii. 2 127	Support (sub.) ii. 3 64
Cadders..... i. 2 33	*Fresh-fish.... ii. 3 86	Outworks..... i. 1 123	Top-proud.... i. 1 151
Cardinal (adj.) iii. 1 103	Friendless.... iii. 1 80	Papers (verb).. i. 1 80	Tribulation.... v. 4 65
Censurers.... i. 2 78	Front ¹¹ (verb) i. 2 42	Pausingly.... i. 2 168	Truncheoners.. v. 4 54
Choice ⁶ (adj.).. i. 2 162	Full-charged.. i. 2 3	Peck ¹⁴ (verb).. v. 4 94	Unbounded.... iv. 2 34
Choir ⁷ iv. 1 90	Fullers..... i. 2 33	Perked..... ii. 3 21	Uncontemned.. iii. 2 10
Choir ⁸ iv. 1 64	*Full-hot..... i. 1 133	Perniciously.. ii. 1 50	Undoubtedly.. iv. 2 49
Christening (sub.) v. 4 10, 38,	Glory ¹² (verb).. { ii. 1 66	Phrase (verb).. i. 1 34	Unhanded ²³ ... iii. 2 53
78, 87	v. 3 164	Pinked..... v. 4 50	Unite (vb. intr.) iii. 2 1
*Cinque-ports. iv. 1 49	Grievingly.... i. 1 87	Popedom..... iii. 2 212	Unpartial.... ii. 2 107
Cited ⁹ iv. 1 29	Grubbed..... v. 1 23	Præmunire.... iii. 2 340	Unqueened.... iv. 2 171
Clinquant.... i. 1 19	Haberdasher.. v. 4 49	Precipice..... v. 1 140	Unrecounted.. iii. 2 48
Coarse..... iii. 2 239	*Hard-ruled... iii. 2 101	Prejudice (sub.) { i. 1 182	Unthink..... ii. 4 104
Conclave..... ii. 2 100	Harm-doing... ii. 3 5	ii. 4 154	Used ²⁴ (vb. refl.) iii. 1 176
Considering (sub.) { ii. 4 185	*Have-at-him.. ii. 2 85	Privy..... i. 1 74	Venom-mouthed i. 1 120
iii. 2 185	High-blown... iii. 2 361	Questioned ¹⁵ .. ii. 4 50	Viscount..... i. 4 93
Count-cardinal i. 1 172	Hoods ¹³ iii. 1 23	Rail (sub.).... v. 4 93	*Water-side... ii. 1 95
Creed..... ii. 2 51	Humble-mouthed ii. 4 107	Reciprocally.. i. 1 162	Weak-hearted.. iii. 2 390
Crowd (sub.).. iv. 1 57	Illustrated.... iii. 2 181	Remarkd..... v. 1 33	Wild (adv.).... i. 4 26
	Innumerable.. iii. 2 326	Retainers..... ii. 4 113	
	Inscribed..... iii. 2 315	Revokement... i. 2 106	
	Irresolute.... i. 2 209	Rinsing..... i. 1 167	
	Jewel-house... { *iv. 1 111	Roads ¹⁶ iv. 2 17	
	v. 1 34		

1 = direction; frequently used in its other senses.

2 *Arrogance* is used elsewhere.

3 = broaching?

4 = an assembly; used elsewhere in its other senses.

5 = overreaches.

6 = appointed.

7 = a band of singers; Venus and Adonis, 840.

8 = part of a church; Sen. lxxiii. 4.

9 = summoned; used in other senses elsewhere.

10 = kept pace with.

11 = to march in the front; frequently used in other senses.

12 Son. xci. 1. 13 = cows.

14 = pitch.

15 = doubted; often used in other senses.

16 = journeys.

17 = a kind of sceptre.

18 = a dissenter.

19 Son. xxii. 6.

20 = impaired.

21 *i.e.* a wick.

22 = bewilder; = make to reel,

Rich. II. v. 5. 110.

23 = not treated; = not broken in, Merch. of Ven. v. 1. 72.

24 = behaved.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.

FERDINAND, his son.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } lords.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, } presented by spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—On board a ship at sea; afterwards various parts of an island.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

One day.

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The *Tempest* was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, and occupies the first place in that collection. The text is far from accurate.

The only authentic record of any previous performance is the notice discovered by Malone, in Vertue's MSS., of the play having been acted at court in February, 1613, on occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine. We shall shortly find good reason to conclude that this was also the date of composition. That this date was at all events not earlier than 1603 is evident from the fact that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth (act ii. sc. 1) are derived from Florio's translation of Montaigne, published in that year. This entirely overthrows Mr. Hunter's theory, advanced in a special essay, that the date of composition was 1596. Elze's notion that it was 1604 avoids this particular objection, but has no ground-work except this critic's fixed idea that the last ten or twelve years of Shakespeare's life were spent in idleness. If this is not admitted, the internal evidence of the versification, clearly establishing that the play belongs to the last group of Shakespeare's creations, proves also that it must have been written after 1608 at all events. The metrical test is quite decisive on this point, the proportion of double endings being, roughly speaking, 33 per cent, against 25 per cent in *Antony and Cleopatra* (1608), and 12 per cent in *As You Like It* (1599). The value of such tests may be, and has been, exaggerated; but there can be no doubt that an approximation to Fletcher's system of versification in a Shakespearian play of early date, would be as great a prodigy as the occurrence of a mammal in the Silurian epoch.

Apart from the internal evidence of the metre, another kind of internal evidence proves that the play could not have been written before 1610 at the earliest. In act 1, sc. 2, Ariel speaks of

the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

In May, 1609, the fleet of Sir George Somers, bound for Virginia, was scattered by a tempest in mid-ocean, and one of the ships, driven out of her course, was wrecked on the Bermudas, thence sometimes called the Somers or Summer Islands. The exhausted sailors had given up all hope, when the vessel was found to be "jammed in between two rocks," in just such a nook as that described by Ariel. They spent nine months on the island; and having at length refitted their ship, arrived safely in Virginia. A narrative of their adventures was published in 1610 by Sylvester Jourdan, under the title of "*A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils.*" Malone first pointed out the connection of this narrative with *The Tempest*, and it seems marvellous that any one should have disagreed with him. The scene of the drama, as we shall see, was not intended to be laid in the Bermudas, and Shakespeare could not, therefore, follow the pamphlet with perfect exactness. But there can, as Hudson expresses it, "be no rational doubt" that he derived hints from Jourdan, and he must accordingly have had the latter's pamphlet before him. The only question is, what interval elapsed ere he used it? The point was at one time thought to have been decided by an entry in the record of the Master of the Revels of a performance of *The Tempest* at Whitehall in 1611. But this is a forgery. We believe it to be demonstrable that Ver-

THE TEMPEST.

tue's mention of its performance at court, on occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, refers to its first representation anywhere, and indicates the date of composition also. We proceed to state the reasons for this conviction, first remarking that, if written for private representation in 1613, it had still found its way to the public stage by 1614, as proved by Ben Jonson's peevish allusion in "Bartholomew Fair" (1614) to "servant-monsters," and "those that beget *tempests* and such-like drolleries." This is the only literary reference to *The Tempest* prior to its publication in 1623.

The most likely reason why the editors of the first Folio placed *The Tempest* at the head of Shakespeare's works is their perception that his earliest comedies formed an unfitting portal to such a temple. It certainly indicates no idea on their part that it was a work of early date. Tradition, on the contrary, has always regarded it as his last work, appealing to Prospero's declaration of his purpose to break and bury his staff, and drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound." Shakespeare certainly could not have taken leave of the stage in more majestic or appropriate language, but the speech may well have begotten the tradition. We believe, however, that tradition is substantially though not literally right, and that the most recent editors and critics have placed the play too early by two or three years. With one consent they date it at 1610 or 1611, for no other reason than that the proportion of lines with double endings is slightly less than in *The Winter's Tale*. This is indeed to ride a hobby to death, and discredit a sound axiom. That Shakespeare's career as a dramatic artist is divided into well-marked periods by the peculiarities of his metre is true, and most important to be known; but it by no means follows that each successive play signalized a further development of the peculiarity. In the case of *The Tempest*, unless we greatly err, the date of the first representation can be fixed with absolute confidence at an early day in February, 1613, and the recognition of this fact gives the key to the drama, and reveals it as anything rather than an aimless sport

of fancy. We contend with Tieck that the piece was written for representation on occasion of the marriage of James the First's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Frederick, Elector Palatine, and that the chief human personages represent James himself and the princely bride and bridegroom. We have here only room for a brief abstract of the arguments advanced by us in the *Universal Review* for April, 1889.

The Tempest, in the first place, has all the marks of a play originally written for private representation before a courtly audience. It is shorter by a third than an average play of Shakespeare's. It has scarcely any change of costume or change of scene. It has two elaborate masques, of the description then habitually presented before persons of distinction on great occasions. The most important of these, the nuptial masque of Juno, Ceres, and Iris in the fourth act, would be an absolute impertinence on any other theory than that it formed part of a play represented on occasion of a marriage. Yet it is no interpolation to adapt the play to such a purpose, for, supposing it removed, the greater part of the fourth act disappears with it; and the noblest passage in the drama, "the cloud-capp'd towers," &c., grows out of it, and could not have been written if it had not existed. When, in addition to these indications that *The Tempest* must have been composed for private representation as a nuptial drama, we find, as we do from Vertue, that it actually was represented at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, it is fair to claim that the argument is effectually clenched, and that no reasonable doubt can remain. For, if the piece was not written for performance on this occasion, it must have been the revival of a play written for performance on some other similar occasion. We have seen, however, that it belongs to the latest period of Shakespeare's art, and cannot have been conceived before the narrative of the shipwrecked sailors, who arrived in Virginia about February, 1610, had been published in England. No incident to evoke such a drama had occurred between 1610 and the end of 1612, when the betrothal took place, and then the circumstances exactly

INTRODUCTION.

fitted such a play as *The Tempest*. A foreign prince from beyond the seas espouses an island princess who has never left her home, the union being brought about by the wisdom of her sage father, potent in all lawful arts, but the inexorable enemy of witchcraft, precisely the character which James the First supported in his own estimation. Prospero is the idealization of James, not without strokes of delicate irony, showing that while Shakespeare sincerely honoured what was admirable in the king, he sees over him and through him. His art and his judgment are still more brightly displayed in another particular. The marriage followed close upon a funeral. Prince Henry had died in the preceding November; the calamity could not be left out of sight, and yet the nuptial joy must not be darkened. With exquisite skill Shakespeare images forth the bereavement in the supposed death of Ferdinand, which occupies so important a place in *The Tempest*. James's grief is thus not ignored, but is transferred from himself to his enemy; the sense of loss mingles almost imperceptibly with the general cheerfulness; and at last the childless Prospero gains a son in Ferdinand, as James was regaining one in Frederick. If this interpretation is correct, the play gains greatly in significance, and Shakespeare appears not only as the consummate poet, but as the accomplished courtier and well-bred man of the world. Our astonishment at his genius must be further heightened, were it possible, by the revelation of the briefness of the time required for the composition and production of so wonderful a work. The supposed death of Ferdinand is so central an incident that the play cannot have been planned prior to the death of Prince Henry on November 6, 1612, while it cannot have been represented later than the celebration of the marriage on February 14 following. All must have been done within three months at the utmost—probably considerably less.

We therefore feel justified in assigning *The Tempest* to the year 1613, thus making it at least two years posterior to *The Winter's Tale*. We are thus warranted in believing, if we please, that Shakespeare really did bid farewell to the stage in the person of Prospero.

One or two of his plays may possibly be later still; but the only one of which this can be positively asserted—Henry the Eighth—is but in part his.

Only one possible original of the plot of *The Tempest* has hitherto been pointed out, and it is uncertain whether Shakespeare and his supposed model did not derive their theme from a common source. The affinity, nevertheless, between the plot of his drama and that of Jacob Ayrer's *Fair Sidea* is undeniable. The German play has been translated into English by Mr. Albert Cohn, in his "*Shakespeare in Germany*." In it Ludolph, like Prospero a banished prince and benevolent magician, is introduced dwelling in a forest with his daughter Sidea and a familiar spirit, Runcifal. The son of the usurper falls into his hands, like Ferdinand; is set, like Ferdinand, to carry logs; is, like Ferdinand, pitied by the magician's daughter; and, like him, finally united to her. It is impossible that Ayrer should be the borrower, as he died in 1605. It is equally certain that Shakespeare did not read German; but an account of Ayrer's piece may have been brought him by one of the English actors, who in that age were continually traversing Germany, or both plays may have been founded upon some ballad or chap-book yet to be discovered. A ballad entitled *The Enchanted Island*, which has been adduced as the source of the plot, is evidently a much later composition than the play, and founded upon it.

The scene of the action must be conceived to be an imaginary island in the Mediterranean, which the reader may locate anywhere he pleases between Tunis and Naples, the starting-point and terminus of Alonso's interrupted voyage. There is not the smallest reason for identifying it, as Mr. Hunter demands, with Lampedusa; and it would be perfectly irrational, with Chalmers and other commentators, to make Ariel fetch dew *from* Bermuda *to* Bermuda. The imagination which created Ariel and Caliban was assuredly equal to summoning an island from the deep, and remanding it thither when its purpose was fulfilled:

These let us *wish* away.

The surpassing imagination of *The Tempest* has naturally recommended it to artists of creative power, especially Fuseli in last century and Poole in this. Three designs for it, with others illustrative of *Macbeth* and *King John*, were the only fruits of Kaulbach's ambitious undertaking of a complete pictorial illustration of Shakespeare. They are of the highest merit. The various adaptations and imitations will fall under another head, but a word must be said here on a remarkable companion drama, M. Renan's *Caliban*. In this brilliant satire *Caliban*, transferred with his master to Milan, is represented as the type of the new democracy. By playing on the baser passions of the multitude he overthrows culture and refinement personified in Prospero; but on obtaining the throne finds that he has need of them, and ends by becoming a very respectable specimen of spurious civilization.—R. G.

STAGE HISTORY.

Some faint light is cast upon the early stage history of *The Tempest*. The play, though it stands foremost in the Folio, is held one of the latest works of its author. Malone's ascription of the date to a period subsequent to the appearance of Jourdan's *Discovery of the Barmydas*, otherwise called the *Ile of Divels*, 4to, 1610, is generally accepted; and Mr. Fleay is not alone in assuming *The Tempest* to be the last of Shakespeare's plays in the order of composition. October to November, 1610, is, Mr. Fleay supposes, the date of its first appearance (*Chronicle History*, 249). In the *Booke of the Revels*, extending from 31st Oct. 1611, to 1st Nov. 1612, a manuscript in the Audit Office, is a page containing the following entry: "By the Kings players Hallomas night was presented at Whithall before the Kings Majestie a play called the *Tempest*.—The Kings players the 5th of November, a play called the *Winter Nightes Tayle*." The authenticity of this entry has been disputed by palæographers. It is accepted, however, by Collier (*Hist. of Dram. Poesy*, i. 369), a somewhat dubious authority, and by Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, i. 214). It concurs with, if it is not supported by, a statement of Malone, who, speak-

ing of *The Tempest* in the account of the incidents, says: "I know that it had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611," words which draw from Halliwell-Phillipps the observation, "he was not the kind of critic to use these decisive words unless he had possessed contemporary evidence of the fact." Supposing the authority for this performance of 1st Nov. 1611, to be inadequate, Malone points out, on the authority of the MSS. of Mr. Vertue, "that the *Tempest* was acted by John Hemminge and the rest of the Kings company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector in the beginning of the year 1613" (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 464; Collier, *Hist. of Dram. Poetry*, i. 369).

Neither of these representations was, it may be assumed, the first. The *Tempest* was probably given at an earlier date at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Dryden, in his preface (dated Dec. 1, 1669) to *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*, of which more anon, says: "The Play itself had previously been acted with success in the Black-Fryers." The music to some of the lyrics was written by Robert Johnson, one of the royal musicians, "for the lutes," a fact which, with the introduction of the masque, emboldens Halliwell-Phillipps to conjecture that the play "was originally written with a view to its production before the court" (*Outlines*, ii. 309). Halliwell-Phillipps also thinks it "not at all improbable that the conspicuous position assigned to this comedy in the First Folio is a testimony to its popularity." That it was popular is proved by the imitations of portions of its story by Fletcher, Suckling, and succeeding writers.

After these appetizing but unsatisfactory glimpses, Shakespeare's *Tempest* recedes for a century and a half from observation.

On 7th November, 1667, Pepys witnessed at Lincolns Inn Fields "The *Tempest*, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day." It was acted in presence of the king and the court, and was, continues Pepys, "the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter, which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit,

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but yet good above ordinary plays." This, it is needless to say, is the alteration of Shakespeare by Dryden and D'Avenant, known as *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*, 1670, 4to. Of all the indignities to which Shakespeare was subjected this is, in some respects, the worst. Nothing in *The Tempest*, as subsequent experience has shown, called for alteration. The adapters have, however, vulgarized some of the most exquisite of human creations, have supplied Caliban with a female counterpart and sister in Sycorax, and Miranda with a sister who, like herself, has never seen a man, have coupled Ariel with Milcha, and have introduced Hippolyto, a rightful heir to the dukedom of Mantua, who has never seen a woman. Alterations do not end here; but there is no need to dwell upon the absurdities or abominations of a play that is easily accessible. Dryden boasts of his share in this work, and declares in the preface that from the first moment the scheme was confided to him by D'Avenant he "never writ anything with more delight." He is careful, however, to state that the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, the conception of a man who had never seen a woman, was due to D'Avenant. The entire preface, a sustained eulogy of D'Avenant, who at this time was dead, leaves room for no suspicion of interested motives. Following the preface comes the rhymed prologue, which is devoted to the praise of Shakespeare, and concludes:

But Shakespear's magic could not copy'd be.
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The compliment in the last line is one of the happiest and most ingenious ever paid. Strange that the disciple who paid it should dare himself to don the robes of the necromancer and imitate his art.

Of the first representation of this work, we know that Cave Underhill was the Trincalo, since it is so stated at a subsequent revival (*Genest, Account of the English Stage*, ii. 262). All else that is known is what is told in the preface, that the directors of the pageant

are forc'd to employ
One of our women to present a boy.

This suggests that Hippolyto was then, as generally in subsequent performances, taken by a woman. It is probable that some attempt at scenic effect was made at the first production of *The Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*. When next seen at Dorset Gardens, in 1673, it was converted into what was then called an opera. Downes has passed with slight mention the previous performances of *The Tempest*, simply stating in a note that *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest* were acted in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and adding that *The Tempest* was altered by Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Dryden before it was made into an opera. Not much more expansive is he concerning the revival. His words with their curious orthography and punctuation are: "The Year after in 1673. *The Tempest* or the *Inchanted Island* made into an Opera by Mr. *Shadwell*, having all New in it; as *Scenes*, *Machines*: particularly one scene Painted with *Myriads of Ariel Spirits*; and another flying away, with a Table Furnisht out with Fruits, Sweet meats and all sorts of Viands; just when Duke *Trinculo* (*sic*) and his Companions' were going to Dinner; all was things perform'd in it so Admirably well, that not any succeeding Opera got more Money" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 35). Once more we are in ignorance as to the cast. The music was by Purcell. Concerning a third representation given at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 13th Oct. 1702, all that is known is that Cave Underhill repeated Duke Trinculo. Underhill, who retired from the theatre the following year, acted till he was past eighty. So excellent was he "in the part of Trinculo in *The Tempest* that he was called Prince Trinculo" (*Davies, Dram. Misc.* iii. 134). Davies is in error. It is Duke Trinculo that Underhill was called. In Tom Brown's clever and not very delicate *Letters from the Dead to the Living* are letters from Tony Lee to C—ve U—rh—I, and from C—ve U—rh—I to Tony Lee, from which Davies has taken carelessly his information. In these Underhill speaks of himself as Duke Trinculo the comedian (*Works of Tho. Brown*, ii. 141-147, ed. 1707). Duke is the title which Trinculo takes in Dryden's play.

Some contribution to a cast of *The Tempest*

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is furnished 4th June, 1714, when the play was produced at Drury Lane, with Powell as Prospero, Johnson as Caliban, Bullock as Trincalo, Ryan as Ferdinand, Mrs. Mountfort as Hippolyto, and Mrs. Santlow as Dorinda. Miranda and Ariel are not even named. At the same house, on 2nd Jan. 1729, Kitty Raftor, subsequently immortal as Mrs. Clive, played Dorinda. She was then at the outset of her career in London, and was in her eighteenth year. Mrs. Cibber, another delightful actress, was Hippolyto. Mills was Prospero, Wilks Ferdinand, Shepherd Stephano, Miller Trincalo, Norris Ventoso, Harper Mustacho. Miss Robinson, jun., Ariel, and Mrs. Booth Miranda. Caliban is omitted. This was an excellent cast, but unfortunately no details concerning the performance are traceable.

To the many iniquities of the same class of Garrick must be added the fact that Dryden and D'Avenant's alteration of *The Tempest* was given by him at Drury Lane on 26th Dec. 1747. The principal features in the cast are the Hippolyto of Peg Woffington, the Ariel of Kitty Clive, and the Trincalo of Macklin. Berry was Prospero, Lee Ferdinand, I. Sparks Caliban, Mrs. Green Dorinda, and Mrs. Mozeen Miranda. With this performance a few times repeated the adaptation of Dryden and D'Avenant, in its original shape, disappears. Previous to this, on 31st Jan. 1746, what is called Shakespeare's *Tempest*, "never acted there before," had been produced at Drury Lane. At this period the theatres were almost deserted, in consequence of the rising in Scotland and the north. The following is the first recorded cast of Shakespeare's play:

Prospero	= L. Sparks.
Ferdinand	= Delane.
Caliban	= I. Sparks.
Stephano	= Macklin.
Trinculo	= Barrington.
Anthonio	= Goodfellow.
Alonzo	= Bridges.
Gonzalo	= Berry.
Boatswain	= Blakes.
Miranda	= Miss Edwards.
Ariel	= Mrs. Clive.

A musical entertainment, called Neptune and Amphitrite, was played at the conclusion, ap-

parently as a species of masque. This was very probably taken from D'Avenant and Dryden. Lacy, the manager of Drury Lane, who was the first to revive Shakespeare according to the original text, though not without additions, had applied, upon the descent of the Highlanders upon Derby, to raise two hundred men for the defence of the person and government of the king. In this body the whole company of Drury Lane was to be engaged.

When next *The Tempest* was revived by Garrick at Drury Lane, 11th Feb. 1756, it was as an opera, the authorship of which, on not quite convincing evidence, has been ascribed to Garrick. Prospero, a singing character, was taken by Beard. A species of interlude, spoken by Havard as an actor and Yates as a critic, appears in the *St. James's Magazine*, i. 144. The music to *The Tempest* is by John Christopher Smith, who was the amanuensis of Handel. Two songs in this, "Full fathom five" and "The owl is abroad," remained favourites. Into this version are interpolated, from Dryden's *Tyrannick Love*, the lines:

Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tipp'd, at a rainbow feast.

Theophilus Cibber ascribes the adaptation to Garrick. He says, speaking of Garrick: "Were *Shakespeare's* Ghost to rise, would he not frown Indignation on this Pilfering Pedlar in Poetry, . . . who thus shamefully mangles, mutilates, and emasculates his Plays? *The Midsummer Night's Dream* has been minc'd and fricaseed into an indigested and unconnected Thing called *The Fairies*. . . . *The Winter's Tale* mammoc'd into a Droll; *The Taming of the Shrew* made a Farce of; . . . and *The Tempest* castrated into an Opera. . . . oh what an agreeable Lullaby might it have prov'd to our Beaus and Belles to have heard *Caliban*, *Sycorax*, and one of the Devils trilling of Trios" (Theophilus Cibber to David Garrick, Esq., with Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects, 1759, p. 36). The plays mentioned were all published anonymously; but Cibber's charge was not denied, and Garrick, it is to be feared, cannot be acquitted of the

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responsibility. Cibber claims to have himself played in *The Tempest* (of Dryden) Ventoso, Mustacho, and Trincalo. Of the performances, however, no record is preserved.

When next Garrick produced *The Tempest* at Drury Lane, 20th Oct. 1757, Shakespeare's version was at length adopted. Mossop was then the Prospero, Holland Ferdinand, Berry Caliban, Woodward Stephano, Yates Trinculo, and Miss Pritchard Miranda. About 1760, in pursuit of the ruinous system of rivalry which distinguished them, the two theatres in Dublin, Crow Street and Smock Alley, produced *The Tempest* at the same time. The following is the cast at the two houses:

	Crow Street.	Smock Alley.
Prospero	Fleetwood	Mossop.
Stephano	Woodward	Brown.
Alonzo	Adecock	Sowdon.
Sebastian	Knipe	Heaphy.
Antonio	Morris	Heaton.
Gonzalo	Mynitt	(West) Digges.
Trinculo	———	Griffith.
Caliban	Glover	Sparks.
Ariel	Mrs. Glover	Miss Young.
Miranda	———	Miss Macartney.

Hitchcock says, "they continued playing it till both lost money by it;" and adds, "with respect to scenery, machinery, and decorations, Crow Street certainly was superior. Carver was then one of the first scene painters in Europe; Mr. Messink the first machinist ever known in this kingdom; and Finny, their carpenter, had infinite merit" (*Hist. View of the Irish Stage*, ii. 63, 64).

Edinburgh had been before Dublin in producing *The Tempest*, but it was in Dryden's version. The *Caledonian Mercury* of 27th December, 1733, reports: "Yester night, at the Edinburgh Theatre, to the fullest audience that has been for some considerable time, was acted the *Tempest*, or *Inchanted Island*, with universal applause, every part, and even what required machinery, being performed in great order." No cast is preserved. It is probable that Barret played Prospero, Wycomb Trinculo, and Mrs. Miller Hippolito. This is, however, mere conjecture. On March 14, 1750, it was revived, "with all the original music composed by the late Mr. Purcel, and

all other decorations proper to the play." Salmon was Trinculo, Mrs. Salmon Ariel, Conyers Neptune, and Mrs. Hinde Amphitrite. Conyers was also "the Grand Singing Devil" (Dibdin, *Edinburgh Stage*, 65). At the outset of Digges's management of the Edinburgh theatre, December, 1756, the operatic version, with Smith's music, all but the recitative, was performed. The announcement states that "a principal scene of the *Tempest*, rais'd by magic, is new painted for the occasion, with a perspective representation of the ship, rocks, ocean, &c. The stage will be entirely darkened for the representation of the storm; the candles therefore cannot be lighted till after the commencement of the first act." Mrs. Hopkins was Miranda, Mrs. Ward Dorinda, and Mrs. Love Ariel. Heyman was Prospero, Love Trinculo, Younger Ferdinand, Stamper Hypolito (*sic*) and Caliban (with new song in character), and Sadler Milcha (*ib.* 93, 94).

The first representation of Shakespeare's *Tempest* at Covent Garden took place 27th Dec. 1776, with Hull as Prospero, Mattocks as Ferdinand, Wilson as Stephano, Quick as Trinculo, Dunstall as Caliban, Miss Brown as Miranda, and Mrs. Farrel as Ariel. It was acted six times, Woodward being on one occasion, if not more, substituted for Wilson as Stephano. On the 4th of January following *The Tempest* was revived at Drury Lane. This was probably an arrangement of *The Tempest* by R. B. Sheridan, with music by Thomas Linley, jun., of which the songs only were printed, 8vo, 1777. Bensley was Prospero, Vernon Ferdinand, Moody Stephano, Baddeley Trinculo, J. Aikin Gonzalo, and Bannister Caliban. Ariel was announced as by a young lady (Miss Field), and Miranda also by a young lady (Mrs. Cuyler). When nine years later, at Drury Lane, 7th March, 1786, it was once more revived, the representatives of Prospero, Caliban, Stephano, Gonzalo, and Ariel were the same—a rather remarkable fact. Miss Field, however, having married, appeared as Mrs. Forster. Barrymore was Ferdinand, and Mrs. Crouch Ariel.

A new version of *The Tempest*, by John Philip Kemble, was produced at Drury Lane 13th Oct. 1789. It was announced as Shake-

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speare's, but the transparent inaccuracy is betrayed in the names of the characters. Kemble restored a good deal of Shakespeare, but kept far too much of Dryden. In some quarters, indeed, the play was spoken of as Dryden's. The cast was—

Prospero	= Bensley.
Ferdinand	= Kelly.
Caliban	= Williames.
Stephano	= Moody.
Trinculo	= Baddeley.
Alonzo	= Packer.
Gonzalez	= J. Aikin.
Antonio	= Phillimore.
Hyppolito (<i>sic</i>)	Mrs. Goodall.
Ariel	= Miss Romanzini.
Miranda	= Mrs. Crouch.
Dorinda	= Miss Farren.

From Young's Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, we learn that Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch were dressed "in white ornamented with spotted furs; coral beads adorned their heads, necks, and arms. They looked beautiful, and rendered the characters uncommonly interesting" (i. 73, 74). Mrs. Goodall had a fine figure in male attire, Miss Romanzini sang "with great taste," and Mr. Kelly "evinced feeling and judgment throughout" (*ibid.*). The relative shares of Shakespeare and Dryden in the production and in Kemble's revised version are traced by Genest (*Account of the Stage*, vi. 575-578). The first version was printed in 8vo, 1789, and the second in 8vo, 1806 and 1807. On 22nd Feb. 1797, the earlier version of Kemble was revised at Drury Lane, with Miss Faren and Mrs. Crouch in their old characters, Mrs. Powell as Hippolito, Palmer as Prospero, Charles Kemble as Ferdinand, Bannister as Caliban, Bannister, jun., as Stephano, and Suett as Trinculo. Little interest was inspired by the performance. When revised 9th Dec. of the same year Miss De Camp was Ariel, Miss Miller Dorinda, and Mrs. Crouch Miranda. On May 4th, 1789, at the same house, Powell was Prospero, Sedgwick Caliban, Miss De Camp Hippolito, and Mrs. Jordan Dorinda.

Kemble's second version of *The Tempest* was produced at Covent Garden 8th Dec. 1806, Kemble playing Prospero. The cast also included—

Ferdinand	= Charles Kemble.
Gonzalo	= Murray.
Caliban	= Emery.
Stephano	= Munden.
Trinculo	= Fawcett.
Hippolito	= Miss Logan.
Miranda	= Miss Brunton.
Dorinda	= Mrs. C. Kemble.
Ariel	= Miss Meadows (her first appearance on any stage).

This revival was successful, being acted twenty-seven times. It is pleasant, however, to hear that some of the introductions from Dryden were hissed by the public, and were in consequence withdrawn. Kemble's Prospero was popular in spite of the drawbacks of his pronunciation. Concerning it Leigh Hunt says: "The character of Prospero could not have been sustained by any one actor on the stage with so much effect as by Mr. Kemble. The majestic presence and dignity of the princely enchanter, conscious of his virtue, his wrongs, and his supernatural power, were displayed with an undeviating spirit, with that proud composure which seems a peculiar property of this actor" (*Critical Essays*, Appendix, p. 33). His perfectly accurate, if possibly pedantic, pronunciation of *aches* as *aitches* in the lines—

I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with *aches*, make thee roar—

incurred much condemnation, and was severely censured by Leigh Hunt. Anxiety to hear it, and express disapproval of it, is said to have helped to fill the theatre, and *The Tempest* was consequently acted more frequently than it would otherwise have been. Cooke one night was substituted for Kemble in the part. Public curiosity was agog to know how he would treat the word. Cooke rather cleverly omitted the line. Genest also condemns strongly Kemble's obstinacy, and says he "might have retained his own opinion in private conversation, but as an actor it was his duty to conform to the sense of the public" (*Account of the Stage*, viii. 47), an opinion we venture to regard as heretical. Of Miss Meadows, the daughter of a well-known actor, Leigh Hunt speaks in terms of praise, though he confesses to not making sufficient allow-

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ance "for that look of corporeality which an actress, however light her motions may be, cannot avoid in the representation of a being who is air itself" (ib. Appendix, 32). Emery's Caliban he declares "one of the best pieces of acting we have ever seen. He conceived with infinite vigour that union of the man and the beast, which renders the monster so odious and malignant a being; nothing could be more suitable to the character than the occasional growlings which finished the complaints of the savage, and the grinning eagerness of malignity which accompanied his curses on Prospero" (ib.). With just criticism that has not obtained the attention it deserves he continues: "It appeared to us, however, that after he had drunk so much of a liquor to which he was unaccustomed, and indeed after he had acknowledged its power by reeling on the stage, he should not have displayed so sober a voice in his song: we think that Shakespeare intended the song to be given in the style of a drunkard, by the break which he has marked in the line—

ban—ban—Ca—Caliban—

which could hardly have been a chorus" (ib.). On Kemble's dalliance with Dryden and D'Avenant Hunt is justly severe. From the Monthly Mirror we learn that Stephano was played by Munden, and that he and Fawcett did justice to the characters assigned them. The critic continues:—"Trinculo appeared, for the first time, in a fool's coat: That he was a *jester* we know, for he is so called in the original *dramatis personæ*, and that he should wear a party-coloured dress appears proper, from the speech of Caliban, 'What a pied ninny's this.' We presume also that Mr. Kemble has some good reason for making him the king's jester; but of the authority for this we are not aware, unless the honour of being wrecked in the same vessel with the King may have been sufficient to entitle him to the distinction" (vol. xxii. p. 419). Kemble's later version was revived at Covent Garden under Fawcett's management 26th Oct. 1812, with Young as Prospero, C. Kemble Ferdinand, Mathews Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Emery Caliban, Mrs. H. Johnston Hippolito, Miss Bolton Ariel, Miss

Sally Booth Dorinda, and Miss Cooke Miranda.

Macready's first appearance as Prospero took place at Covent Garden 15th May, 1821, in a version compounded from Shakespeare and Dryden and D'Avenant, to which Reynolds contributed new songs and dialogue (Memoirs, ii. 411). Abbott was Ferdinand, Duruset Hippolito, Egerton Alonzo, Emery Caliban, W. Farren Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Miss Foote Ariel, Miss Hallande Miranda, and Miss Stephens Dorinda. It was acted eleven times (Genest; fifteen times, Reynolds). After uttering a further protest against the maintenance of Dryden's indecencies, a writer in the New Monthly (?Talfourd) condemns the mounting, in which the genius of pantomime triumphs over that of poetry, and Harlequin is the first of enchanters (iii. 277). Macready's declamation and the delicious singing of Miss Stephens and Miss Hallande are praised. Emery's Caliban "may," it is said, "be like a savage from the woods of Yorkshire, but breathes little of the wondrous isle;" while the writer goes into raptures over one character, regarding "the bright vision of Miss Foote, which glitters over the stage as the personified spirit of the beautiful story" (ib.). Gold's London Magazine (iii. 643) speaks of Prospero as "not the most favourable part for the development of Macready's talents." Macready reappeared as Prospero at Drury Lane 5th Oct. 1833. He "acted it but indifferently" (Reminiscences by Sir J. Pollock, i. 387), but "the play went off well."

Under his own management Macready at Covent Garden, 13th Oct. 1838, at length produced Shakespeare's Tempest in something approaching to its integrity. The following was the cast:—

Prospero	=	Macready.
Alonzo	=	Ward.
Sebastian	=	Diddear.
Antonio	=	Phelps.
Caliban	=	Geo. Bennett.
Stephano	=	Bartley.
Trinculo	=	Harley.
Miranda	=	Miss Helen Faucit.
Ariel	=	Miss Priscilla Horton.
Iris	=	Mrs. Serle.
Juno	=	Miss Rainforth.

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A selection of music from Purcell, Linley, and Arne was given, and elaborate mounting was provided. It was acted fifty-five times to an average of over £230. The performance was generally approved.

Phelps produced *The Tempest* 7th April, 1847, during his third season at Sadler's Wells, with much success. He played Prospero to the Ferdinand of Marston, the Caliban of Geo. Bennett, the Trinculo of Scharf, the Stephano of A. Younge, the Miranda of Miss Laura Addison, and the Ariel of Miss Julia St. George. It was revived at the same house with unimportant modifications in the cast 25th Aug. 1849, the opening of Phelps's sixth season. On 1st July, 1857, Charles Kean revived *The Tempest* at the Princess's with much splendour of *mise en scène*. Charles Kean was Prospero, Ryder Caliban, Harley Trinculo, and Matthews Stephano; Miss Carlotta Leclercq Miranda, Miss Bampton Ferdinand, and Miss Kate Terry Ariel. Miss Poole led an invisible choir. The literary interest of the revival was swallowed up in scenic effect, and the Ariel of Miss Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis) is the only performance that stands out in the recollection. Charles Calvert produced the play at the Prince's, Manchester, in October, 1864, and filled the rôle of Caliban. At the Queen's Theatre, London, in October, 1871, John Ryder appeared as Prospero, with George Rignold as Caliban and Miss Henrietta Hodson as Ariel. In September, 1879, Charles Vandenhoff took the part of Prospero at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. Mr. Frank Benson gave the play during his Lyceum season of 1900, and added Caliban to the long list of his London appearances in Shakespearian parts. At the Court Theatre, October 26, 1903, *The Tempest* was produced under the auspices of Mr. J. H. Leigh, who played Caliban. Mr. H. B. Tree, whose splendidly staged and capably acted presentations of Shakespeare at the Haymarket have secured the gratitude of lovers of the drama, gave the play on September 14, 1904. Tree was the Caliban, Haviland the Prospero, Lionel Brough the Trinculo, and Miss Viola Tree the Ariel.

We dare not, in notes intended to supply trustworthy information, deal with conjecture;

nor do we venture without apology to put forward the following suggestion. After the production of *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, Shakespeare, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, retired from theatrical life. It would add keen interest to the play if we could believe that he played in it the character of Prospero, and so took in it farewell of the stage as well as of dramatic literature. The lines spoken by Prospero—

I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

—Act v. sc. 1.

And those which follow—

And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.—*Ib.*—

have been connected with Shakespeare's retirement from active life. How keen an interest would have been felt had he appeared as Prospero. In favour of this there is, of course, no evidence; and we dare go no further than suggest that Prospero is of the declamatory character, like those parts which have been associated with Shakespeare as an actor, such as Adam and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and can scarcely be regarded as a rôle in which a tragedian would hope for a great addition to his reputation.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The quality of *The Tempest* which impresses first and most forcibly is its wonderful imagination. It has no basis in history or in contemporary manners. A wholly ideal world is called into being by the poet with such ease, grace, and decision, that his power seems boundless, and we feel that he could have created twenty *Tempests* as easily as one. Two of the characters lie outside the bounds of humanity, and are nevertheless so absolutely organic, so perfectly consistent in conception and faithful to the laws of their being, that it never occurs to us to doubt their existence any more than that of the human personages. Two of these latter are as ideal as the laws of humanity permit, one a supreme enchanter, who holds the rest in the hollow of his hand; the other the most subtle essence of

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innocent maidenhood. The other characters, though often ordinary people enough, gain poetry from their environment. Scene, plot, incidents, personages—all are out of the common; an enchanted world summoned into existence by the magician's wand, and ready to disappear at his bidding.

We can appreciate the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius by comparing *The Tempest* with a somewhat similar piece also written by a great poet—Calderon's *El Mayor Encanto Amor* (No Magic Like Love), one of the plays translated by the late Denis Florence M'Carthy. The subject of this play is the sorceries of Circe, who, save that she is beautiful and her witcheries alluring, gives Ulysses and his companions much the kind of reception they might have expected from Sycorax. Ulysses is a kind of Prospero, and the humours of Gonzalo, Stephano, and Trinculo are combined in the *gracioso* Clarin. The piece is a constant stream of the most beautiful lyric poetry; but the plot and the characters are entirely conventional; there is ingenuity enough, but not a glimpse of Shakespeare's sublime invention, and we see that a rude narrative of a shipwreck was more to the Englishman than all Homer to the Spaniard. In most of his other plays Shakespeare has accommodated himself to restraints of time, place, and circumstance; in *The Tempest* he appears as absolute sovereign; yet fully as observant as elsewhere of the eternal laws of art. Here, more than anywhere else, we seem to see the world as, if it had depended upon him, Shakespeare would have made it.

The world of *The Tempest* being thus in so peculiar a degree the creation of Shakespeare's own mind, it is of especial interest to inquire what kind of a world it is. And this is the more important, as the play, coming at or near the close of his dramatic career, represents, as no other can, the ultimate conclusions of that mighty intellect, and the frame of mind in which he was prepared to take leave of the things of earth. The result of the investigation is exactly where we should have wished. *The Tempest* is one of the most cheerful of his dramas. Its cheerfulness is, moreover, temperate and matured, a cheerfulness all the more serious for having been

acquainted with grief. Unlike many writers, Shakespeare had not commenced his career under the influence of morbid feelings. There is nothing dismal even in *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Merchant of Venice*; *As You Like It* is the climax of innocent gaiety, and *Henry IV.* of humour. It is in middle life that melancholy and moodiness and obstinate questionings come upon him, and he produces his analogues of *Werther* and the *Robbers*. In *Hamlet* he propounds life's enigma only to give it up; in *Troilus and Cressida* he paints its deceptions, and in *Measure for Measure* its deformities; in *Timon* he brings the whole human race in guilty, and proscribes it. Then the cloud lifts, and in *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* we find him returning to his old sunny creed, though the sunshine may be that of even rather than of morn. Especially is *The Tempest* a drama of reconciliation and peace, authoritatively confirmed by the verdict of the highest reason impersonated in Prospero:

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further.

In this point of view *The Tempest* is an advance even upon the two immediately preceding dramas, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In both, enormous injuries resulting from causeless jealousy are obliterated, and, as concerns the minds of the sufferers, made as though they had never been. But in both these instances the wrong was not wilful, and sprang from the error of misguided affection. In *The Tempest* it is of far deeper dye, and Prospero, moreover, is an injured sovereign, not a tender and forgiving woman. Yet his mercy is as complete, but it is of another kind. It is rather the contemptuous indifference, not only of a prince who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that

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has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff, drowns his book, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men. That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. Unlike, perhaps, others of the later plays, *Othello* (if we are right in attributing this to 1609), *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, it alludes to no event in Shakespeare's life or that of any one dear to him, but it is nevertheless a chapter of mental history. It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt enters very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection, while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it, such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world had kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate example of both. We shall have to speak by and by of the little foibles which Shakespeare has allowed to mingle with Prospero's portrait, partly lest it should be said that the great delineator of character had striven to depict the undiscoverable perfect man, and partly because the purpose of his play compelled him to keep an eye on James the First. These failings are not his own. Nor are we to think that the lesson of the piece is a practical quietism; that "trust in God" excludes "keeping the powder dry." Shakespeare seems to have inserted a speech, otherwise insignificant, to guard against such a supposition:

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

Another great poet has portrayed for us an aged, potent, and benevolent enchanter. It is interesting to compare Prospero with the Faust of the Second Part; who, far more distinctly than Shakespeare's creation, impersonates the author, and sums up his final view of life. It is plain that the Time Spirit has been at work, and that either of these poets would have written differently in the century of the other. Though Shakespeare was a more practical man than Goethe, and quite exempt from what, did reverence allow, we might describe as the latter's "fads," the Faust of the Second Part is a more practical and energetic person than Prospero, and much more strongly impressed with the paramount duty of labouring for the common weal in his day and generation. On the other hand, although Goethe was a more highly cultivated man than Shakespeare, and much more advanced in years, his Faust does not possess the calm superiority and pure, thrice-defecated refinement of Prospero. The ex-manager of the Globe, with his constant eye to the main chance, has produced a pattern for scholars; the statesman and courtier has given a model for the ordinary man. We must ascribe this in great measure to the different circumstances of the periods of the respective authors. The gospel of work was very imperfectly understood in Shakespeare's time. So far as recognized, it had been intrusted to religious communities, by that time corrupted, and in Shakespeare's country extinct, nor did the problems of the age force it forward. Again, Shakespeare's purpose in writing *The Tempest* was, as we have seen, a merely temporary and occasional one. But for the royal marriage, and the accident of the bridegroom coming from beyond the seas, the piece would never have existed at all. It was necessary to exhibit a counterpart of James, and the qualities of James which the poet especially desired to bring forward were precisely those which experience and meditation had developed in himself. Shakespeare does not present Prospero as an ideal of humanity, but his own

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nature overflows into his creation. Goethe, on the other hand, knew perfectly what he was about when he was drawing Faust, and did mean to bequeath to the world a compendium of life's lesson as he had learned it. The wisdom of his eighty years is summed up in the immortal quatrain:

Ja, diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss,
Nur Der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben
Der täglich sie erobern muss.

Evidently the fracture of his magic staff is the very last thing that would have occurred to Faust.

Neither Faust nor Prospero is a perfect character. Each has a past to be repented of. Prospero, indeed, has not, like Faust, committed crime, but neither has he, like Faust, been exposed to the temptations of a supernatural intelligence. His errors have been the product of his own nature; he has, like the monarch he shadows forth, been too bookish for a king:

for the liberal arts

Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies.

Prospero's narrative, in which this is confessed, is a subtle piece of dramatic irony; he does not blame himself, or suspect that he may belowering himself in his daughter's opinion, or see anything except the treachery from which he has suffered, but which he has himself invited. There is, besides, a slight tinge of irony in Shakespeare's conception of his wisdom; it is admirable and adequate to the end it would attain, but a little too fussy and self-conscious to rank as the very highest manifestation of intellect. It is what one continually sees in men of great parts and long experience, intimately persuaded that no one can do anything so well as themselves, and perhaps not without ground for that conviction, but a trifle too obtrusive in the assertion of it. The remaining deductions from Prospero's perfection are also conspicuous in Faust. Shakespeare and Goethe, delineating aged men, have given them a tinge of petulance and peevishness.

In Faust this becomes unreasoning injustice, and makes him, contrary to his intention, reenact the tragedy of Naboth's vineyard. In Prospero it is a mere foible, visible in his somewhat pedantic manner to his daughter; his susceptibility when she does not give him sufficient attention, though knowing that he has himself caused her drowsiness, and his tartness toward Ariel. One can imagine how a tamed and civilized Caliban might contrive to stir up the populace against him, though this is not M. Renan's idea.

If Prospero is imperfect, Miranda is perfection, with the abatement only that we see her in a peculiar and limited set of circumstances, and must take her on trust for the rest. She is not a Cordelia or an Imogen, so tried in the fire as to justify the confidence that she could not possibly come short in any circumstance of life. She is rather a Perdita, "a wave of the sea" caught and shown for an instant in so exquisitely graceful an attitude that we are only too thankful to be sure that "she will ever do nothing but that." In some respects this pair of heroines are the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's women, for nowhere else is such an effect obtained with so little apparent effort. Mere outlines produce the impression of elaborate paintings, and that seems the freest exuberance of the most careless genius which is in reality the reward of profoundest study and severest toil. It would be far easier to create or copy a Lady Macbeth than a Miranda. It is amazing with how few speeches and how little action this effect is produced. Certain it is that when Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand she seems to put all the grace and lovingness of womankind into that single act; and that no one ever stumbled at her frank surrender to, or rather appropriation of, a prince whom she has hardly seen:—

Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

What volumes it speaks for Shakespeare's freshness of heart that Imogen, Perdita, and

Miranda should be the last creations of the veteran dramatist!

The other human personages do not require much notice. Being Shakespeare's, they are exactly what they ought to be; but, unless Gonzalo be excepted, they have no other office than that of necessary wheels in the mechanism of the piece. Ferdinand is a gallant young lover, rewarded beyond his deserts as lovers sometimes are, and as his prototype was expected to suppose himself. Alonso's grief and remorse are conveyed with all the power of which a cheerful subject admitted. The conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian, which is, as Coleridge remarks, "an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout," is artfully managed so as not to shock us overmuch, and is in its turn parodied by the conspiracy of Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban. The whole of the *dramatis personæ*, except the sailors, may be observed to arrange themselves into two camps, a camp of light and a camp of darkness, connected by the junction of the guilty but not ignoble Alonso with his sapient counsellor, in virtue of whose fidelity he still has a hold on the world of good. The full and extreme contrast is not between Caliban and Ariel, but Caliban and Miranda.

The two supernatural personages, Ariel and Caliban, are universally considered the most remarkable instances of Shakespeare's imagination when it absolutely transcends the limits of the knowable—bolder than the fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, more original than the witches of *Macbeth*. "Ariel," says Coleridge, "has in everything the airy tint which gives the name." *Delicate*, his master's favourite epithet, is that which suits him best; he is graceful, dainty, volatile. Consorting with humanity, he has with all his levity learned in a measure to enter into its joys and sorrows; one can imagine him provoking and capricious, but not inhuman.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions?

his master says with something like surprise. Caliban, on the contrary, is gross and earthy,

without the rudiment of a moral sense. This constitutes his hopeless inferiority, for he is not devoid of intellect. His mistake in "taking a drunkard for a god" is rather the effect of ignorance than stupidity; he has very practical notions how to get rid of Prospero. Schlegel observes that he generally speaks in verse; it is further noticeable that one of the most poetical passages of the drama is put into his mouth:—

Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.

But all this merely appeals to the animal nature. With all his sensitiveness to physical impressions, Caliban is a moral idiot. He is not, as has been fancifully maintained, the "missing link" between man and brute; but he does indicate what man would be if his progress had been solely upon intellectual lines.

The *Tempest* is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence, producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and the test of every true work of art.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples?

—R. G.



Pros. A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.—(Act 1. 2. 146-148.)

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ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Enter Master and Boatswain severally.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,¹ or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare,² yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21

Boats. None that I more love than myself. [You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand³ a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.]—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

¹ *Yarely*, nimbly.

² *Yare*, ready.

³ *Hand*, handle.

[*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? [*Have you a mind to sink?*]

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! 44

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! [*you whoreson, insolent noise-maker,*] we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, [and as leaky as an unstanched wench.] 51

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*]

[*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely¹ cheated of our lives by drunkards:—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,--would thou mightst lie drowning, 60

The washing of ten tides!]

Gon. [*He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.*]

[*A confused noise within.*—"Mercy on us!" "We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—

"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"] [*Exit Boatswain.*]

[*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

[*The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,*

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out.] O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in

her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!

[*Had I been any god of power, I would 10 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting souls within her.*]

Pros. Be collected;

No more amazement:² tell your piteous³ heart There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,—

Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who

Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20

And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

¹ Merely, absolutely.
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² Amazement, perturbation of mind. ³ Piteous, pitiful.

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[Lays down his robe.]
 Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes;
 have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such prevision in mine art

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
 No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
 sink. Sit down;
 For thou must now know further.
Mir. You have often



Mir. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces.—(Act i. 2. 5-8.)

Began to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
 And left me to a bootless¹ inquisition,
 Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
 not 40
 Out² three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or
 person?

Of any thing the image tell me that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'T is far off,

And rather like a dream than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
 Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. *[But*
 how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou
 else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st
 here, 51

How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not

¹ *Bootless*, profitless.

² *Out*, full.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,]

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir,
A princess,—no worse issu'd.¹

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence? 60

Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence;

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen² that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from³ my remembrance! Please
you, further.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd
Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put 69
The manage⁴ of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories⁵ it was the first,
And Prospero the prime⁶ duke; being so
reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
[Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant
suits, 79

How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash⁷ for over-topping,—new-created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
'em,

Or else new-form'd 'em;] having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou at-
tend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. [I pray thee, mark me.]

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, [all dedicated
To closeness,⁸ and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but⁹ by being so retir'd, 91
O'er-priz'd¹⁰ all popular rate,¹¹] in my false
brother

Awak'd an evil nature; [and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans¹² bound. He being thus
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitu-
tion,¹³

And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—]—hence his ambition
growing,—

[Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part
he play'd

And him he play'd it for,] he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal
royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates¹⁴—
So dry¹⁵ he was for sway—with the King of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
The most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. [Mark his condition, and the event;
then tell me

If this might be a brother.

¹ Issu'd, descended. ² Teen, sorrow. ³ From, out of.

⁴ Manage, management.

⁵ Signiories, states.

⁶ Prime, first.

⁷ Trash, restrain, lop.

⁸ Closeness, retirement.

⁹ But, save.

¹⁰ O'er-priz'd, outvalued.

¹¹ Rate, estimation.

¹² Sans, without.

¹³ Out o' the substitution, because of the deputyship.

¹⁴ Confederates, conspires.

¹⁵ Dry, thirsty.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly¹ of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.]
This King of Naples, being an enemy 121
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu² o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tri-
bute,—

Should presently³ extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of dark-
ness, 130

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

[*Mir.* Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint⁴
That wracks mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's; without the which, this
story

Were most impertinent.⁵]

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. [Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question.] Dear, they
durst not,— 140

So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,⁶ they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
par'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

¹ But nobly, other than nobly.

² In lieu, in consideration.

³ Presently, immediately.

⁵ Impertinent, irrelevant.

⁴ Hint, subject.

⁶ In few, in short.

Pros. O, a cherubin 152
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd⁷ the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,⁸ to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, 161
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much;⁹ so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise:—
[Resumes his mantle.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here 171
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit¹⁰

Than other princess'¹¹ can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now,
I pray you, sir,—

For still 't is beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising the sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady¹²—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon 181
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-
tions:

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dullness,

⁷ Deck'd, sprinkled.

⁸ An undergoing stomach, an enduring courage.

⁹ Have steaded much, have stood us in good stead.

¹⁰ Made thee more profit, i.e. made thee profit more.

¹¹ Princess', princesses (elision made on account of the metre).

¹² Now my dear lady, now my auspicious mistress.

And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.]
 Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
 Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
 I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding
 task

Ariel and all his quality.¹

Pros.

Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point² the tempest that I bade
 thee?



Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure.—(Act I. 2. 189, 190.)

Ari. To every article.
 I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,³
 Now in the waist,⁴ the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,⁵
 200
 Then meet, and join. [*Jove's lightnings,*
 the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

¹ *Quality*, skill, ability.

² *To point*, exactly.

³ *Beak*, bow.

⁴ *Waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle.

⁵ *Distinctly*, separately.

And sight-outrunning were not:] the fire, and
 cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
 tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

[*Pros.*

My brave spirit!]

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil⁶
 Would not infect his reason?]

Ari.

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

⁶ *Coil*, turmoil.

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel, 211

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
dinand,

With hair up-staring,¹—then like reeds, not
hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is
empty,

And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself; 221
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle² of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook,³ where
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd⁴ Bermoothes, there she's
hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230
[Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,

I have left asleep:] and for⁵ the rest o' the
fleet,

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,⁶
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship
wreck'd,

And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

¹ *Up-staring*, standing on end.

² *An odd angle*, an out-of-the-way corner.

³ *Nook*, bay.

⁴ *Still-vex'd*, constantly disturbed.

⁵ *For*, as for.

⁶ *Flote*, flood, sea.

Ari.

Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses.⁷ The time 'twixt
six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,⁸

Let me remember thee⁹ what thou hast pro-
mis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumbings: thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to
tired the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy¹⁰
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she
born? speak; tell me. 260

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
[To enter human hearing,] from Argier,¹¹
[Thou know'st,] was banish'd: for one thing
she did

They would not take her life. [Is not this true?]

Ari. Ay, sir.]

⁷ *Two glasses*, i.e. two hours.

⁸ *Pains*, tasks.

⁹ *Remember thee*, remind thee.

¹⁰ *Envy*, malice.

¹¹ *Argier*, Algiers.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my
slave, 270
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her serv-
vant;
And, for¹ thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,² she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent
thy groans 280
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'
the sea: 301

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,

And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. [*Waking*] The strangeness of your story
put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis, 310
We cannot miss³ him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough
within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other
business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked⁴ dew as e'er my mother
brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
urchins

Shall forth at vast of night that they may
work

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more sting-
ing 329

Than bees that make 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

¹ For, because.

² Hests, commands.

³ Miss, do without.

⁴ Wicked, baneful.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou
camest first, 332
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night: and then I
lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile:—
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!



Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care.—(Act i. 2. 344-346.)

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you
sty me 342
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I
have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; I lodg'd
thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child. 348

[*Cal.* O ho! O ho!—would't had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of¹ all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not,
savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like

¹ Capable of, impressible by.

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. [But thy
 vile race,¹
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
 good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast
 thou 360
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.]

Cal. You taught me language; and my
 profit on't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid
 you

For learning² me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
 To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou,
 malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old
 cramps,³ 369

Fill all thy bones with aches,⁴ make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.—

[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and sing-
 ing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands:

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

The wild waves whist:

Foot it feately⁵ here and there; 380

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i't the air
 or the earth? 387

It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
 This music crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury and my passion⁶
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 't is gone.
 No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change 400

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember⁷ my drown'd
 father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes:⁸—I hear it now above
 me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye
 advance,⁹

And say what thou see'st yond.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and
 hath such senses 412

As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
 Was in the wreck; and, but¹⁰ he's something
 stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
 mightst call him

A goodly person; he hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit!

I'll free thee 420

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

¹ Race, nature.

² Learning, teaching.

³ Old cramps, plenty of cramps.

⁴ Aches, pronounced as a dissyllable.

⁵ Feately, nimbly.

⁶ Passion, grief.

⁷ Remember, commemorate.

⁸ Owes, owns.

⁹ Advance, lift up.

¹⁰ But, except that.

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my
prayer 422

May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pros. How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee? 431

Fer. A single¹ thing, as I am now, that
wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;



Fer. Where should this music be? 't is the air or the earth?—(Act i. 2. 387.)

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb,
beheld

The king my father wreck'd,

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control²
thee, 439

If now 't were fit to do 't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently?

This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
you

The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but
this swift business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I
charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

¹ Single, weak.

² Control, confute.

Pros. Follow me.— [*To Ferdinand.*
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come;
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: 461
 Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and
 husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power.
 [*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He's gentle, and not fearful.



Fer. No;
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power.—(Act i. 2. 464-466.)

Pros. What, I say,
 My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
 Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
 conscience 470
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy
 ward;¹
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
 And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father!—

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
 I'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
 What,
 An advocate for an impostor! hush!
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes
 as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish
 wench!

¹ Ward, posture of defence.
 212

To¹ the most of men this is a Caliban, 480
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
threats 488
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the
earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough 492
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works.—[*To Ferdinand*]

Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To Fer-*
dinand] Follow me.—

[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have
cause—

So have we all—of joy; for our escape
{ Is much beyond our loss. [Our hint of woe
{ Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
{ Themaster of some merchant, and the merchant,
{ Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
{ I mean our preservation, few in millions
{ Can speak like us:] then wisely, good sir,
weigh 8

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of
his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purpos'd. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I
meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock. 30

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done! The wager?

[*Ant.* A laughter.

Seb. A match!]

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inacces-
sible,—

[*Seb.* Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't.] 40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.²

¹ *To*, compared to.

² *Temperance*, temperature.

[*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.]

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

[*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live. 50

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush¹ and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green² in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.]

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are. 60

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being [rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now] as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 71

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

[*Adr.* Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.³

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it! 80

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage!

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next? 89

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.]

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

[*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.]

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?]

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; [and, in my rate,⁴ she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, 110

I ne'er again shall see her.] O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt 121 He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

¹ *Lush*, luxuriant.

² *An eye of green*, a tinge of green.

³ *To their queen*, i.e. for their queen.

⁴ *Rate*, reckoning.

But rather lose her to an African; 125
 [Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd
 otherwise,
 By all of us; and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' the beam she'd bow.] We have
 lost your son, 131

I fear, for ever: [Milan and Naples have
 More widows in them of this business' making
 Than we bring men to comfort them:]

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
 When you should bring the plaster.

[*Seb.* Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly. 140

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
 When you are cloudy.¹

Seb. Foul weather!

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would
 I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate; 149
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too,—but innocent and pure;
 No sovereignty,—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
 forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should
 produce 159

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring
 forth,

Of its own kind, all foison,² all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle,—whores and
 knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk
 nothing to me. 171

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and
 did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
 who are of such sensible³ and nimble lungs
 that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am
 nothing to you: so you may continue, and
 laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given! 180

Seb. An⁴ it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;
 you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
 she would continue in it five weeks without
 changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible; solemn music playing.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.]

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
 my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
 me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. 190

[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and
 Antonio.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine
 eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:
 I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

¹ Cloudy, gloomy.

² Foison, plenty.

³ Sensible, sensitive.

⁴ An, it.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them! 199

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,

Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No
more:—

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks
thee; and

My strong imagination sees a crown 208
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; [and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,
moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather;
wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me;¹ which to do 220
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, 230
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,
this,—

Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost per-
suaded,—

[For he's a spirit of persuasion, only]
Professes to persuade,²—the king his son's
alive,—

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! [no hope, that
way, is 240

Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink³ beyond,
But doubt discovery there.] Will you grant
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that
dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [she that from
Naples

Can have no note,⁴ unless the sun were post,—
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable; she from whom 250
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again;

And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of
Tunis;

² Only professes to persuade, persuasion is his only pro-
fession.

³ Wink=smallest space.

⁴ Note, information

¹ If heed me, i.e. if you heed me.

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant.] A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!"—Say, this were
death 260
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were
no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; [lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater¹ than before: my brother's ser-
vants 273

Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a
kibe,²

'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied³ be
they,

And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your
brother, 280

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's
dead;

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. [For all the
rest,

They'll take suggestion⁴ as a cat laps milk;

They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.]

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke 292
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
pay'st;

And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me
forth,—

For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie, 300
Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. [*Waking*] Now, good angels
Preserve the king!

[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why, how now!—

[*To Alonso*] Ho, awake!—

[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why are you
drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Alon. [*Waking*] What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your
repose, 310

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bel-
lowing

Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

[*Ant.* O, 't was a din to fright a monster's
ear,

To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.]

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a
humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

¹ Feater, more trimly.

² Kibe, a sore heel.

³ Candied, congealed.

⁴ Suggestion, prompting, temptation.

I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes
open'd, 319
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these
beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*]



Trin. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.—(Act ii. 2. 25-28.)

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I
have done:— 326
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and
make him
By inch-meal¹ a disease! His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me; 8
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven
tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!

¹ By inch-meal, inch by inch.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me. [*Lies down.*]

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-
ing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black
cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bom-
bard¹ that would shed his liquor. If it should
thunder as it did before, I know not where to
hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose
but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a
man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells
like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell;
a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.² A
strange fish! Were I in England now, as once
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a
holiday fool there but would give a piece of
silver: there would this monster make a man;
[any strange beast there makes a man:] when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beg-
gar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms!
Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my
opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but
an islander, that hath lately suffered by a
thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is
come again! my best way is to creep under
his gaberdine; there is no other shelter here-
about: misery acquaints a man with strange
bed-fellows. I will here shroud³ till the dregs
of the storm be past. 43

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*]

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber,⁴ the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Low'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, 50

But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,⁵

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my
comfort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me:—O! 58

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils
here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages
and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drown-
ing, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it
hath been said, As proper a man as ever went
on four legs cannot make him give ground;
and it shall be said so again, while Stephano
breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with
four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.
Where the devil should he learn our language?
I will give him some relief, if it be but for
that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame,
and get to Naples with him, he's a present for
any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring
my wood home faster. 75

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk
after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle:
if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go
near to remove his fit. If I can recover him,
and keep him tame, I will not take too much
for him; he shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou
wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now
Prosper works upon thee. 84

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you,
cat: open your mouth; this will shake your
shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly
[*gives Caliban drink*]: you cannot tell who's
your friend: open your chaps again [*gives*
Caliban drink].

Trin. I should know that voice: it should
be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils:
—O, defend me! 92

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most deli-
cate monster! His forward voice, now, is to
speak well of his friend; his backward voice
is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all
the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will
help his ague.—[*Gives Caliban drink.*] Come,

¹ Bombard, a large flagon.

² Poor-John, hake fish dried and salted.

³ Shroud, take shelter.

⁴ Swabber, one who mops the deck of a ship.

⁵ Tang, twang.

—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!— 100

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, —be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws Trinculo out by the legs from under Caliban's garment.*] —Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege¹ of this moon-calf?² [can he vent Trinculos?] 111

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 120

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! [which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 128

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.]

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book [*gives Trinculo drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in

a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. —How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 139

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:

My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:— I will furnish it anon with new contents:— swear. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'-the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth. 150

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

Ste. Come, kiss. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

¹ Siege, excrement.

² Moon-calf, abortion.

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get
thee 175
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go
with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without
any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all
our company else being drown'd, we will in-
herit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow
Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.



Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.—(Act ii. 2. 192.)

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master; fare-
well, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken mon-
ster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; 184
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—Get a new man.

[Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom! 191

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's
dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's
crabbed,—

And he's compos'd of harshness! I must re-
move 9

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labour;

Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO behind.

Mir.

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray, set it down, and rest you: [when this burns,

'T will weep for having wearied you.] My father 19

Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:

He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;

I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30

And yours it is against.

[*Pros.* *Aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest¹ to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard; [and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
age 41

Brought my too diligent ear: for several²
virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,³

And put it to the foil:] but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best!

Mir.

[I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I
seen 50

More that I may call men, than you, good
friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,—

The jewel in my dower;—] I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you;

Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle

Something too wildly, and my father's pre-
cepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,— 60

I would not so!—[and would no more endure

This wooden slavery than to suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth.] Hear my soul
speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake

Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

[If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70

What best is boded me to mischief!] I,

Beyond all limit of what else⁴ i' the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [*Aside*] Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace

On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

What I desire to give; and much less take

What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, if you will marry me;

¹ *Hest*, command. ² *Several*, separate. ³ *Ow'd*, owned.

⁴ *What else*, whatever else there may be.

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow¹
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and
now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*
Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoic-
ing



Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true!—(Act iii. 1. 68-70.)

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: there-

fore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-mon-
ster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this
island! They say there's but five upon this
isle: we are three of them; if the other two
be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

[*Caliban drinks.*

Trin. Where should they be set else? he
were a brave monster indeed, if they were set
in his tail.

¹ *Fellow, companion.*

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. 20

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster I am in case to justify a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster? 33

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. "Lord," quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 42

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 50

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; 60
From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. 70

Cal. What a pied ninny's this!—Thouscurvy patch!¹—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes² are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off. 81

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha! 90

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

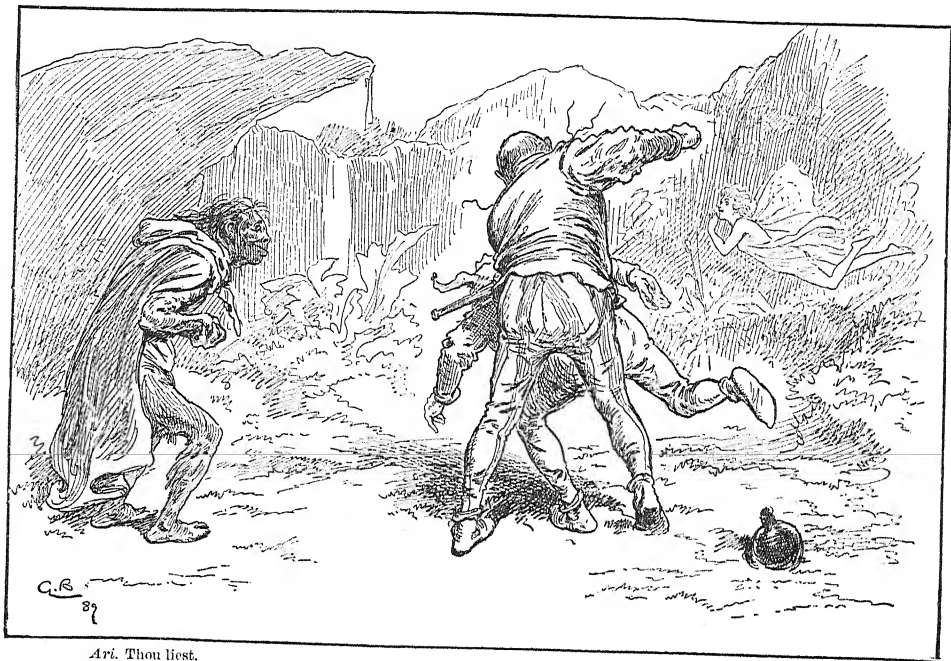
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake.

¹ Patch, fool.² Quick freshes, springs of fresh water.

Or cut his wesand¹ with thy knife; remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,² as I am, nor hath not 101
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books.

[He has brave utensils,—for so he calls
them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 110
As great'st does least.



Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that [strikes Trinculo]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.—(Act iii. 2. 83-85.)

Ste.

Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.]

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. 121

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste.

Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch³
You taught me but while-ere?⁴

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free. 132

¹ *Wesand*, windpipe.

² *Sot*, fool.

³ *Troll the catch*, sing the tune.

⁴ *But while-ere*, but a while ago.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us! 141

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments



Cal. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again.—(Act iii. 2. 146-149.)

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and show riches 150

Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. 160

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,¹ I can go no further, sir;

¹ *By'r lakin*, by our Lady.

{ My old bones ache: [here's a maze trod, in deed,
Through forth-rights¹ and meanders!] by
your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd² with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
[Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.]

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad
that he's so out of hope. 11

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.



Seb. [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel,
they

Will not, they cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to-night: no
more. [*Solemn and strange music.*]

Alon. What harmony is this?—My good
friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter below,
several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet:
they dance about it with gentle actions
of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c.
to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—

What were these? 20

[*Seb.* A living drollery.³ Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one
phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

¹ Forth-rights, straight paths.

² Attach'd, seized.

³ Drollery, puppet-show.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to
me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er
did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe
me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note, 31
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse¹
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [Aside] Praise in departing.]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we
have stomachs.— 41

Will't please you taste of what is here?
[*Alon.* Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When
we were boys,

Who would believe that there were moun-
taineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such
men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.]

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel 50
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a
harp; claps his wings upon the table; and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, [whom Des-
tiny,—

That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst
men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves.

[*Alonso, Sebastian, &c. draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements, 61
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowl² that's in my plume: my fellow-
ministers

Are like³ invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—] that [you
three]

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul
deed

[The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,]
Lingering perdition—[worse than any death
Can be at once—] shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard
you from,—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else
falls 80

Upon your heads,—is nothing but hearts-
sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

¹ *Muse*, wonder at.
228

² *Dowle*, fibre of down.

³ *Like*, alike.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and moves, and carry out the table.

[*Pros.* *Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high
charms work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my
power; 90

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is
drown'd, —

And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. P' the name of something holy, sir,
why stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me
of it;

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass¹ my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet
sounded, 101

And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits. — I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy²
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere³ punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: [who once again
I tender to thy hand:] all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off, 9
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own
acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: [but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion³ shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now, — the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st sug-
gestion

Our worser Genius can,⁴ shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd, 30
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.]

Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own. —
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

¹ Bass, utter in a deep tone.

² Ecstasy, madness.

³ Aspersion, sprinkling.

⁴ Can, i. e. is able to make.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place: Incite them to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40 Some vanity¹ of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.²

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go," And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so," Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mow. Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. [Do not approach 49 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; donot give dalliance Toomuch therein; the strongest oaths are straw To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious, Or else good night your vow!³

Fer. I warrant you, sir; The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.⁴

Pros. Well.— Now come, my Ariel!] bring a corollary,⁵ Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!⁶—

No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease; 61 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover,⁷ them to keep; Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,

¹ *Vanity*, illusion.

² *With a twink*, in a twinkling.

³ *Good night your vow!* i.e. farewell to your vow.

⁴ *Liver*, supposed to be the seat of love.

⁵ *A corollary*, a surplus.

⁶ *Pertly*, briskly

⁷ *Stover*, fodder for cattle.

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being lass-lorn;⁸ thy pole-clipt vineyard;⁹ And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, 71 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter; Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers; And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80 My bosky¹⁰ acres and my unshrubb'd down, Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath my queen Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate; And some donation freely to estate¹¹ On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. [Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot The means that dusky Dis¹² my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society Be not afraid: I met her deity Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain; Mars's hot minion is return'd again; Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, 99 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, And be a boy right out.]

Cer. High'st queen of state, Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be, And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you.

⁸ *Lass-lorn*, forsaken of his mistress.

⁹ *Pole-clipt vineyard*, vineyard where the poles are clipt, or embraced, by the vines. *Vineyard* is pronounced as a trisyllable.

¹¹ *Estate*, give as a possession.

¹⁰ *Bosky*, woody.

¹² *Dis*, Pluto.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,¹ 110
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines² call'd to enact 121
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd³ father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris
on employment.*]

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
[*Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;*]
There's something else to do; hush, and be
mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wan-
dering brooks,

With your sedg'd crowns and over-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command: 131
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance;
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts sud-
denly, and speaks; after which, to a strange,
hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul con-
spiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done;
—avoid,⁴—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
passion⁵

That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.⁶

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air: 150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,⁷ shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on;⁸ and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is
troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mir.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

Pros. [*To Ariel*] Come with a thought!—
I thank thee, Ariel: come!

Re-enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with⁹ Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave
these varlets? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

¹ *Foison plenty*, i.e. plentiful abundance.

² *Confines*, abodes.

³ *Wonder'd*, able to perform wonders. ⁴ *Avoid*, begone.

⁵ *Passion*, strong emotion.

⁶ *Distemper'd*, disturbed.

⁷ *Inherit*, possess.

⁸ *On*, of.

⁹ *To meet with*, i.e. to encounter.

Advanc'd¹ their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
 thorns, 180
 Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left
 them

P the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
 [There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
 lake
 O'erstunk their feet.]
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,



Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!—(Act iv. 1. 256-263.)

For stale² to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost; 190
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.—

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering
 apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.³

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter
 CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
 mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is
 a harmless fairy, has done little better than
 play'd the Jack⁴ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
 which my nose is in great indignation. 200

Ste. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If

¹ Advanc'd, lifted. ² Stale, a decoy. ³ Line, lime-tree.

⁴ The Jack, the Jack-o'-lantern.

I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 212

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithce, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery¹.—O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 240

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate;² there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime³ upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villanous low. 250

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. [Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!]

[*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 260

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard⁴ or cat-o'-mountain.⁵

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

² Pass of pate, sally of wit.

³ Lime, birdlime.

⁴ Pard, leopard.

⁵ Cat-o'-mountain, wild cat.

¹ Frippery, old-clothes shop.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of PROSPERO.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and
Time

Goes upright with his carriage.¹ How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
[Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove² which weather-fends³ your
cell;] 10

They cannot budge till your release.⁴ The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted;

[And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,
Gonzalo;"]

His tears run down his beard, like winter's-
drops

From eaves of reeds.] Your charm so strongly
works 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, 22
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kinder mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

¹ Goes upright with his carriage, bends not under his burden.

² Line-grove, lime-grove.

³ Weather-fends, protects from the weather.

⁴ Till your release, till released by you.

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 29
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing
lakes, and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds, 42

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promon-
tory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs⁵ pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO;
SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner,
attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they
all enter the circle which Prospero had
made, and there stand charmed; which
Prospero observing, speaks.*

[A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, 59]

⁵ Spurs, the roots, projecting like spurs.

{ Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand, 60
{ For you are spell-stopp'd.—]
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
{ Fall fellowly drops.¹—[The charm dissolves
apace;
{ And as the morning steals upon the night,
{ Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

{ Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir 60
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh
and blood.



Ariel. On the bat's back I do fly.—(Act v. 1. 91.)

{ You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse² and nature; who, with
Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do for-
give thee,
Unnatural though thou art. — Their under-
standing
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore, 81
{ That now lies foul and muddy.] Not one of
them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—
Ariel,
[Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—]
[Exit Ariel.]

I will discase me,³ and myself present
As I was sometime⁴ Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Re-enter ARIEL; who sings while helping to
attire Prospero.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry. 90
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

¹ *Fall fellowly drops*, let fall companionable drops.

² *Remorse*, pity.

³ *Discase me*, undress myself.

⁴ *Sometime*, formerly.

Under the hatches; the master and the boat-swain

Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee. 101

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

[*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,

Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!]

Pros. Behold, sir king,

The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether¹ thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle² to abuse³ me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.⁴—But how should

Prospero 119
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

[*Pros.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends
all:—

[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my
brace of lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify⁵ you traitors: at this time 128
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.]

Pros. [No.—]
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

¹ *Whether*, pronounced as a monosyllable.

² *Trifle*, phantom. ³ *Abuse*, deceive.

⁴ *My wrongs*, i.e. the wrongs I have done.

⁵ *Justify*, prove.

Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours
since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have
lost—

[How sharp the point of this remembrance
is!—]

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for't, sir.

[*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think 141
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, support-
able
To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in
Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I
wish 150

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire,⁶
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:] but, howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely 160

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

⁶ *Admire*, wonder.



THE TEMPEST

Act V Scene I line 172

Mr. Sweet lord, you play me false



[For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting.] Welcome, sir;
Thiscell'smy court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing; 169
[At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.]

*The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and
MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

[*Seb.* A most high miracle!]

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

[*Kneels to Alonso.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou can'st here.

Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,

That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play?

You'reld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine: 189
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

[*Gon.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down,
you gods, 201
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars.—In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his duke-
dom 211

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.¹]

Alon. [*To Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give
me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a galleons were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—[Now, blas-
phemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land?] What is the
news? 220

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship—
[Which, but three glasses since, we gave out }
split—]

Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Prospero*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

¹ His own, master of himself.

Pros. [*Aside to Ariel*] My tricky spirit!

[*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches; 231

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains, And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:



Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.]

Ari. [*Aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to Ariel*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. 241

[*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct¹ of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single² I'll resolve you³—

Which to you shall seem probable—of every These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful, 250

And think of each thing well.—] [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free; Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel*]

—How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads that you remember not.

¹ *Conduet*, conductor.

² *Single*, by myself.

³ *Resolve you*, explain to you.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio,¹ bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

[*Seb.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men,
my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen
knave,—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs, 270
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-
devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe:² [where
should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?³—]
How cam'st thou in this pickle? 281

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I
saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out
of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano,
but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd
on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; 291
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise here-
after,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage
where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your
train 300
To my poor cell, where you shall take your
rest

For this one night; which—part of it—I'll
waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
make it

Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solénnized; 309
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ariel*] My
Ariel,—chick,—

That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—

¹ *Coragio* (Ital.), courage.

² *Reeling ripe*, drunk to the point of reeling.

³ *Gilded 'em*, made them drunk.

Which is most faint: [now, 't is true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples.] Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands:
 Gentle breath of yours my sails

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10

Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please: now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.

20



NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1.—Reference has been made in the Introduction to a play of Calderon's, *El Mayor Encanto Amor*, in which there is considerable similarity to *The Tempest*. It may be interesting to compare the first scene, which, like Shakespeare's, deals with a shipwreck—with how much less vivid an effect! I give it in McCarthy's translation (*Love the Greatest Enchantment*, 1861, pp. 21-23).

Act the First.—The Sea and Coast of Sicily.

A ship is discovered struggling with the waves: in it are Ulysses, Antistes, Archelus, Polydorus, Timantes, Florus, Lebel, Clarin, and others.

Antistes. We strive in vain,

Fate frowns averse, and drives us o'er the main
Before the elements.

Archelus. Death wings the wind, and the wild waves immense

Will be our graves to-day.

Timantes. Brace up the foresail.

Polydorus.

Give the bow-line way.

Florus. The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.

Antistes. Hoist!

Lebel. To the mainsheet!—

Clarin.

Let the clew-lines go!—

Ulysses. O Sovereign Jove!

Thou who this gulf in mountainous foam dost move,

Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow,

If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.

Antistes. God of the Sea, great Neptune! in despite

Of Juno's care, why thus the Greeks affright.

Archelus. And see the kindling Heavens are all ablaze,

With angry bolts and lightning-wing'd rays.

Clarin. Son of Silenus, truly called *divine*!

Save from a watery death these lips that lived on wine!

Lebel. Let not, O Meinus! 't is his latest wish,

A man who lived as flesh now die as fish!

Timantes. This day, these waves that round about us rise

Will be our icy tombs:—

All.

Have pity, O ye skies!—

Polydorus. It seems that they have listen'd to our prayer—

Our wild lament that pierced the darkness air—

Since suddenly the winds begin to cease.

Archelus. Yes, all the elements proclaim a peace:—

Antistes. And for our greater happiness,

(Since good and evil on each other press)

See, on the far horizon's verge

The golden summits of the hills emerge

From out the mist that shrouds the lowlier strand.

Timantes. The clouds are scatter'd now;

All.

The land! the land!

Ulysses. Beneath this promontory, which doth lie

A link of stone betwixt the sea and sky,

Turn the tired prow:

Polydorus.

The rock bends beetling o'er:—

Antistes. All hands descend on shore:—

All.

All hands on shore!

Antistes. After the war of waves the air grows bland:—

Ulysses. Shipwreck we have subdued.

All.

To land! to land!

[*The vessel anchors and all the crew disembark.*]

2. Line 3: *GOOD, speak to the mariners.*—The word *good* here is evidently used in reference to the boatswain, not the *cheer*. Compare line 16 below: "Nay, *good*, be patient." The word is often thus used in Shakespeare, generally followed by *now*, as in *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 4. 22: "*Good, now*, hold thy tongue."

3. Lines 3, 4: *fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground.*—In a note at the end of *The Tempest* (Var. Ed. xv. 184-186) Malone gives the following very interesting communication from a distinguished naval officer, the second Lord Mulgrave: "The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skillful seamen of that time. . . .

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.

"The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

1st Position.

Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground.

1st Position.

Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to haul upon a wind with the topsail set. Yare is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

2d Position.

Yare, yare, take in the topsail, blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

2d Position.

The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land; this is introduced here to account for the next order.

3d Position.

Down with the top mast.—Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.

4th Position.

Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off.

5th Position.

We split, we split.

3d Position.

The gale increasing, the top-mast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

4th Position.

The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hauled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

5th Position.

The ship not able to weather a point, is driven on shore."

4. Line 11: *Play the men*.—Malone compares 2 Samuel x. 12: "let us *play the men* for our people."

5. Line 13: *Where is the master, BOATSWAIN?*—Ff. print *boson*, which is still the pronunciation of the word.

6. Line 15: *you do ASSIST THE STORM*.—Compare Pericles, iii. 1. 19:

Patience, good sir; do not *assist the storm*.

7. Lines 17, 18: *What CARE these rovers for the name of king?*—Ff. have *cares*, which the Cambridge editors preserve as "probably from Shakespeare's pen," and because "in the mouth of a boatswain it can offend no one." But if Shakespeare wrote it, as is possible, it is certainly not probable that he would desire its preservation. A singular verb preceding a plural noun was never other than a vulgarism, however commonly used, and the Clarendon Press editor quotes a very apt instance in Richard II. iii. 4. 24, where F. 1 has "Here comes the gardeners," but Q. 1, the better text, has "Here come the gardeners."

The word *roaver*, which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, was used in his time in the sense of bully, riotous fellow. See Kastril in Jonson's Alchemist, the "angry boy," as he is there called, for a specimen of the *roaver*.

8. Line 25: *we will not HAND a rope more; i.e. handle*. Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 62, 63:

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First *hand me*.

Cotgrave renders *manier*, "to handle, *hand*," &c.

9. Line 32: *his complexion is perfect gallows*.—Here, and again below, line 49, and in v. 1. 217, 218, is an allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." Compare also The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 156-158:

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

10. Line 38: *Bring her to try with main-course!*—Steevens quotes from Smith's Seaman's Grammar, 1627, under the article, How to handle a ship in a storm: "Let us lie as *Try with our maine course*; that is, to hale the tackle aboard, the sheet close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboard." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes from Edwards' Life of Raleigh the following illustrative passage describing the disasters which befel his ships at the outset of the Island voyage in 1597: "On Tuesday morninge, my sealf, the Bonaventur, the Mathew, and

Andrew, were together, and steered for the North Cape, not doubtinge butt to have crost the fleet within six howres, butt att the instant the winde changed to the south, and blew vehemently; so as wee putt our seelves under our fore corses, and stood to the west into the sea. Butt on Tuesday night I perceived the Mathew to labor very vehemently, and that shee could not indure that manner of standinge of, and so putt her sealf a *try with her mayne course*" (vol. ii. pp. 171, 172).

11. Line 52: *Lay her a-hold*.—To lay a ship *a-hold* is defined in Admiral Smyth's Sailors' Wordbook as "a term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it."

12. Lines 52, 53: *set her two courses! off to sea again*.—This is the punctuation introduced by Holt; Ff. have "set her two courses off to Sea againe," which would mean, keep her two points further out from land—which may be the meaning. The two courses which were to be *set* are the mainsail and the foresail.

13. Line 63: *And gape at wil'd st to GLUT him*.—The word *glut*, in the sense of englut, swallow, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Johnson compares Milton, Paradise Lost, x. 632, 633:

nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal.

14. Lines 70, 71: *ling, heath, broom, furze*.—This is the emendation of Hammer, which it is difficult not to accept. The Ff. have *long heath, Browne firrs*, which a few editors retain, though no satisfactory reason has yet been given why *heath* should be spoken of as *long* or *furze* as *brown*, at a time too when the speaker had other things than adjectives to think of. Farmer quotes from Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed (fol. 91a): "*Brome . . . heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling*," &c.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

15. Line 7: *Who had, no doubt, some noble CREATURES in her*.—Ff. print *creature*; the emendation adopted is Theobald's. It is obviously demanded by Miranda's words before and after: "*those that I saw suffer*," and "*Poor souls, they perish'd!*"

16. Line 13: *The FRAUGHTING souls within her*.—Theobald altered *fraughting* to *freighting*, but *fraught* was the word in use in Shakespeare's time. Compare Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, i. 1:

Bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore and see the *fraught* discharg'd.

Fraughting is of course used in the sense of "making up the freight." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "Freteure: A *fraughting*, loading, or furnishing of a (hired) ship."

17. Line 19: *more better*.—Compare line 439 below, "more braver." Similar reduplications are not infrequent in Shakespeare, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6. 76: "*a more larger list of sceptres*;" Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 17: "*some more fitter place*;" &c.

18. Line 29: *that there is no SOUL*.—The sentence here is left unfinished—probably with an intentional abruptness. The sense is perfectly clear from the context, and

a slight break of this sort is very natural. Rowe mended the line by adding "lost," and Theobald proposed *foil* for *soul*, Johnson *soil*;—alterations not merely unnecessary, but improbable in themselves.

19. Line 41: *OUT three years old*; i.e. full three years old. Compare iv. 1. 101: "And be a boy right out."

20. Line 50: *In the dark BACKWARD and ABYSM of time?*—Shakespeare uses the adverb *inward* in a similar way as a noun. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 138: "I was an *inward* of his." *Abysm* is the earlier form of the word "*abyss*," showing more directly its origin from the Old French *abysme* (*abîme*). It occurs in two other places of Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 147, and Sonnet cxli. 9.

21. Line 53: *Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since*.—This is the only place in Shakespeare where *year* is used instead of *years* in anything but an intentionally colloquial way. Perhaps its use here is intended to mark the unwontedly familiar tone of Prospero's communication. I think something of the same effect is found in the particular rhythm of the line, which should not, in my opinion, be read (as we are usually instructed to read it) "Twelve ye-ar since, Miranda, twelve year since." Similar expansions and contractions are certainly to be found in Shakespeare, but anything of the sort is quite unnecessary here. Read simply, with a slight extra accent on the first word, the line has to my ear a very expressive rhythm, not unlike that of Tennyson in The Grandmother:

Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

—Works, 1879, p. 263.

22. Line 56: *Thy mother was a PIECE OF VIRTUE*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 28: "the piece of virtue," and see note 139 to that play.

23. Lines 57–59:

*and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; AND his only heir
A princess,—no worse issu'd.*

The reading here adopted, that of Pope, seems to me much the best, requiring as it does the least possible change of the original text, and giving at least as good sense as anything else that has been suggested. Ff. have "*And Princess*," which some retain, inserting *thou* before "his only heir" in the preceding line. This indeed is the final decision of the Cambridge editors, who in the Cambridge ed. print the Folio text verbatim, and in the Clarendon Press adopt the reading of Pope. But the omission of such a word as *thou* seems to me much less likely than the substitution of *And* for *4*, when there have been no less than three *And*s already in the sentence. Dyce, in his notes to the play, cites four similar misprints of *And* for *4*. He, however, adopts Hammer's reading, *thou* for *and*, in line 58, as well as the change of *And* to *4*.

24. Line 64: *teen*.—Shakespeare uses *teen* (meaning sorrow) five or six times (compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 13: "and yet, to my *teen* be it spoken"), though even then it was going out of use. Compare Chaucer, The Knightes Tale, 2247, 2248:

That nevere was ther no word hem betwene
Of jealousye, or any other *teen*.

Rossetti uses it in his translation of Villon's *Ballade des Dames du temps jadis*, where he renders:

Pour son amour ent cest essaye,
by—
From Love he won such dule and *teen*.

25. Line 70: *The MANAGE of my state*.—Compare King John, i. 1. 37, 38:

Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate;

and Richard II. i. 4. 38, 39:

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.

26. Line 71: *Through all the SIGNORIES it was the first*.—*Signories* are here used in the sense of principalities—"the states of Northern Italy, under the government of single princes originally owing feudal obedience to the Holy Roman Empire" (Clarendon Press ed.). Elsewhere in Shakespeare it is used for estates or manors.

27. Line 72: *And Prospero the PRIME duke*; i.e. the first in rank. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 161, 162:

Have I not made you
The *prime* man of the state?

In the present scene, line 425, it is used with the meaning of first in order: "my *prime* request."

28. Line 81: *To TRASH for OVER-TOPPING*.—The word *trash* is a term used chiefly in hunting, meaning to restrain. See note 5 to Taming of the Shrew, where the following quotation from Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) is given: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or *trash* you from doing the things that you would, i.e. sometimes the Spirit *trashes* you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Some, influenced by the word *over-topping*, have understood *trash* as meaning "to lop," a meaning which has never been given to it elsewhere. *Over-top*, certainly, is used of trees, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 23, 24:

this pine is bark'd,
That *overtopp'd* them all;

but, considering how extremely fond Shakespeare was of the word *top*, in all its senses and connections, there is no reason why he should not have used it here in the sense of "*outstrip*." This makes the hunting metaphor complete. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 312, 313, where, if Warton's emendation of *trash* for *trace* be accepted (as, in this edition, it is), we read:

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.

29. Lines 83, 84:

*having both the KEY
Of officer and office.*

The *key* meant here is, as Sir John Hawkins states (Var. Ed. xv. 31), the key for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginal.

30. Lines 89, 90:

*all dedicated
To CLOSENESSE.*

Closeness, in the sense of retirement, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Closeness, (Reservedness or Secrecy) Reserve, Connexion, Circospection.*"

31. Line 92: O'ERPRIZ'D *all popular rate*; i.e. outvalued all popular estimation. Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 87, 88: "Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's *outpriz'd* by a trifle"—where *outprized* is used with the same meaning.

32. Lines 98-96:

*and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was.*

This is an allusion to the proverb, ἀνδρῶν ἡγάων τίςνα πρῖμα, *heroum filii noxae*, or, as Johnson puts it, "a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it."

33. Lines 99-102:

*like one
Who having INTO truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.*

This is the reading of the Ff., which has been greatly doubted, and altered in several ways, most plausibly by Warburton, who changed *unto* to *unto*, by which, certainly, we get a very fair sense: "like one who having made such a sinner unto (or against) truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it." But is not the text of the Ff. quite intelligible, and not more contorted in construction, without alteration? The sense, taken thus, is: "like one who having made such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it into truth"—a peculiar expression certainly, but not without parallels enough. Arrowsmith, in his Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, pp. 44-46 (cited by Dyce in his notes), gives several examples of similar constructions; e.g. The Times, Oct. 10, 1862: "Some feasible line of frontier which may also be *discussed into familiarity*;" Ben Jonson's Underwoods: "By thanking thus the courtesy to life." Malone quotes a passage closely parallel to that in the text from Bacon's account of Perkin Warbeck in his History of Henry VII. 1622, p. 120: "Nay himselfe, with long and continuall counterfeiting, and with oft telling a *Lye*, was turned by habite almost into the thinge hee seemed to be, and from a *Lyar*, to a *Believer*."

34. Lines 109, 110:

*ME, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough.*

Shakespeare sometimes, as here, omits the preposition; the meaning of course is "*For* me." Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 464, 465:

*Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand;*

and Timon of Athens, v. 1. 63, 64:

*Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.*

35. Line 111: *confederates*.—The verb *confederates* (i.e. conspires) is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare, but compare *confederacy*, in a similar sense, in Henry VIII. i. 2. 2, 3:

*I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy;*

and so probably in II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 168, &c.

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36. Line 112: *So DRY he was for sway*; i.e. thirsty, as in our common vulgarism. It is used again, without intentional colloquialism, in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 31:

When I was *dry* with rage and extreme toil.

"With the King of Naples" is printed in Ff. "*with* King of Naples," and some editors print *wt' the*. No doubt the mark of elision was accidentally omitted by the printer, who should have printed *with'*. A similar omission occurs in line 173 below. See note 49.

37. Line 122: HEARKENS *my brother's suit*.—*Hearkens* is again used transitively in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 304: "Well, *hearken* the end," where, however, the Q. has *hearken* at.

38. Line 123: IN LIEU *o' the premises*.—Shakespeare only uses *in lieu* of in the present sense of "in consideration of, in return for." Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 408-412:

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; *in lieu whereof*,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

39. Line 133: *I, not remembering how I cried out then*.—There is some plausibility in Steevens' conjecture, that *out* should be *on't*, but not enough certainty to make the change advisable.

40. Lines 134, 135:

it is a HINT

That wrings mine eyes to 't.

That is, it is a subject that draws tears from mine eyes. *Hint* is used here as in ii. 1. 3: "Our *hint* of woe;" i.e. our theme of woe. *To't* means "to do it," that is, to cry; Steevens, through some misunderstanding, thought the words inappropriate or unnecessary, and omitted them, to the equal detriment of sense and metre.

41. Line 138: *impertinent*; i.e. irrelevant, the literal meaning of the word, now out of use, though we use *pertinent* in its original sense. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, except in a misapplication of it by Launcelot in the Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 146. *Impertinency* is used in Lear, iv. 6. 178:

O, matter and *impertinency* mix'd!

42. Line 139: *Well DEMANDED, WENCH*.—Both *demand* and *wench* are here used in somewhat other than the modern way: *demand* being merely "asked" (the French *demandé*), without any peremptory signification, and *wench* being equivalent to "my girl"—a term of affection, not of contempt. The word indeed is still used in some parts of the country with this meaning—certainly in Warwickshire.

43. Lines 145-147:

*where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a BOAT, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast.*

Ff. print *butt*, for which no satisfactory meaning has been found. The correction is obvious. It was introduced by Rowe from Dryden's version. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had in mind here the similar treatment undergone by Edwin at the hands of his brother Athelstane. See Holinshed, 1586, vol. i. p. 155.

44. Lines 147-149:

*the very rats**Instinctively HAVE quit it: there they HOIST us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us.*

Rowe, following Dryden, altered *have* to *had*, but the change from the past to the present seems intentional, as in the Latin "historical present." *Hoist*, in the next line, may be either past or present, probably the latter, thus carrying on the description with the same vividness, as if all were happening over again. Compare with line 149, *Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 100: "how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them." In the same play a good example may be found of the change from past to present, v. 2. 83-85: "she *lifted* the princess from the earth; and so *looks* her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart."

45. Line 155: *When I have DECK'D the sea with drops full salt.*—*Deck'd* is usually explained as a provincialism for "sprinkled," and so it would seem to be, despite Schmidt's protest in his Lexicon. "To speak of floods," he says, "as being increased by tears is an hyperbole too frequent in Shakespeare. Prospero means to say that he shed so many tears as to cover the surface of the sea with them." But I do not see how *deck'd* can be taken in this large sense of "covered." In the other passages given in the Lexicon it means simply "dressed," and refers either literally or figuratively to clothes. No such meaning is possible here. Probably it is to be taken as equivalent to the North Country *deg*, which means to damp, used particularly of clothes damped before being ironed. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Carr's Glossary of the Craven Dialect, where *deg* is thus explained; Atkinson's Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect, where *dagg* or *degg* is defined "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle;" and Brockett's Glossary of North-Country words, where we find "*Dag*, to drizzle."

46. Line 157: *An undergoing STOMACH; i.e.* an enduring or sustaining courage. *Stomach* is more generally used in the sense of anger or resentment, occasionally as arrogance; in the present sense of dogged courage it occurs in *Hamlet*, i. 1. 99, 100:

some enterprise

That hath a *stomach* in't;and II. *Henry IV.* i. 1. 127-130:

The bloody Douglas . . .

Can vail his *stomach*, and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes II. *Macc.* vii. 21: "Yea, she exhorted every one of them in her own language, filled with courageous spirits; and stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly *stomach*, she said unto them."

47. Lines 162, 163:

WHO being then appointed

Master of this design.

This parenthesis is of course inaccurate in construction, but the inaccuracy was probably Shakespeare's, not the printers'. Pope smoothened things by omitting *who*, and Capell by changing *who* into *he*.

48. Line 169: *Now I arise.*—Three explanations of these words have been given: (1) that Prospero, for some un-

known reason, accompanies the act of rising with this statement to his daughter; (2) that the words mean, "Now I rise in my narration," "now my story heightens in its consequence;" (3) that Prospero thus declares that the turning-point of his own fortunes was come, and that now he began to *arise*—"his reappearance from obscurity a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun." This view seems the most reasonable, and it is probable that Prospero also literally rose from his seat, as in the next line he tells his daughter to *sit still*. To account for this movement Collier's MS. Corrector introduces the stage-direction, "Put on robe again," which, in the Cambridge editors' form, "Resumes his mantle," I have adopted.

49. Line 173: *Than other PRINCESS' can.*—The first three Ff. have *princesse*, F. 4 *princess*. The reading in the text was introduced by Dyce on a conjecture of Sidney Walker, who, rightly as I think, took the *princesse* of the Ff. for an instance of elision of final *es* or *s*, for the sake of metre. Compare the Ff. text of *Richard III.* ii. 1. 137:

Looked pale when they did hear of *Clarence* death;and of *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 357:These two *Antipholus*, these two so like.

Compare, too, *Macbeth*, v. 1. 29: "Ay, but their *sense* are shut," and see note 236 to that play. Rowe reads *princes*, which seems more of an alteration of the original than the reading I have adopted, and, to say the least, no better in meaning, though *prince* in Shakespeare's day was sometimes used of women.

50. Lines 181-184:

*I find my zenith doth depend upon**A most auspicious star, whose influence**If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes**Will ever after droop.*Compare *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 218-221:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

51. Line 194: *Perform'd to point; i.e.* in every point, exactly. The expression occurs again in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1. 254: "agree with his demands *to the point*." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "A *Poinct*. Aptly, fitly, conveniently."

52. Lines 196-206.—Capell (*School of Shakespeare*, p. 7) quotes the following passage from Hakluyt's *Voyages*, ed. 1598, vol. iii. p. 450: "I do remember that in the great and boisterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came vpon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like vnto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the *Cuerpo-santo*, and saide it was S. Elmo, whom they take to be the aduocate of Sailers. . . . This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, from top to top: and sometime it would be in two or three places at once." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes a similar account of the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire from Purchas his *Pilgrimes*, ed. 1625, Part I. lib. iii. c. 1. § 6, p. 133.

53. Line 198: *now on the BEAK; i.e.* the bow. Boyer, in 245

his French Dictionary, has: "The Beak, or Beak-head of a ship, *l'Eperon, le cap, le Poutaine, ou l'Avantage d'un Navire*;" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, renders *Rostrum*, "a bill, beak, snout, the beak of a ship."

54. Line 197: *the waist*; i.e. the hollow space between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle. Boyer has: "The Waist of a ship, (that Part between the Main-mast, and the Fore-castle) *le milieu d'un Navire*."

55. Line 200: *bowsprit*.—Ff. spell this word *Bore-spritt*, a misprint for *boltsprit* or *bowsprit*.

56. Line 201: *Jove's LIGHTNINGS, the precursors*.—Ff. have *lightning*; the correction is Theobald's.

57. Line 206:

Ari. *Yea, his dread trident shake.*

Pro.

My brave spirit!

Various expedients have been suggested for mending the metre of this line, which, however, is not more irregular than many of Shakespeare's. But the most amusing contribution to the question comes from Farmer, who gravely informs us in the solemn pages of the Variorum, that "lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprise the reader, that in Warwickshire and other Midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written *shaake*, a dissyllable." Certainly the Warwickshire people do lengthen out their words in the most extensive manner—a drawl which to my ear is often musical—but can any mortal believe that Shakespeare in a play like *The Tempest* would introduce a provincial pronunciation to eke out a not quite long enough line!

58. Line 213: *With hair up-staring*.—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 279, 280:

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare!

i.e. to stand on end. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has, s.v. *Stare*: "His Hair stares up, (or stands on end) *Ses cheveux se dressent, ou se hérissent*."

59. Line 218: *On their SUSTAINING GARMENTS not a blemish*.—*Sustaining garments* certainly means "garments that sustained them," as in Hamlet, iv. 7. 176, 177:

Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up.

But from the context it seems rather more probable that what Shakespeare meant, inaccurately as he expressed it, was, as Monck Mason says, "garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea."

60. Line 224: *in this SAD KNOT*; i.e. thus folded, as if in melancholy. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 4:

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;

and Sir John Suckling's famous description of Ford, in the Sessions of the Poets:

Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

61. Lines 228, 229:

*Thou call'dst me up at midnight to FETCH DEW
From the STILL-VEX'D BERMOTHES.*

Compare Bermuda. A Colony. A Fortress and a Prison.

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. . . By a Field Officer. (Longman, 1857): "The dampness of the climate would be less remarked, if a more solid style of building were adopted as well as a more general use of the fire-places. But even from the earliest discovery of the islands, this peculiarity of the atmosphere must have been well known, otherwise Shakespeare would not have made Prospero call Ariel 'up at midnight to fetch dew' from so distant a spot—the first recorded article of export, by the way. It is to be regretted, that Ariel did not carry away with him more of the dew, for there is still a great deal too much" (pp. 35, 36). Henley remarks: "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." Compare Heywood, *The English Traveller*, ii. 2:

1st Gal. Whence is your ship—from the *Bermoothes*!

Reig. Worse, I think from Hell:

We are all lost, split, shipwrecked, and undone.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes the following passage from Stow's Annals (ed. Howe, 1631), p. 1020, relating to the fleet under Sir George Summers sent out by the Virginia Company in 1609: "Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stearne, seeing the ship desperate of reliefe, looking every minute when the ship would sinke, he espied land, which, according to his, and Captaine Newports opinion, they iudged it should be that dreadfull coast of the *Bermodes*, which Iland[s] were of all Nations, said and supposed to bee enchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous Thunder, storme, and tempest, neere vnto those Ilands, also for that the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous, of Rockes, that few can approach them, but with vn-speakable hazard of ship-wrack." References to the Bermudas are very common in the Elizabethan age, and the name of the islands is frequently coupled with tales of enchantment and witchcraft. Compare Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, i. 2:

The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell
To victual out a witch for the *Burmoothes*.

62. Line 234: *the Mediterranean FLOTE*.—*Flote*, meaning flood or sea, is by some derived from *float*, by others from the French *flot*. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Minsheu's Guide into Tongues, 1617: "A Flote or wane. G. Flót. L. Fluctus." Compare Ford, Love's Sacrifice, i. 2:

Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run,
That, lost to reason, cannot sway the *float*
Of the unruly faction in my blood?

63. Lines 230-241:

Pros. *What is the time o' the day?*

Ari.

Past the mid season.

Pros. *At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.*

This passage has been supposed by some to be wrongly distributed, because Prospero is represented as answering his own question. Warburton, adopting the conjecture of Theobald and Upton, gives "Past the mid season at least two glasses" to Ariel. Johnson reasonably considered that the passage need not be disturbed, "it being common to ask, a question, which the next moment

enables us to answer;" but he adds: "he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

Pros. What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?

Ari. At least two glasses.

Pros. The time 'twixt six and now, &c."

Staunton, on the other hand, prints the passage thus:

Pros. At least two glasses—the time 'twixt six and now—

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

But this, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, would make it four in the afternoon, which hardly answers to Ariel's "Past the mid season." It would also, as Mr. Daniel points out in his Time-analysis of the play, reduce the time of the play to little more than two hours, while according to Prospero and Ariel it was a little above four, and on the testimony of Alonzo and the Boatswain about three.

64. Line 242: *Since thou dost give me PAINS; i.e. tasks.* Compare the expression "to take *pains*." See Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 11, 12:

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual *pain*?

65. Line 248: *made no mistakings.*—I have followed Pope in omitting *thee*, which in the ff. is redundant alike as to metre and sense, and has very obviously found its way into the text by confusion with the preceding clause, "Told *thee* no lies," and the word just above it in the preceding line: "done *thee* worthy service."

66. Line 249: *thou DIDST promise.*—F. 1 and F. 2 have *did*.

67. Line 261: *Argier.*—*Argier* or *Argiers* was the old form of Algiers. The King of *Argier* is a character in both parts of Marlowe's Tamburlaine. The word is found as late as Dryden, Limberham, iii. 1: "you *Argier's* man."

68. Lines 266, 267:
for one thing she did
They would not take her life.

Boswell supposed that "the thing she did" was some circumstance found by Shakespeare in the novel from which he drew his story (if any such novel existed). But it seems to me that the allusion is merely to the fact, mentioned in line 269, that she was "with child."

69. Line 269: *This BLUE-EY'D hag.*—Staunton conjectured *blear-eyed*, but, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks: "*Blue-eyed* does not describe the colour of the pupil of the eye, but the livid colour of the eye-lid, and a blue eye in this sense was a sign of pregnancy. See Webster, Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1. 'The fins of her *eyelids* look most teeming *blue*.'" Euripides uses the word *κυανωγῆς*—literally dark-blue-gleaming—in his description of Death in Alkestis, which Browning renders:

Hades' self,
He, with the wings there, glares at me, one gaze
All that *blue brilliance*, under the eye-brow!

—Balaustion's Adventure, p. 46.

And on the next page Browning speaks of "the *blue-eyed* black-winged phantom." Here of course the reference is to the lurid blue-black colour of thunder-clouds, and it is possible Shakespeare may have meant this in describing his witch as *blue-eyed*.

70. Lines 270, 271: *Thou . . . WAST then her servant.*—So Rowe, after Dryden; ff. print *was*.

71. Lines 301–303:

*Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.*

F. 1 has:

Go make thy self like a Nymph o' th' sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else.

F. 2 inserts *to* in line 301, and Rowe, in his second edition, omits *thine and*, changes which I cannot but consider absolutely necessary, the first on account of the metre, the second on account both of metre and of sense. Malone arranges the lines thus:

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.

But such jolting lines are no more to be called rhythmical than the lines as they stand in F. 1. And, apart from the question of metre, why should Prospero say that Ariel should be invisible to every sight but "*thine and mine*"? The very idea seems ridiculous, not at all less so because Malone assures us that Ariel might look at his image in the water and then he would see himself! Prospero would show more consideration for the feelings of Ariel than is at all customary with him if he were to take all that trouble to explain to his spirit-slave that his invisible garb would not render him invisible to himself.

72. Line 311: *We cannot MISS him; i.e. do without him.* The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber), p. 264: "Bringing unto man both honnye and wax, each so wholesome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot *misse* them."

73. Lines 323, 324:
a SOUTH-WEST blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

The south was thought to be the quarter from which noxious vapours came. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 30:

All the contagion of the *south* light on you!

74. Line 326: *urchins*, literally hedgehogs, and thence, hedgehogs being uncanny creatures and sometimes the familiars of witches (as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 2), coming to have the signification of mischievous elves. Such is obviously the meaning in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 40: "Like *urchins*, ouphs, and fairies." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603, p. 14, where the word is used for hobgoblins: "And further, that these ill mannered *urchins*, did so swarme about the priests, in such troupes, and thronges, that they made them sometimes to sweat, as seemes, with the very heate of the fume, that came from the devils noses." In the passage in the text, *urchins* is probably used literally of hedgehogs. Compare ii. 2. 10–12:

then like *hedgehogs*, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall.

75. Lines 326–328:

urchins
*Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee.*

Ff. print:

Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee—

which most if not all editors have punctuated:

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee.

Steevens explains that different spirits are at liberty to act only during well-regulated periods, and thus the present passage would mean: "shall, for that void stretch of night during which they may work, practise mischief on thee." An emendation, however, has been proposed by Mr. Thomas White, which, without changing a letter (but only a "space") and without any alteration of punctuation, gives so very much better sense that I have adopted it. Everyone who has corrected proofs knows how common is an error of spacing such as that by which *forth at* becomes *for that*. The alteration is thus of the simplest. Dr. Ingleby, *The Still Lion*, 1874, p. 110, warmly recommending the emendation, says: "Three morsels of knowledge, indeed, are requisite for the full comprehension of the sense: *to forth* was a common phrase for *to go forth*; *vast of night* meant *dead of night*; and *exercise* meant *chastisement*. Ignorance of one or some of these things has hitherto hindered the reception of Mr. Thomas White's restoration. It has been argued by a very competent critic and editor [Mr. Aldis Wright, in the Clarendon Press ed.] that *exercise* must be a verb, because *to work exercise* would, otherwise, be a pleonasm which it would be impertinent to impute to Shakespeare. Nothing can be more fallacious than this style of argument. Pleonasms are the very stuff of the Elizabethan and Jacobian writers. In our Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, for instance, St. Paul is made to say (2 Cor. viii. 11): 'Now therefore, perform ye the doing of it.' But nevertheless, *to work exercise* is not a pleonasm: it means *to inflict punishment*." Dr. Ingleby mentions on the following page that in the former edition of *The Still Lion* the line had appeared with an additional misprint:

Shall forth at vast of night, that they *make* worke—

which certainly shows the ease with which misprints creep in. With the expression *vast of night* compare Hamlet, i. 2. 198 (Q. 1603):

In the dead *vast* and middle of the night.

76. Line 332: *When thou CAMEST first*.—Ff. have *cam'st*; the emendation is Rowe's. Ritson conjectured *cam'st here*.

77. Line 334: *Water with berries in 't*.—This would seem to refer to coffee, then known only by report. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 4th ed. 1632, part ii. sect. 5. mem. 1. subs. 5: "The Turkes haue a drinke called *coffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as blaake as soot, and as bitter, (like that blaake drinke which was in vse amongst the *Lacedemonians*, and perhaps the same) which they sip still of, and sup as warme as they can suffer." This passage first occurs in the 4th edition, 1632; it is evidently derived from Sandys' *Travels*, 1615, where, describing the fashions of the Turks, the writer says: "Although they be destitute of taverns, yet they have their *coffa-houses*, which something resemble them. There they sit chattering most of the day; and sippe of a drinke called *coffa*, (of the berry that it is

made of) in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it: blaake as soote, and tasting not much unlike it, (why not the black-broth, which was in use amongst the *Lacedemonians*,) which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity" (p. 66).

78. Line 338: *brine-pits*.—This expression is used again in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 120:

And made a *brine-pit* with our bitter tears.

79. Line 339: *Cursed be I that did so!*—F. 1 has *Curs'd be I that did so*, the later Ff. *Curs'd be I that I did so*. The reading in the text was introduced by Steevens.

80. Line 351.—This speech is in Ff. given to Miranda. The correction was made by Theobald after Dryden.

81. Line 369: *I'll rack thee with old cramps*.—*Old* is frequently used in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers as an intensive epithet. See note 107 to Macbeth, and compare S. Rowley, *When You See Me, You Know Me*, H 3, back: "heerle be *old* shuffling, then, ha, will there not?"

82. Line 370: *Fill all thy bones with ACHES*.—*Aches* is pronounced here as a dissyllable. See note 240 to *Much Ado*.

83. Line 373: *my dam's god, SETEBOS*.—Shakespeare probably found the name *Setebos* in Eden's *History of Travel*, 1577, from which Farmer quotes: "the gigantes, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them" (p. 434). Eden translated from Pigafetta's narrative of the voyage of Magellan, 1554. The passage is thus rendered in the Hakluyt Society's version by Lord Stanley of Alderley: "when they saw the trick that had been played them, they began to be enraged and to foam like bulls, crying out very loud '*Setebos*,' that is to say, the great devil, that he should help them" (p. 53). On p. 55 we read: "When one of them dies, ten or twelve devils appear, and dance all round the dead man. It seems that these are painted, and one of these enemies is taller than the others, and makes a greater noise, and more mirth than the others: that is whence these people have taken the custom of painting their faces and bodies, as has been said. The greatest of these devils is called in their language *Setebos*, and the others *Cheleule*." The same narrative is given in Purchas his *Pilgrimes*, 1636, Part I. book ii. ch. 2, p. 23. Those who wish to know the newest light upon the character of *Setebos* may be directed to Browning's poem, *Caliban upon Setebos*.

84. Lines 378, 379:

*Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves WHIST.*

That is, when you have courtsied, and kissed the wild waves into silence—a far more beautiful reading than that introduced by Steevens, who puts a stop after *kiss'd*, and makes *The wild waves whist* parenthetical. As the Cambridge edd. say, the punctuation of the Ff. is supported by what Ferdinand says in lines 391-393:

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Boyer in his French Dictionary gives "Whist, (an Interjection of Silence) *St, Paix, Silence, Chut.*" Compare Lord Surrey's translation of book ii. of the *Æneid*, line 1:

They *whistled* all, with fixed face attent;

and Lyly, *The Maid's Metamorphosis*:

But everything is quiet, *whist*, and still.

Milton imitates the passage in the text very closely in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, line 64:

The winds, with wonder *whist*,
Smoothly the waters *kist*.

85. Line 380: *Foot it FEATLY*.—Dyce compares Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589:

Footing it featly on the grassie ground.

Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 176, "*She dances featly.*" Boyer has: "*Featly*, (*adv.* from *feat*) *Proprement, adroitement, gentiment.*"

86. Line 381: *the burden bear*.—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s transposition, *beare the burthen*. The arrangement of the burden is that of Capell. See note 94 to *As You Like It*.

87. Line 396: *fathom*.—Ff. print *fadom*.

88. Line 405: *The ditty does REMEMBER my drown'd father*.—*Remember* is used in the sense of commemorate or mention in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 101, and II. Henry IV. v. 2. 142. Compare our present use of the expression "*Remember me to So-and-So*," which occurs in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 160, 161:

Remember me
In all humility unto his highness.

89. Line 408: *THE FRINGED CURTAINS OF THINE EYE ADVANCE*.—Compare Pericles, iii. 2. 99-101:

Her *eyelids*, cuses to these heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold.

Advance is used, as often in Shakespeare, for lift. Compare iv. 1. 177 below:

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses;

and King John, ii. 1. 207:

These flags of France, that are *advanced* here.

90. Line 427: *If you be MAID or no?*—F. 4 reads *made*, which Warburton elaborately defends as a poetical beauty, supposing Ferdinand to ask Miranda if she were *mortal* or no. But see lines 447-449:

O, *if a virgin*,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

More than two pages of the Variorum Ed. are devoted to a discussion of this question.

91. Lines 437, 438:

the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being *twain*.

This is the only reference we get in the play to any son of the Duke of Milan. The reference here must have slipped in accidentally, perhaps from a remembrance of such a character in the original story.

92. Lines 438-440:

The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could CONTROL thee,
If now 't were fit to do't.

Staunton queries *control* as perhaps a misprint for "*console*," but the word is evidently used here in the sense of "*confute*." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Comptroll, S. (or Contradiction) Contradiction*," and "*To Comptroll, V. A. (or find Fault with) Controlier, trouver à redire.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, *History of Henry VII.*, 1622: "As for the times while hee was in the *Tower*, and the manner of his Brothers death, and his owne escape; shee knew they were things a verie few could *control*." (p. 116).

93. Line 443: *I fear you have done yourself some WRONG*; i. e. I am afraid you have made a mistake, or misrepresented yourself. Compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 221: "You do yourself mightily *wrong*, Master Ford;" and Measure for Measure, i. 2. 41: "I think I have done myself *wrong*."

94. Line 468: *He's GENTLE, and not FEARFUL*.—Both *gentle* and *fearful* may be interpreted in two ways, and so, perhaps, Shakespeare intended. One explanation, and I think the best, is, "He's of gentle birth, and therefore no coward;" according to the other, we should understand, "He's gentle, and not capable of inspiring fear, not terrible." Smollett says in Humphry Clinker: "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest* would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don't provoke him; for, being *gentle*, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult."

95. Lines 468, 469:

What, I say,

My FOOT my tutor!

Sidney Walker conjectured that *foot* was a misprint for *fool*, comparing Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, iv. 2:

When *fools* and mad-folks shall be *tutors* to me.

Dyce adopts this reading, but the change seems to me, to say the least, unnecessary. Compare Lyly, *Euphues* and his England (ed. Arber): "Then how vaine is it Euphues (too mylde a word for so madde a minde) that the *foote* should neglect his office to correct the *face*" (p. 261). And see *Timon of Athens*, i. 1. 92-94:

Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The *foot* above the *head*.

96. Line 478: *Thou think'st there IS no more such shapes as he*.—So Ff. Rowe printed *are*, which many editors have received. But this construction is very common in Shakespeare. Compare *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 371: "There is no more such masters." Abbott, *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 335, says: "When the subject is as yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection." He gives a number of examples.

97. Line 484: *Thy NERVES are in their infancy again*.—*Nerve* is used here in the sense of *sinew*. See note 25 to *Coriolanus*.

98. Lines 490-493:

Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Compare Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, 370-375:

For elles hadde I dweld with Thescus
I-fetered in his prison evere moou.
Than hadde I ben in blisse, and nat in woo.
Only the sighte of hire, whom that I serve,
Though that I nevere hire grace may deserve,
Wolde han sufficed right ynough for me."

One of the most interesting parts of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme* develops the same motive—the chapters where Fabrice is in prison.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

93. Line 5: *The MASTER of some merchant, and the merchant*.—Ff. have *Masters*, a reading which can only be understood if we accept so roundabout an explanation as that given by the Clarendon Press ed., that the *masters of some merchant* are "the joint owners of a merchant-man, who grieve for the loss of the vessel while the merchant laments the loss of the cargo." Johnson's emendation seems obvious. *Merchant* in the sense of "merchant-man" was commonly used. Compare Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, part I. i. 2:

And Christian *merchants*, that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.

100. Lines 18, 19.—There are similar plays upon the words *dollar* and *dolour* in *Measure for Measure*, i. 2. 50; and *Lear*, ii. 4. 54. Steevens quotes *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart.

101. Line 28: *Which, of he or Adrian*.—Irregular as this construction is, there is no reason to suspect that it is not as Shakespeare wrote it. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 336, 337:

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
O' thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Sidney Walker, in his *Critical Examination of Shakespeare's Text*, vol. ii. p. 353, incidentally quotes an illustrative passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1598, p. 63: "But then the question arising, who should be the former [*i.e.* the first to fight] against Phalantus, of the blacke, or the ill appparelled knight," &c.

102. Line 36: Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid*.—This is the arrangement of Theobald. Ff. give *So, you're paid* to Antonio, which can only be understood if we take *paid* in an ironical sense, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5. 108: "I am *paid* for 't now." This does not seem a very probable meaning here.

103. Line 43: *Temperance was a delicate wench*.—Names such as *Temperance* were much used among the Puritans. Steevens quotes Taylor the Water-poet, who, describing some loose women, says:

Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
To be called Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace.

Of these names, all but *Temperance* are still met with. Readers of *Mehalah* will remember that charming woman *Admonition*.

104. Line 52: *lush*; *i.e.* luxuriant, succulent. Malone quotes Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv:

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Then green, and voyd of strength and *lush* and foggy is the blade,
And cheeres the husbandman with hope;

where the original has,

Tunc herba recens, et roboris experts
Turget, et insolidata est, et spe delectat agrestes.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1, line 251 is generally read (as in this edition):

Quite over-canopi'd with *lush* woodbine.

Qq. and Ff. have *luscious*. See note 124 to that play. Browning uses the word in the Prologue to his *Pacchia-rotto*, line 5:

And *lush* and lithe do the creepers clothe
Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green.

105. Line 55: *With an EYE of green in't*.—An *eye* means a small tinge, a slight shade of colour. Steevens quotes Sandys, *Travels*, 1637, p. 73: "His [Sultan Achmet's] under and upper garments are lightly of white sattin, or cloth of silver tissued with *an eye of greene*, and wrought in great branches."

106. Line 86: *His word is more than the MIRACULOUS HARP*.—An allusion either to the harp of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes, or to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy.

107. Line 94: Gon. *Ay*.—Staunton gave this exclamation to Alonso, considering it a "sigh or exclamation on his awaking from his trance of grief." Perhaps it may be so, but there is no reason why it should not be uttered by Gonzalo, either in an inquiring tone, not knowing what they mean, or as a sort of "Yes, yes, have it so if you will."

108. Lines 118, 119:

OAR'D

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Pope's *Odyssey*, xvi. 247:

And what bless'd hands have oar'd these on the way.

Compare Tennyson, *To E. L.*, on his *Travels in Greece*, lines 16-18:

and Naiads oar'd
A glimmering shoulder under gloom
Of cavern pillars.

109. Lines 120-131:

and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam SHE'D bow.

Ff. read *should*, which the Cambridge edd. retain, supposing an antecedent *she* or *it* to be omitted, as is sometimes the case in Shakespeare. Rowe, in his second ed., omits *o'*; Malone regards *should* as a contraction of *she would*, meant to be printed *sh'ould*. This seems the most reasonable supposition. On *loathness* (*i.e.* reluctance) see note 242 to *Antony and Cleopatra*.

110. Line 135: *the DEAR'ST o' the loss*.—*Dear* is frequently used in the sense of anything, pleasurable or the reverse, which touches one very closely. Compare *Richard III.* v. 2. 20, 21:

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his *dearest* need will fly from him.

This is the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have:

Which in his *greatest* need will shrink from him.

Compare, too, Fletcher, *The Maid in the Mill*:

You meet your *dearest* enemy in love
With all his hate about him.

111. Lines 150-164.—This ideal commonwealth, as has often been pointed out, is one of Shakespeare's debts to Montaigne, *Livre I. ch. xxx*, "*Des Cannibales*" (ed. Lottin, vol. i. p. 309). The passage in Florio's translation is as follows: "It is a nation, I would answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiortie; no vse of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them" (p. 102). Malone imagined that it was this essay which caused Shakespeare to make the scene of his play a desert island, and adds: "The title of the chapter, which is—'Of the Canibales'—evidently furnished him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almost every proper name was twisted into an anagram. Thus,—'I moyl in law,' was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this process, and transposing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakespeare (as Dr. Farmer long since observed) formed the name of *Caliban*."

112. Line 152: *tillth*; i.e. tillage. The word occurs only here and in Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 76. See note 162 to that play.

113. Line 181: *an it had not fallen* FLAT-LONG.—*Flat-long* is used for a blow given, not with the edge, but with the side, of the sword. Compare *flatling* in *The Faerie Queene*, v. 5. 18:

The with her sword on him she *flatling* strooke.

114. Line 185: *We would so, and then go a* BAT-FOWLING.—*Bat-fowling* is defined in Boyer's French Dictionary: "*Chasse aux oiseaux pendant la Nuit*." A very elaborate description of the sport is given by Gervase Markham in his *Hunger's Prevention*, 1621: "For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the Cresset of fire (as was shewed for the *Lowbell*) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company) and these shall haue poales bound with dry round vispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes, or Hurdes, dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze.

"Then another company shall be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed according as the country will afford so you must be content to take.

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your

other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees, and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are rayseed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreame darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same; so that those who have the rough bushy poales, may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, & so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lowbell*; especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and scene a farre off, they make the birds sit the faster and surer" (pp. 98-100).

115. Line 221: *I am standing water*; i.e. neither flowing nor ebbing, midway, passive, easily influenced. Compare *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 168: 'tis with him in *standing water*, between boy and man."

116. Line 226: *Ebbing men*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 43:

And the *ebb'd man*, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dea'd by being lack'd.

117. Lines 230, 231:

a birth, indeed,

Which THROES THREE much to yield.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 81, 82:

With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some.

118. Lines 242, 243:

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But DOUBT discovery there.

Capell reads *doubts*, and he has been generally followed. But the change does not seem to me to be necessary, as we may very well understand *doubt* as dependent on the preceding *cannot*—i.e. cannot but be doubtful as to discovering anything there.

119. Lines 250, 251:

she from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd.

This is the generally accepted emendation of Rowe. Ff. print "She that from whom," of which several acute critics have tried hard to make sense. Accepting Rowe's emendation, the passage of course simply means "coming from whom." Spedding very ingeniously suggests that the reading should be punctuated: "*She that—from whom?* All were sea-swallow'd," &c.; that is, "From whom should she have note? The report from Naples will be that all were drowned. We shall be the only survivors." This punctuation has been finally adopted by the Globe edd. But it seems to me that the construction is incredibly broken, and though Spedding says that to him the break in the construction is characteristic of the speaker, I cannot think of any other speech of Antonio's at all similarly broken. Mr. Aldis Wright, in the Clarendon

don Press ed., preserving the F. text *literatin*, suggests that "there is a confusion of two constructions; Antonio beginning a fresh sentence, as he had done the three previous ones, with 'she that,' and then changing abruptly to 'from whom,' which made the preceding relative superfluous." But is it not more probable that the repetition of the *that* came, not from Antonio, but from the printer? Nothing could be more natural.

120. Line 266: *A CHOUGH of as deep chat*.—Compare All's Well, iv. 1. 22: "*choughs'* language, gabble enough, and good enough."

121. Line 273: *feater*; i.e. more trimly. See note 85.

122. Line 276: *a kibe*; i.e. a chilblain. Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 152, 153: "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his *kibe*;" and Lear, i. 5. 8, 9: "If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of *kibes*?" See Jonson, the Alchemist, i. 1:

Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your *kibes*.

123. Lines 282-284:

*If he were that which now he's like, THAT'S DEAD;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever.*

"The words *that's dead*," says Farmer, "are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion." This conjecture seems to me a very reasonable one, though not certain enough to be adopted into the text.

124. Line 299: *to keep THEM living*.—Dyce prints *thee*, but the change, though plausible, seems unnecessary, as similar changes of construction are not uncommon in Shakespeare. *Them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and Alonso.

125. Lines 306-309.—In the distribution of these speeches I have followed Dyce, who partly followed Staunton. The Ff. print:

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alc. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Staunton made the change—rightly, as I think—on the authority of Gonzalo's words just after (317-320):

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me;
I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn.

It is evident from this that Gonzalo was the first to awake, and that he roused the king; which renders the redistribution of the speeches necessary.

126. Line 321: *That's VERILY*.—It is likely enough that this is a misprint for *verity*, and Pope's emendation right. But adverbs certainly were used by Shakespeare for adjectives, as in i. 2. 226, 227:

Is the king's ship; Safely in harbour

and Coriolanus, iv. 1. 53: "That's *worthily*."

ACT II. SCENE 2.

127. Line 3: *By inch-meal*; i.e. inch by inch, as in *piece-meal*, which we still use. In Cymbeline, ii. 4. 147, Shakespeare uses *limb-meal* in a similar sense:

O, that I had her here, to tear her *limb-meal*!

The termination "meal" is from the Anglo-Saxon *mælum*, the dative of *mæl*, a part.

128. Line 9: *that mow and chatter at me*.—Compare iv. 1. 47, where the word is used as a noun. It is only used as a noun in two other places—Hamlet, ii. 2. 381, 382: "those that would make *mows* at him while my father lived," and Cymbeline, i. 6. 41: "Contemn with *mows* the other." In the former passage the Qq. read "mouths," and the expression "to make mouths" (as we now say, "to make faces") occurs in Hamlet, iv. 4. 50, and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 238. The original word was *moves*, which means grimaces. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives: "A mow [mock] *laborum diductio*;" and "To mow, *labra diducere, vultum & os distorquere*."

129. Line 21: *bombard*; i.e. a large flagon made of leather. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 496, 497: "that swoll'n parcel of dropicks, that huge *bombard* of sack;" and Henry VIII. v. 4. 85, 86:

And here ye lie baiting of *bombards*, when
Ye should do service.

130. Lines 28-34: *Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, &c.*—Such exhibitions were frequent in Shakespeare's time. Malone quotes from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert: "A license to James Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3d of September, 1632." The *dead Indian* may perhaps be an allusion to the Indians brought to England by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1576.

131. Line 40: *gaberdine*.—See Merchant of Venice, note 98.

132. Line 52: *For she had a tongue with a TANG*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 163: "let thy tongue *tang* arguments of state." In both places the word seems to be used of a loud unpleasant sound, like *twang*. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Tang, or tack; an ill taste in meat."

133. Line 65: *while Stephano breathes AT NOSTRILS*.—Ff. read *at nostrils*, which the Cambridge edd. print *at's nostrils*. But compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 254, 255: "He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd *at mouth*," &c.

134. Line 73: *any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather*.—Compare Julius Caesar, i. 1. 20, 80: "As proper men as *ever trod upon neat's leather* have gone upon my handiwork." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Vache (ou Cuir de Vache) Neats Leather*."

135. Lines 83, 84: *I know it by thy TREMBLING: now Prosper works upon thee*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 54:

Mark how he *trembles* in his ecstasy!

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603: "All the spirits with much adoe being commaunded to goe downe into her left foote, they

did it with vehement *trembling*, and shaking of her leg" (pp. 58, 59).

136. Line 86: *here is that which will give language to you*, CAT.—An allusion to the proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. For *cat*, as a term of abuse, see Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 260:

Hang off, thou *cat*, thou burr! vile thing, let loose.

137. Line 108: *I have no long spoon*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 3. 64, 65: "Marry, he must have a *long spoon* that must eat with the devil." The proverb is frequently alluded to in the old writers.

138. Line 110: *moon-calf*.—Nares quotes Holland's Pliny, vii. 15: "A false conception called *Mola*, i.e. a *moone calfe*, that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life, and so hard withall, that uneth a knife will enter and pierce it either with edge or point." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A moon-calf, *partus lunaris*," and Boyer renders *Mole*, "a Tympany or Moon-calf." Drayton has a poem called *The Mooncalf*.

139. Line 126: *sack*.—See note 41 to I. Henry IV.

140. Line 144: *My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 136, 137:

This man, with lantern, *dog*, and *bush* of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine.

The *bush* was the bundle of sticks for which the "Man in the Moon" was condemned to his exile, according to the story which identifies him with the Sabbath-breaking Israelite in Numbers xv.

141. Lines 175, 176:

*sometimes I'll get thee
Young SCAMELS from the rock.*

This is the reading of the FF, but the word is quite unknown elsewhere. Ten substitutes have been proposed, such as *sea-mells*, *shamois*, *stannels*, *staniels*, but without any certainty or particular probability. Holt stated that *seam* was in some places used for a limpet, and that *scameles* was probably a diminutive. But he does not tell us where these places are. Since then, Stevenson, in his Birds of Norfolk (ii. 260), states that the gunners of Blakeney call the female Bar-tailed Godwit, *scamel*. But as these birds are not known to breed among the rocks, the identification is only partial—unless we suppose that Shakespeare made a mistake as to their habits, a supposition not so incredible as it has seemed to some.

142. Line 187: *trencher*.—FF. have *trenchering*, no doubt a misprint through confusion with the *firing* and *requiring* of the preceding lines. The correction was made by Pope, after Dryden.

143. Line 190: *hey-day!*—FF. print *high-day*, and in other places of Shakespeare *hoy-day*.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

144. Line 2: *sets off*.—This is Rowe's correction; FF. have *set off*.

145. Lines 14, 15:

*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most BUSIEST when I do it.*

The only real difficulty in this passage is in the last imperfect line. F. I reads:

Most busie lest, when I doe it.

The question is whether *lest* really belongs to the word *busie*, or whether it was meant to be another word, viz. *least*, or *left*. The numerous emendations, suggested by various editors and commentators, and what may be called the vast undisciplined army of amateur emendators, reflect more credit upon their ingenuity than upon their common sense. Among the various conjectures we may mention Spedding's

Most busiest when idlest,

a very pretty antithesis; that of the Cambridge edd.:

Most busy left when idlest;

and the most sensible of all, that of Bray:

Most busy when least I do it.

Some are content to adopt the meaning of the latter reading, but to leave the words as arranged in the text, merely altering the punctuation of F. I by adding a comma after *busy* instead of after *lest*, reading thus:

Most busy, lest when I do it;

Ferdinand's meaning being that he is *most busy*, i.e. "most occupied with his thoughts when *idlest* with his hand." This is pretty nearly a paraphrase of the explanation of the line, as given by Verplanck and followed by Rolfe, who both adopted this arrangement of the words. This emendation (substantially) was proposed in Notes and Queries (7th S. vii. 504) by Mr. H. Wedgwood, who would read:

Most busy least when I do.

He says that the reading "occurred to him in sleep;" but it was hardly necessary, one would have thought, to go to sleep to arrive at such a very simple conclusion. In Notes and Queries (7th S. vii. 403) Mr. R. M. Spence proposes quite a new reading:

I forget

But these sweet thoughts; do even refresh my labours

Most busiest, when I do it;

which he explains thus: "In prose the whole passage would read thus: 'I forget everything but these sweet thoughts, and when I do so my busiest labours, instead of wearying, even refresh me.'" As far as the removal of the colon of F. I goes, and the inverted construction, awkward as it is, of *do even refresh my labours*—"my labours even do refresh me" this conjecture may be defended; but it seems to me that all these ingenious conjectures are utterly unnecessary. Because the word *lest* or *least*, in connection with *most*, suggests some antithesis, it does not follow that any was intended: while Shakespeare is so fond of the use of the double superlative, e.g. in the well-known passage in Julius Caesar (iii. 2. 187):

This was the *most unkindest* cut of all;

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 122: "O *most best*,"—especially where he wants to be emphatic, as he does here,—that it really seems to me unnecessary to go beyond the text, as it stands in F. I, for the true reading of the passage. It is most probable that Shakespeare intended to write the superlative of *busily*, an adverb which he uses in two passages, I. Henry IV. v. 5. 38, and Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 45. Mr. Spence, in his communication already referred to, mentions *busiliest* as having been suggested by Mr. John Bulloch;

and he remarks "to form *his* word, he has had to knock out of the text an *e* and insert an *i*." But really it is difficult to imagine a more likely blunder for the printer to fall into, than to print *busilest* or *busie lest* for *bus'lyest* or *bus'liest*, as the word might have been written in the MS. Mr. Holcombe Ingleby (Notes and Queries, 7th S. vii. 504): "Were *busilest* analogous to the *easilest* in 'Cymbeline' I should prefer that reading, as requiring only the slightest alteration; but as the analogy will not hold, perhaps *busiest* is the reading to be preferred." I must confess myself I do not see any difficulty about the form *busilest*; but, however, *busiest* is perhaps the word which Shakespeare really intended to write when he found that the superlative of the adverb, *busiliest*, was not pleasant to the ear.

The reading we have adopted may seem, when compared with some of the various emendations given above, to be a little commonplace; but we prefer to rest under that imputation rather than to try and alter Shakespeare's text, when neither sound nor sense absolutely demands it. Speaking personally, if I ventured on any emendations in this passage it would be, in line 14, to substitute *ever* for *even*, by which slight alteration, perhaps, the sequence of Ferdinand's thoughts would be more easily followed. The meaning of the passage is clear: "I forget the task I have to do: but these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours—dull as they are"—or reading *ever* "do always refresh my labours;" then he adds, as a sort of after thought, "and they are most busy, *i.e.* *busiest* in refreshing them, when I am actually occupied in my labour." We might have expected *them* instead of *it*, but the change to the singular is very natural. Does it not refer to the *sore injunction* (line 11) or to the *mean task* (line 4) which her "crabbed father" enjoins him to do? Indeed if we give to *it* this meaning, and remember that it would include as a contrast to the *sweet* tenderness of his "sweet mistress," the equally sweet thoughts which her tender sympathy suggests, *it* is more forcible than *them*.—F. A. M.

146. Lines 37, 38:

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the TOP of ADMIRATION.

There is, of course, a play here upon the meaning of the name Miranda. With *top of admiration* compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 76: "He, which is the *top of judgment*." See note 74 to that play.

147. Line 53: *I am SKILLLESS of.—Skillless* is used for ignorant in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 132, and Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 12. In Twelfth Night, iii. 3. 9, we have "*skillless* in these parts," *i.e.* unacquainted with them.

148. Line 62: *This wooden slavery than to suffer*.—This line is wanting in a foot, which Dyce supplied by *tamely*. Pope read "than I would suffer," which not only improves the metre, but makes the construction more regular. But apart from this emendation being a sheer conjecture, the faulty construction is quite common in Shakespeare. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 33, 34:

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?

149. Line 70: *hollowly*.—This word is used again in Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 22, 23:

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or *hollowly* put on.

150. Line 93: *Who are surpris'd* WITHAL.—Ff. print *with all*, which some editors retain, to the clear damage, I think, of the sense. The sense evidently is: "I cannot be so glad of this as they, but I am not only glad but surprised too."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

151. Line 3: *Servant-monster*.—There is an allusion to this in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, Induction: "If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries."

152. Line 29: *debosh'd*.—This is the only spelling of "debauched" used by Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has: "To debosh, *corrumpo, ad requitiam adduco*." *Deboshed* is still the vulgar pronunciation of the word.

153. Line 41: *mutineer*.—The more general form of the word in Shakespeare's time was *mutiner*. As such it occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254. Cotgrave has "Mutinateur: m. A mutiner." Compare *muleters* in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 63, and see note 223 to Antony and Cleopatra.

154. Line 79: *make a stock-fish of thee*.—The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave, s.v. Carillon: "Ie te frotteray à double carillon. I will beat thee like a stockfish, I will scourge thee while I may stand over thee."

155. Line 86: *I did not give thee the lie*.—F. 4 inserts *thee*, but unnecessarily. Trinculo's surly answer is more natural without the word than with it.

156. Line 96: *THEN thou mayst brain him*.—Ff. and most edd. read *there*. The emendation adopted occurred independently to Collier's MS. Corrector and to Dyce. It seems to me the correction of an obvious misprint. See too the subsequent "Wilt thou destroy him *then*?" There is no question of place, only of time—"the afternoon."

157. Line 101: *a sot*.—*Sot* is used here, as always in Shakespeare, in the sense of the French *sot*, a fool. The meaning we now attach to it is a secondary one. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, renders the French *sot*, "a Sot, or Fool, a silly Man, a simpleton, a block-head."

158. Line 105: *Which, when he has a house, he'll DECK withal*.—Hammer reads *deck't*, but the confused construction was probably Shakespeare's.

159. Line 127: *while-ere*; *i.e.* erewhile, formerly—the only use of the word in Shakespeare. In the Ff. it is spelt *whileare*. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, i. 9. 28:

That cursed wight, from whom I scapt *whileare*,
A man of hell, that calls himself Despaire.

160. Line 131: *Flout 'em and SCOUT 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em*.—The first *scout* is printed in Ff. *cout*.

161. Line 132: *Thought is free*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 3. 73, and see note 25 to that play.

162. Line 136: *the picture of Nobody*.—Reed understands this as an allusion to "the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of 'No-body and Some-body,' without date, but printed before the year 1600;" Halli-

well thinks it refers to a figure (consisting only of head, arms, and legs) illustrating a popular ballad, The Well-spoken Nobody.

163. Line 146: *a thousand TWANGLING instruments.*—See note 81 to The Taming of the Shrew.

164. Line 161: *Trin. Will come? I'll follow, Stephano.*—Ritson would give the first clause to Stephano, and he has much appearance of reason on his side; but on the whole I think the F. reading the best, and Heath right in his explanation that the *Will come* is addressed to Caliban, "who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems, for some little time, to have staid behind."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

165. Line 2: *ache.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *akes*.

166. Lines 2, 3: *here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders!*

Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 157, 158:

*if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right.*

Knight explains that there is an allusion to an artificial maze, "sometimes constructed of straight lines (forth-rights), sometimes of circles (meanders)."

167. Line 21: *A living drollery; i.e.* a puppet-show in which the performers are alive. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, ii. 2: "I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." The word is used again by Shakespeare, in *II. Henry IV.* ii. 1. 156: "a pretty slight *drollery*;" but this more probably means a humorous painting.

168. Lines 22, 23:

*in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne.*

Malone quotes Lyly's *Euphues* [ed. Arber, p. 312]: "For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth." Steevens cites Holland's *Pliny*, book x. ch. 2: "I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird Phoenix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek, *φοίνιξ*]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." Compare The Phoenix and the Turtle, 1-3:

*Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be.*

169. Line 29: *islanders.*—F. 1 has *Islands*; the error is corrected in F. 2.

170. Line 39: *Praise in departing.*—This was a proverbial expression. Hazlitt (*English Proverbs*, p. 318) gives: "*Praise at parting*, and behold well the end."

171. Lines 44, 45:

*mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls.*

Evidently an allusion to the sufferers from *gottre* among the Alps and other mountainous districts. Steevens re-

fers to an account of them, accessible to Shakespeare, in *Maundeville's Travels*, 1503.

172. Lines 46, 47:

*such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts.*

Compare *Othello*, i. 3. 144, 145:

*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*

Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny*, bk. v. ch. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts;" and Malone cites Hakluyt's *Voyages*: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."

173. Line 48: *Each putter-out of FIVE for ONE.*—Steevens says: "In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* [ii. 1]: 'I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople.' Thirby conjectured that the passage should be read: 'Each putter-out of one for five,' a reading adopted by Malone; Theobald read 'on five for one.' But as it stands the meaning is obvious: 'at the rate of five for one.'

174. Line 52: Stage-direction. "Enter Ariel, like a harpy," &c.—Steevens quotes Phæer's translation of *Virgil*, *Æneid*, iii.:

*faste to meate we fall.
But sodenly from downe the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out their shright,
And at our meate they snatch.*

Milton adopts the same device in *Paradise Regained*, ii. 401-403:

*with that
Both tables and provisions vanish quite,
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard.*

175. Line 65: *One DOWLE that's in my plume.*—*Dowle* is used for a fibre of down: the words *down* and *dowle* are apparently equivalent. Steevens (Var. Ed. xv. 128) gives the following communication from Mr. Tollet: "In a small book, entitled *Humane Industry*: or, A History of most Manual Arts, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: 'The wool-bearing trees in Ethiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arboreis in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *dowl* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Grecians Gossypium, the Italians Bombaglio, and we Bombase.' The Clarendon Press ed. says that the word is still used in Gloucestershire. See Notes and Queries, Second Series, viii. 483: 'the plumage of young goslings before they have feathers is called *dowle*.' Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, has: 'Young dowl, *lannigo*.' Boyer (French Dictionary) gives: 'Dowl, *v.* Down, *un premier sens*.'

176. Line 81: *heart's-sorrow*.—Ff. have *hearts-sorrow*; the reading in the text is Rowe's. The Cambridge edd. print *heart-sorrow*.

177. Lines 86, 87:

with good life,

And observation strange.

That is, says Johnson, "with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of [rare attention to] their particular and distinct parts." The Clarendon Press ed. compares, for this use of *life*, Much Ado, ii. 3. 110: "There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the *life* of passion as she discovers it."

178. Line 92: *whom they suppose is drown'd*.—This is of course a mingling of two constructions, as in King John, iv. 2. 164-166:

the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

179. Line 3: *a THREAD of mine own life*.—Ff. print *third*, which, says Dyce, "is rather an old spelling than a mistake: in early books we occasionally find *third* for *third*, i.e. thread. (The form *thrid* occurs in Dryden, and, I believe, in still more recent writers.)" Sir John Hawkins quotes Mucedorus, 1619, sig. C₃:

To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life.

180. Lines 13, 14:

*Then, as my GIFT, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter.*

Ff. print *guest*, an obvious misprint for *gift*, as the word is printed in line 8.

181. Line 15: *If thou dost break her VIRGIN-KNOT, &c.*—Compare Pericles, iv. 2. 160:

Untied I still my *virgin-knot* will keep.

The allusion is to the Roman marriage ceremony, in which the husband untied the bride's maiden girdle.

182. Line 18: *No sweet ASPERSION shall the heavens let fall*.—*Asperion* is used here in its primitive sense of sprinkling, from the Latin *aspergo*. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ed. Wright, i. 6. § 9: "So in this and very many other places in that law, there is to be found, besides the theological sense, much *asperion* of philosophy" (p. 47)—where the word, as in the text, means sprinkling.

183. Line 41: *Some VANITY of mine art*.—That is, some illusion. Steevens quotes from the then unpublished romance of Emare, 105:

The emperour sayde on hygh,
Sertes thys ys a fayry,
Or ellys a vanyty.

—Ritson, Romances, ii. 208.

184. Line 43: *a twink*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 312: "in a *twink* she won me to her love." Nares quotes Ferrex and Porrex:

Of him, a perless prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a *twinke*, a senseless stock I saw.

—Doddsley's Old Plays, ed. Reed, i. 148.

The word is still used in the Northamptonshire dialect.

185. Line 54: *Or else good night your vow!*—Compare

Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 308: "Is this your speeding? nay, then, *good night our part!*" We still use "good-bye to" with a similar meaning.

186. Line 57: *a corollary*; i.e. a surplus. Cotgrave has: "Corolaire; m. A Corollarie; a surplussage, overplus, addition to, vantage about measure."

187. Line 58: *pertly*; i.e. briskly. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 13:

Awake the *pert* and nimble spirit of mirth,
and see note 6 to that play.

188. Line 63: *stover*.—The word is still used for the fodder made of clover and artificial grasses. In the 16th century it had a wider application, and meant almost any kind of winter fodder. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry (ed. Mavor), p. 47:

Threshold barley as yet, but as need shall require,
Fresh threshed for *stover*, thy cattle desire;

and p. 60:

Serve rye-straw first, then wheat-straw and pease,
Then oat-straw and barley, then hay if ye please;
But serve them with hay, while the straw *stover* last,
Then leave they no straw, they had rather to fast.

Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders it by "*pabulum*."

189. Line 64: *Thy banks with PIONED and TWILLED brims*.—F. 1 reads:

Thy bankes with *pioned*, and *twilled* brims,

which we, in common with the Cambridge edd. and others, have followed, rather than accept either of the two proposed emendations for *pioned*; that of Warburton, *pionied*, or that of Steevens, *peonied*; both of which words are practically the same, as the peony is called indifferently *pony* or *peony*. Still more absurd is Steevens' proposed substitute for *twilled*, namely, *tilled*, between which and Rowe's suggestion, *tuliped*, there is little to choose. Capell adopted Holt's *tilled*, which is simply a pleonasm; because there is no doubt, though Shakespeare himself does not use the word elsewhere than in this passage, that *pioned* or *pyoned* meant "dugged" or "tilled."

An immense amount of unnecessary ingenuity has been spent in seeking to bewilder the reader as to the meaning of this passage. Let us look at the context. Iris is addressing Ceres:

thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with *pioned* and *twilled* brims,
Which spongy April at thy heels betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.

Now it is quite clear that, if the banks of this stream exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of being ornamented with *peonies*, a flower which, whatever any writer may say, has never been really found wild in England—the only quasi-wild ones being, undoubtedly, casual plants escaped from cultivation—what need was there for "spongy April" to betrim them further? Shakespeare was far too observant, at least of the superficial features of the country—and, indeed, as has been shown in previous notes, he often looked a long way below the surface—to represent such a monstrosity as masses of *peonies*

occurring by the side of an ordinary English stream. *Lilied* might perhaps be allowed—if flags were lilies; but even the lily of the valley does not grow by the side of English streams; while the only member of the *Lilium* family found wild in England (*Lilium Martagon*, or Turk's-cap lily), is not native, and grows only in woods. Shakespeare had often walked alongside the streams of Warwickshire; and he had observed how the action of the water, as well as that of the water-rats or water-voles, makes holes in the banks; and by constantly turning fresh earth up to the surface, which fresh earth is kept moist by the action of the water, furnishes the most fertile ground for wild flowers to grow. Who has ever gone botanizing near a river, and has not instinctively sought for the richest and most luxurious specimens nearest the bank? Nature there supplies of itself the labour of tillage, which I take to be Shakespeare's exact meaning in this passage; namely, that the ground, prepared for the reception of the flowers, is filled with flowers by April, the first month in which our beautiful wild flora really commences to bloom.

As for *pioned* used for *digged*, see Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, bk. ii. c. 11:

Which to outbarre, with painefull *pyonings*
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound.

Twilled presents far more difficulty than *pioned*; it does not seem to appear in any of the old dictionaries, from the *Promptorium Parvulorum* downwards. It is not even to be found in Johnson; and "was first added by Todd," according to Skeat, who further says: "The word is Low German, and has reference to the peculiar method of doubling the warp-threads, or taking two of them together; it was probably introduced by Platt-deutsch workmen into the weaving trade, which connected us so much with the Low Countries." I have not succeeded in finding any instance of the use of the word in any other of the Elizabethan writers, or even in those of the seventeenth century. Richardson gives "*Tewell*. Written by Holland, *tuill*. Fr. *Tuian*, *tuijan*, a pipe, quill, cane, reed, canel (Cotgrave)." The Imperial Dictionary gives: "[Perhaps a corruption of *quill*; comp. *twilt* for *quilt*] A reed; a quill; a spool to wind yarn on. [Provincial.]" Compare *quill* (see II. Henry VI. note 65). If we take this derivation of the word, it might mean "banks covered with reeds," or banks "in which holes of tubular shape had been made;" either sense would agree with our explanation of the passage.—F. A. M.

190. Line 66: *BROOM-groves*.—"Broom, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher: a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn" (Steevens). Hammer, thinking that *broom* could not be spoken of as a *grove*, conjectured "*brown groves*."

191. Line 68: *thy pole-clipt vineyard*; i.e. vineyard in which the poles are clipt, or embraced, by the vines. The word *clipt* in Shakespeare is in all but three instances used in the present sense, that of embrace.

192. Line 78: *saffron wings*.—Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 700: "*Iris croceis . . . pennis*," which Phaer translates: Dame Rainbow down therfore with *saffron wings* of dropping slours, Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours, From heuেন descending came.

193. Line 85: *to estate*.—See note 18 to *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

194. Line 89: *The means that dusky Dirs my daughter got*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 116–118:

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall
From *Dis's* wagon!

Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 127: "*atri . . . Ditis*."

195. Line 90: *her blind boy's SCANDAL'D company*; i.e. disgraceful. Compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 74–76:

if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after *scandal'd* them.

196. Line 96: *bed-right*.—So Ff.; most editors adopt the reading "*bed-rile*." The words are often confused: in line 17 *rile* is spelt *right*. But here, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, the reading of the Ff. is preferable. "A *right* may be paid, but a *rile* is performed."

197. Line 102: *Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait*.—Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 46: "*divum incedo regina*;" and see Pericles, v. 1. 112: "in *pace* another *Juno*."

198. Line 110: *EARTH'S increase, foison plenty*.—Most editors insert, with F. 2, *and*; but *Earth's* is probably meant to be pronounced as a dissyllable, as *moones* in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 7:

Swifter than the *moones* sphere.

The attribution of the second stanza of this song to Ceres was the conjecture of Theobald, who saw that each deity was to sing of her own offices.

199. Lines 123, 124:

So rare a wonder'd father and a WISE
Makes this place *Paradise*.

Some copies of F. 1 read *wise*, some *wife*; the later Ff. all print *wise*. Most editors, following a conjecture of Rowe, made independently of the reading of the later Ff., read *wife*. The Cambridge edd. in the Cambridge and Globe editions adopt this reading; Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed. prefers *wise*. I give his note, which seems to me entirely judicious: "Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word 'father' shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself."

200. Line 128: *WANDERING brooks*.—The Ff. have *wind-ring*, which seems to be a misprint for either *wand'ring* or *winding*. The former, which I have adopted, is the reading of Steevens; the latter is Rowe's.

201. Line 130: *Leave your CRISP channels*.—This no doubt refers, as Steevens points out, to "the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of the water"—in other words, the curl of the ripple. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 106, where Hotspur says the Severn "hid his *crisp* head in

the hollow bank." Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 237: "the *crisp'd* brooks;" and Tennyson, *Claribel*, line 19: "The babbling rummel *crispeth*."

202. Lines 155, 156:

*And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a RACK behind.*

It has always been a subject of marvel to me that it could have ever entered the mind of any person to alter the word *rack* in this sublime passage: yet such sound Shakespearian critics as Hamner and Malone—the latter of whom Dyce, in some moment of temporary mental aberration, follows—willfully substituted *track* in the first case, and in the latter case *wreck*. It is difficult to say which is the worse suggestion of the two; perhaps *wreck*, as it seems to introduce a more jarring element of shipwreck or other violent convulsion, which is entirely out of and remote from the beautiful picture that Shakespeare has here drawn. It will be noticed, by the careful reader or reciter, that it is the *cloudy* or vapourish element which dominates the passage, and is emphasized by the word *insubstantial*. *Rack* is a word so commonly used in connection with clouds, even to the present day, that it will suffice to recall the beautiful passage in Antony and Cleopatra, which we must quote at length in order to show that Shakespeare undoubtedly uses *rack* in the sense demanded by the text:

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

—iv. 14. 2-11.

Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 506.

For the benefit of those who believe in the eccentric myth that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, we may add from the former the following passage: "The winds in the upper regions which move the clouds above, (which we call the *rack*,) and are not perceived below, pass without noise" (*Naturall Historie*, § 115).—F. A. M.

203. Line 164: *Come with a thought!—I thank thee, Ariel: come!*—Theobald supposed that *I thank thee* was addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda, and altered *thee* to *you*, a change which Dyce strongly upholds (reading, however, *ye*). But I do not see the slightest reason for the change; indeed, it seems to me a distinct change for the worse. Why should not Ariel be thanked for the entertainment he has provided? He deserves it far more than Ferdinand and Miranda for their polite good wishes.

204. Line 166: *We must prepare to MEET WITH Caliban.*—*Meet with* is used here in the sense of encounter. Johnson compares Herbert's *Country Parson*, ch. x.: "He knows the temper and pulse of every person in the house, and accordingly either *meets* with their vices, or advances their virtues."

205. Line 177: *ADVANC'D their eyelids.*—Compare i. 2. 408: The fringed curtains of thine eye *advance*.

And see note 89.

206. Line 182: *the filthy-MANTLED pool.*—Compare Lear, iii. 4. 139: "drinks the green *mantle* of the standing pool." Compare v. 1. 67 of the present play:

the ignorant fumes that *mantle*
Their clearer reason.

207. Line 184: *my bird.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 116:

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, *bird*, come.

See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. iii., where the Citizen says to his wife, "Peace a little, *bird*," a term of endearment which alternates with mouse, duck, chicken, lamb, cony, honeysuckle, &c. Compare Twelfth Night, note 49.

208. Line 187: *stale; i.e. a decoy.* Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 1. 90:

To cast thy wandering eyes on every *stale*;
and Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, iii. 10:

Dull stupid Lentulus,
My *stale* with whom I stalk.

Cotgrave defines one of the meanings of *Estalon*: "a *stale* (as a Larke, &c.) wherewith Fowlers traine sillic birds vnto their destruction."

209. Lines 189, 190:

*on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost.*

Ff. print *all, all lost*, which seems an obvious misprint, altered by Hamner, on Malone's suggestion, to *are all lost*. Sidney Walker's conjecture, *all are lost*, seems to me preferable, both as sounding better and as more likely to have been misprinted.

210. Line 193: *hang THEM ON this LINE.*—Ff. have on *them*; the correction was made by Rowe. *Line* is used here for "*line-tree*" (see below, v. 1. 10: "the *line-grove*"). Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, has: "A *line-tree, tilea*."

211. Lines 197, 198: *play'd the JACK with us; i.e. the Jack-o'-lantern, or ignis fatuus.* Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 185, 186: "But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you *play the flouting Jack*?"—where to "play the Jack" seems to be used in the sense of play the knave. See note 34 to that play.

212. Line 221: *O King Stephano! O peer!*—There is an allusion here to the famous song of King Stephen, two stanzas of which are quoted in *Othello*, ii. 3. 92. (See note 108 to that play.) The stanza alluded to in the text is thus printed in *Percy's Reliques*:

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held them sixpence all too deere:
Therefore he call'd the taylor Lowne.

213. Line 225: *a frippery; i.e. an old-clothes shop.* Boyer, in his *French Dictionary*, gives: "Friperry, *Subst.* (a street of brokers) *Fripérie*;" Coles renders "a frippery, *officina vestiarium tritarium, forum interpolatorium*." Compare Massinger, *the City Madam*, i. 1, where, on Luke entering "with shoes, garters, fans, and roses," young Goldwire says: "He shows like a walking *frippery*."

214. Lines 231, 232:

*Let's ALONE,
And do the murder first.*

Theobald changed *alone* to *along*, and has been very

generally followed. But it seems to me that by this change a point is lost. Caliban turns to Stephano, and says: "Let you and me set off *by ourselves*, and leave Trinculo, if he will, with his 'luggage.'" This seems to me the sense of *Let's alone*, which is of course equivalent to "Let's go alone."

215. Line 249: *And all be turn'd to BARNACLES or to apes.*—*Barnacles* is used here for the geese into which the shell-fish of that name were supposed to turn. Collins and Philipps (Var. Ed. xv. 155) quote passages from Gerard's Herbal: I give the longer quotation contained in the Clarendon Press ed.: "In Gerard's Herbal (1597), p. 1391, is a chapter 'Of the Goose tree, Barnacle tree, or the tree bearing Geese,' in which it is said, 'There are founde in the north parts of Scotland, & the llands adiacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are containede little lining creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them growe those little living things; which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnacles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese.' Gerard then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in 'a small llande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres,' where branches of trees were cast ashore, 'whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth vnto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour.' In process of time the thing contained in these shells 'falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Pie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaide, and all those parts adjoining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence: for the truth heerof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire vnto me, and I shall satisfy them by the testimonie of good witnesses.'" 216. Line 262: *cat-o'-mountain.*—Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 27: "your *cat-a-mountain* looks." Boyer gives: "Cat-a-Mountain, (a Mongrel Sort of wild Cat) *Chat-pard*." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Topsell, History of Four-footed Beasts: "The greatest therefore they call Panthers, as Bellunensis writeth. The second they call Pardals, and the third, least of all, they call Leopards, which for the same cause in England is called a Cat of the Mountain" (p. 448).

217. Line 264: *LIE at my mercy all mine enemies.*—Ff. have *Lies*, which is perhaps what Shakespeare wrote. Rolfe mentions that *Lies* is found plural in Shakespeare at least five times, in three of which the rhyme forbids any change.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

218. Line 10: *In the LINE-GROVE which WEATHER-FENDS your cell.*—On *line-grove* (i.e. lime-grove) see note 210. *Weather-fends*=protects from the weather. Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "To Fend off, *Verb Act.* (to keep off) *Parer, detourner*;" and Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "To Fend, *defendo*,

protelo." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 4:

And such a coil there is,

Such *fending* and such *proving*.

"Fending and proving," however, was a familiar phrase, a sort of idiom. Boyer gives: "Don't stand fending and proving, (or justifying yourself) *Ne raisonnez pas tant, ne faites pas tant le raisonneur*."

219. Line 16: *His tears RUN down his beard.*—F. 1 has *runs*.

220. Lines 23, 24:

that relish all as sharply

Passion as they.

This is the punctuation of F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 insert a comma after *sharply*, in which case *passion* would be a verb. The reading of F. 3 seems to give the better sense.

221. Lines 33–50.—Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid, Met. vii. 197–219, in this speech, was first pointed out by Warburton. I give the passage from Golding's translation, which Shakespeare had evidently read:

Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.

Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)

I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.

By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne.

And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.

By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.

And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw,

Whole woods and Forrests I remouee: I make the Mountaines shake,

And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.

I call vp dead men from their graues and thee, O lightsome Moone

I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.

Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.

The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake

And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.

Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set

And brought asleepe the Dragon full whose eyes were neuer shet.

222. Line 37: *green-sour ringlets.*—This alludes to the fairy-circles in the grass, once thought to be the scenes of elfin revels, caused really by a fungous growth. Rolfe quotes Dr. Grey (Notes on Shakespeare), who says that they "are higher, *sourer*, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them." Compare, for allusions to the superstition, Merry Wives, v. 5. 69, 70:

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.

223. Line 39: *mushrooms.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *Mushrumps*, the old spelling of the word.

224. Line 43: *the AZUR'D vault.*—S. Walker conjectured *azure*, but such participles used for adjectives are common in Shakespeare. See the long list in Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, § 294.

225. Lines 59, 60:

thy brains,

Now useless, BOIL'D within thy skull!

Ff. have *boile*; the correction was made by Pope. Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 84, 85: "Would any but these *boiled brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" and Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 4:

Lovers and madmen have such *seething brains*.

226. Line 62: *HOLY Gonzalo*.—Collier's MS. Corrector changes *Holy* to *Noble*, observing that Gonzalo was "in no respect *holy*." But, as Staunton observes, "the word '*holy*,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly, sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure, just, righteous, &c.*" Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1. 170, 171:

You have a *holy* father,

A graceful gentleman;

and Coriolanus, iii. 3. 111-113:

I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender,

More *holy*, and profound, than mine own life.

227. Line 64: *FALL FELLOWLY drops*; i.e. let fall companionable drops. For *fall* used actively compare ii. 1. 296: "To *fall* it on Gonzalo." On *fellowly* see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 447, and compare "traitorly" in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 822. Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes from Tusser:

One seed for another, to make an exchange,

With *fellowly* neighbourhood, seemeth not strange.

—Ed. Mavor, p. 122.

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Fellow like, *socialiter*."

228. Lines 74-76:

Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.

You, brother mine, that ENTERTAIN'D ambition,

Expell'd remorse and nature; WHO, with Sebastian, &c.

Ff. have:

Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud

You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian.

The text I have adopted is that of Dyce, who in the first line follows Theobald, in the second the reading of F. 2, in the third the emendation of Rowe.

229. Line 85: *I will disease me*; i.e. undress myself. The word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 647-649: "therefore *disease* thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gentleman." "Uncase" is used in the same sense in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 707, 708: "Do you not see Pompey is *uncasing* for the combat?" and Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 212:

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.

230. Lines 91, 92:

On the bat's back I do fly

After SUMMER merrily.

Theobald altered *summer* to *sunset*, very unnecessarily, as Shakespeare doubtless meant to say that Ariel *flies after* (i.e. pursues) *summer* on the bird of summer evenings, the bat.

231. Line 111: *WHETHER thou be'st he or no*.—Ff. have *Where*, as the word is no doubt meant to be pronounced. Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 1. 60:

Good sir, say *where* you'll answer me or no.

232. Lines 123, 124:

You do yet taste

Some subtilties o' the isle.

Steevens observes: "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c., made out of sugar, had the like denomination." The Clarendon Press ed.

quotes Fabyan's Chronicle, ed. 1542, ii. 366, where the author, describing the feast at the coronation of Katharine, queen of Henry V., speaks of "a *sotyltye* called a Pelly-cane syttyng on his nest with the byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katheryne holdyng a boke and disputyng with the doctoures."

233. Line 128: *And JUSTIFY you traitors*.—*Justify* is here used in the sense of prove, as in All's Well, iv. 3. 64-66:

Sec. Lord. How is this *justified*?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters.

234. Line 136: *who*.—F. 1 has *whom*; the correction is made in F. 2.

235. Line 139: *I am WOE for't, sir*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 133: "*Woe, woe* are we;" Cymbeline, v. 5. 297 (F. 1): "I am *sorrow* for thee."

236. Line 171: Stage-direction.—Rolfé quotes from Professor Allen, who points out that Shakespeare may have introduced *chess* here because he knew "that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, was the centre of chess-playing, and probably famed as such throughout Europe."

237. Line 199: *Let us not burden our REMEMBRANCE with*.—Ff. have *remembrances*, which Pope corrected.

238. Line 226: *My TRICKSY spirit!*—The word *tricksy* occurs only here and in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 74, 75:

that for a *tricksy* word

Defy the matter.

Compare the verb "trick" in Henry V. iii. 6. 79-81: "and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they *trick* up with new-tuned oaths." Nares quotes the anonymous play of Grim the Collier:

Marry indeed, there is a *tricksy* girl.

239. Line 230: *We were dead of sleep*; i.e. "on sleep," or "asleep." Dyce quotes, as an instance of the very common confusion between *of* and *on*, The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, 1504, sig. A. 4:

This stout Assyrian hath a liberal looke,

And, of my soule, is farre from trecherie.

Compare, too, Marlow, Jew of Malta, iv. 4: "Upon mine own freehold, within forty feet of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, I take it, looking of a friar's execution."

240. Line 234: *more*.—Ff. have *mo* and *moe*.

241. Line 236: *her*.—So Theobald, on the conjecture of Thirlby; Ff. print *our*.

242. Lines 243, 244:

more than nature

Was ever CONDUCT of.

Compare Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 116:

Come, blither *conduct*, come, unsavoury guide!

and Richard III. i. 1. 43-45:

His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed

This *conduct* to convey me to the Tower.

243. Line 258: *CORAGIO, bully-monster, coragio!*—Shakespeare uses *Coragio* again in All's Well, ii. 5. 97: "Brave-ly, *coragio!*" Steevens quotes the word from Florio's Montaigne: "You often cried *Coragio*." On *bully*, as a

familiar term, meaning "good fellow"—the only use of the word in Shakespeare—see note 144 to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In *Coles' Latin Dictionary* the only meaning given to the word is "*vir fortis & animosus*."

244. Line 271: *And deal in her command, without her power*.—It is rather difficult to see which of two or three contradictory meanings should be assigned to this line. Stevens understands it as meaning "that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea." Malone supposes that Prospero meant to say "that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her Vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorized, or empowered by her to do so." Staunton—with more reason—interprets *without her power* as "beyond her power," and compares *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 156-158:

our intent
Was to be gone from Athens where we might,
Be without peril of the Athenian law.

245. Line 279: *reeling ripe*.—This is best interpreted by Schmidt, who explains it in his *Lexicon* as "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling." Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 274:

The King was *weeping-ripe* for a good word;
and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Woman's Prize*, ii. 1:

My son Petruccio, he's like little children
That lose their baubles, *cringing-ripe*.

246. Line 280: *this grand liquor that hath GILDED 'em*.—*Gilded* was a slang term for "made drunk." The term

arose from certain jokes comparing sack with the *Aurum potabile*, or grand elixir, of the alchemists. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 36, 37:

that great medicine hath

With his tinct *gilded* thee—

where the reference is solely to the elixir. For *gilded* in the sense of drunk, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Chances*, iv. 3:

Duke. Is she not drunk too?
a Con. A little *gilded* o'er, sir.

The expression is one of the many polite ways of conveying a well-understood fact which abound in every language. Compare the Cape Dutch euphemism, "to be nice," and, nearer home, the singularly merciful and graceful French idiom, "*être dans les vignes du Seigneur*"—a delightful phrase which somehow has never become naturalized among us, favoured as we are with labourers in that vineyard.

247. Line 289: *This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on*.—Capell, improving the metre, but not rectifying the grammar so much as he thought, read:

This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

As for the metre, the lines preceding conform to no regular rhythm, and the present one need be supposed no more regular than they. So far as grammar is concerned, the first *as* was sometimes omitted in Elizabethan English. See Abbott's *Grammar*, § 276, and compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 167-169:

A mighty and a fearful head they are,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE TEMPEST.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abstemious ... iv. 1 53	*Blue-eyed ... i. 2 269	Corollary ... iv. 1 57	Ever-harmless ... v. 1 129
Acquisition ... iv. 1 13	Bow ³ ... iv. 1 80, 86	Correspondent ... i. 2 207	Expeditious ... v. 1 315
Afore (adv.) ... ii. 2 78	Bow, wow ... i. 2 382, 383	Courses ⁶ ... i. 1 53	Extirpate ... i. 2 125
African ... ii. 1 125	Bowsprit ... i. 2 200	Cradled ... i. 2 464	Eye ⁹ ... ii. 1 55
*A-ground ... i. 1 4	Brained (adj.) ... iii. 2 7	Cubit ... ii. 1 257	Fellowly ... v. 1 64
*A-hold ... i. 1 52	Broom-groves ... iv. 1 66	Dams ⁷ ... ii. 2 184	Filberts ... ii. 2 175
Angle ¹ ... i. 2 223	Bully-monster ... v. 1 258	Dear-beloved ... v. 1 300	Firing (sub.) ... ii. 2 185
Aspersion ... iv. 1 18	Calf-like ... iv. 1 179	Demi-puppets ... v. 1 36	Fish-like ... ii. 2 27
Backward (sub.) ... i. 2 50	Cellar ... ii. 2 136	Deservedly ... i. 2 361	Flat-long ... ii. 1 181
Barley ... iv. 1 61	Charmingly ... iv. 1 119	Diversity ... v. 1 234	Flesh-fly ... iii. 1 63
Barnacles ... iv. 1 249	Click ... v. 1 316	*Dove-drawn ... iv. 1 94	Flote ... i. 2 234
Baseless ... iv. 1 151	Chirurgeonly ... ii. 1 140	Dowle ... iii. 3 65	Fly-blowing ... v. 1 284
Bass (verb) ... iii. 3 99	Closeness ... i. 2 90	Down ⁸ ... iv. 1 81	Footfall ... ii. 2 12
Bat-fowling ... ii. 1 185	Cloud-capped ... iv. 1 152	Drowsiness ... ii. 1 199	Footing ¹⁰ ... iv. 1 138
Bedimmed ... v. 1 41	Cock-a-diddle-dow ⁴ ... i. 2 386	Barthed ... ii. 1 234	Foot-licker ... iv. 1 218
Bed-right ... iv. 1 96	Compensation ... iv. 1 2	Entertainer ... ii. 1 17	Fresh-brook ... i. 2 463
Bell ² ... v. 1 89	Confederates (vb.) ... i. 2 111	Ever-angry ... i. 2 289	Freshes ... iii. 2 75
Betrims ... iv. 1 65	Convulsions ... iv. 1 260		Fringed ... i. 2 408
Blasphemous ... i. 1 44	Coral ⁵ (sub.) ... i. 2 397		

1 = a corner.
2 = cup of a flower.

3 = rainbow.
4 *cockadiddle-dow* in F. 1.
5 Son. cxxx. 2.

6 = sails.
7 For confining water.
8 = a tract of naked hilly land;
Venus and Adonis, 677.

9 = a tinge or shade.
10 = dance; used frequently
elsewhere in other senses

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TEMPEST.

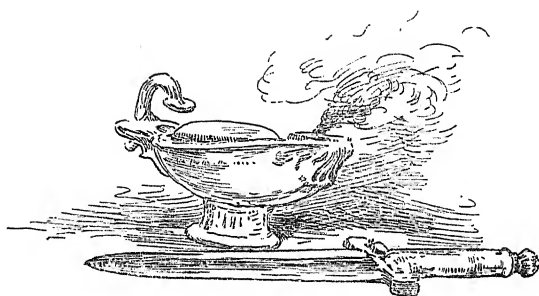
	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Frippery	iv. 1 226	Moon-calf.	{ ii. 2 110, 116, 138 iii. 2 24, 25	Roarers	i. 1 18	Thunder-claps.	i. 2 202
Furrow ¹ (sub.) ..	iv. 1 135	Mop (sub.)	iv. 1 47	Rocky-hard.	iv. 1 69	Thunder-stroke {	ii. 1 204
Furtherer	v. 1 73	Mountaineers ⁶	iii. 3 44	Rootedly	iii. 2 103	{	ii. 2 112
Furze.	{ i. 1 70 iv. 1 180	Muddled.	{ iii. 3 102 v. 1 151	Rye-straw.	iv. 1 136	Toothed ²⁰	iv. 1 180
Gather ²	v. 1 1	Muscles ⁷	i. 2 463	Scamels	ii. 2 176	Topsail	i. 1 7
*Gentle-kind.	iii. 3 32	Mushrooms.	v. 1 39	Scout ¹²	iii. 2 130	Totally	ii. 1 57
Glut	i. 1 63	Mutineer ⁸ (sub.)	iii. 2 41	Sea-change.	i. 2 400	Trash ²¹ (verb). .	i. 2 81
Goss	iv. 1 180	Naiads.	iv. 1 128	Sea-marge.	iv. 1 69	Troll	iii. 2 126
Grass-plot	iv. 1 73	Nettle-seed.	ii. 1 144	Sea-nymphs ...	i. 2 402	Turfy.	iv. 1 62
Grind ³	iv. 1 259	*New-dyed.	ii. 1 64	Sea-sorrow.	i. 2 170	Twilled.	iv. 1 64
Hag-born.	i. 2 283	*New-formed. .	i. 2 83	Sea-storm.	i. 2 177	Unbacked ²² ...	iv. 1 176
Hag-seed	i. 2 365	Ninny ⁹	iii. 2 71	Sea-swallowed. .	ii. 1 251	Undrowned.	ii. 1 237, 239
Heart's-sorrow	iii. 3 81	Noise-maker.	i. 1 47	Sedged.	iv. 1 129	Uninhabitable. .	ii. 1 36
Heath ⁴	i. 1 70	Oared (verb). .	i. 1 118	*Servant-monster	iii. 2 3, 5, 9	Unmitigable. .	i. 2 276
Hey-day!	ii. 2 100	O'erprized.	i. 2 92	*Short-grassed. .	iv. 1 83	Unnecessarily. .	ii. 1 264
Honeycomb.	i. 2 329	O'erstunk.	iv. 1 184	Shroud ¹³ (vb. intr.)	ii. 2 42	Unrewarded. .	iv. 1 242
*Honey-drops. .	iv. 1 79	Oozy	v. 1 151	Sicklemen.	iv. 1 134	Unshrubb'd.	iv. 1 81
Horse-piss.	iv. 1 109	Open-eyed.	ii. 1 301	Side-stitches. .	i. 2 326	Up-staring.	i. 2 213
Incharitable. .	i. 1 44	Pailfuls.	ii. 2 25	Siege ¹⁴	ii. 2 110	Urchin-shows. .	ii. 2 5
Inch-meal.	ii. 2 3	Paunch (verb). .	iii. 2 98	Sight-outrunning ¹⁵	i. 2 203	Useless ²³	v. 1 60
Infest	v. 1 246	Peg (verb)	i. 2 295	Sour-eyed.	iv. 1 208	Vetches	iv. 1 61
Insubstantial. .	iv. 1 155	Pig-nuts.	ii. 2 172	Speech ¹⁶	i. 2 429	Villanous (adv.)	iv. 1 250
Irreparable.	v. 1 140	Pinch-spotted. .	iv. 1 261	Spell-stopped. .	v. 1 61	Waist ²⁴	i. 2 197
Jingling.	v. 1 233	Pioned.	iv. 1 64	Spendthrift ¹⁷ (sub.)	ii. 1 24	Wallets ²⁵	iii. 3 46
Lass-lorn.	iv. 1 68	Plantation.	ii. 1 143	Sprinting.	i. 2 298	*Wasplish-headed	iv. 1 99
Legged.	ii. 2 36	Pole-clipt.	iv. 1 68	Stare (sub.)	iii. 3 95	Watch-dogs.	i. 2 383
Level ⁵	iv. 1 239, 244	Preciously.	i. 2 241	*Still-closing. .	iii. 3 64	Wave-worn.	ii. 1 120
Line-grove.	v. 1 10	Precursors.	i. 2 201	Stover.	iv. 1 63	Wearily.	iii. 1 32
Log-man.	iii. 1 67	Pricked ¹⁰	iv. 1 176	Strengthen (vb. intr.)	v. 1 227	Weather-fends. .	v. 1 10
Lorded.	i. 2 97	Printless.	v. 1 34	*Strong-based. .	v. 1 46	Wesand.	iii. 2 99
Lush.	ii. 1 52	Puppy-headed. .	ii. 2 158	Sty (verb)	i. 2 342	While-ere.	iii. 2 127
Main-course.	i. 1 38	*Putter-out.	iii. 3 48	Subject ¹⁸ (verb)	i. 2 114	Whist.	i. 2 379
Mallows.	ii. 1 144	Razorable.	ii. 1 250	Substitution. .	i. 2 103	Wide-chapped. .	i. 1 60
Man-monster. .	iii. 2 14	Release (sub.). .	v. 1 11	Supportable.	v. 1 145	Wondered ²⁶ ..	iv. 1 123
Marmoset.	ii. 2 174	Rifted ¹¹ (vb. tr.)	v. 1 45	Taborer.	iii. 2 100	Yards ²⁷	i. 2 200
Meanders.	iii. 3 3			Tang (sub.)	ii. 2 52	Zenith.	i. 2 181
Mill-wheels.	i. 2 281			Temperance ¹⁹ . .	ii. 1 42		

¹ Son. xxii. 3.
² = to become ripe.
³ = to afflict cruelly; used elsewhere in other senses.
⁴ = a plant; = a common, Macbeth, i. 1. 6; 3. 77.
⁵ = an instrument; used in other senses elsewhere.

⁶ Used four times in Cymbeline.
⁷ = shell-fish.
⁸ Mutineers occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254.
⁹ = a fool.
¹⁰ = erected, pointed; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.
¹¹ Used intrans. in Winter's Tale, v. 1. 66.
¹² = to sneer at.
¹³ = to take shelter; used repeatedly elsewhere in a transitive sense.
¹⁴ = excrement.
¹⁵ sight out-running in F. 1.
¹⁶ = language, tongue.
¹⁷ Used adjectively in Hamlet, iv. 7. 123.
¹⁸ = to make subject; = to expose, As You Like It, ii. 3. 38.
¹⁹ = temperature, climate; used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.

²⁰ Venus and Adonis, 1117.
²¹ = to lop; = to restrain, Oth. ii. 1. 312.
²² Venus and Adonis, 320.
²³ Lucrece, 859.
²⁴ Of a ship.
²⁵ = protuberances; = a knapsack, Troilus, iii. 3. 145.
²⁶ = wonder-working.
²⁷ Of a ship.

VENUS AND ADONIS





CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

VENUS AND ADONIS AND THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

It is natural to criticise Venus and Adonis and Lucrece together. The poems have much in common, with much that brings them into very direct and striking contrast. Each is obviously the work of a young poet: from merely reading through the poems, without the aid of external testimony, we could with very considerable certainty assign to them an early date in the long list of Shakespeare's works. They have all the characteristic qualities of youthful work—careless ease and vigour of style, over-laden elaboration of colour and artistic effect, over-accentuated treatment of somewhat sensuous scenes. Venus and Adonis and Lucrece are connected by their theme. That theme is not a particularly pleasant one. It is love, or rather lust: the poet throws all his power of workmanship into representing the keenness and invincibility of a sensual passion that knows no restraint of moral instinct or conventional decorum. But, whereas Lucrece is intensely didactic, Venus and Adonis is no less intensely non-moral; not immoral, but unmoral. If Lucrece gives us the "criticism of life" theory of literature at its keenest, Venus and Adonis shows us the "art for art's sake" doctrine in the furthest possible development of that idea.

Venus and Adonis is the purest paganism, a deification of erotic impulse which Catullus himself could not have surpassed. The lovely goddess, exquisite as when she rose from the foam-blossoms of the blue Ægean, typifies lust, and, alas! lust does not shock us, simply because it comes in the form of such perfect beauty. Critics have compared Venus and Adonis with the masterpiece of Shakespeare's "dead shepherd," with the Hero and Leander, which Keats alone among English poets could have fitly continued. And the criticism is quite

just. Nothing in either poem is more remarkable than the insistence on physical beauty. Marlowe dwells on the mere forms of his two lovers, on symmetry and shapeliness of limb, on fascination of colour, with all the loving, sensuous, deliberate content of a sculptor. And so it is with Shakespeare. He brings but two characters on the scene of passion, and he lavishes on them every possible touch that can please the eye and intoxicate the on-looker with the wonder and glory of physical grace. And in this intoxication we cease to be moralists: our moral sense is drugged by the popped draught of sensuous, seductive poison. The hungry goddess is like Browning's "Pretty Woman." She is fair, divinely fair, a daughter of the gods, and we say of the sweet face—

Be its beauty
Its sole duty.

There can be no place for the preacher here: we cannot take very seriously the morality that flows from the pretty, protesting lips of the blushing boy. Mr. Swinburne describes Venus and Adonis and Lucrece as semi-narrative, semi-reflective verse. The description, I think, is more appropriate to the longer and later poem. Venus and Adonis is simply narrative, and a narrative that carries us along on a wave of passion which moves far too quickly to admit of much reflection. It is, as far as I can understand it, a study in sensuous effects; a series of stanzas in which morality and the ethical element that we usually look for in literature, especially English literature, are wholly absent; a poem which we cannot call immoral because the whole idea is so fantastic and unreal, so removed from the world of the practical and possible; a poem of which we can only say, that it is wholly and intentionally un-moral. We read it, just as,

according to Charles Lamb, we should read a Restoration Comedy, with a consciousness that what we are reading is all a myth: there never have been such characters: they are as impossible and non-existent as the light "that never was" in Wordsworth's poem.

Lucrece is perfectly different. Here the poet is at once an artist and a preacher: his achievement, if not his aim, is purely didactic. For no more terrible picture was ever drawn of the utter desolation and ruin wrought by unbridled, unreasoning impulse. Each phase of the passion is anatomized with the pitiless detail of minute realism. Simple enough in its beginning, the story works up with a gradual *crescendo* of horror to its tragic climax, and when the end comes no one, not the dullest of prosaists, can be blind to the poet's purpose. And Lucrece is no petty tale of evil-doing, no "modern instance" of crime and shame. Shakespeare makes us feel throughout that a royal house and fame hang in the balance and are lost, and that if the sin be great the consequences will be great in proportion. Significant in this connection is the introduction of the old-world story of Troy's fall. At first sight lines 1380-1580 seem rather an excrescence, an interpolation that brings in an element of unreality. But it is not so. Interesting intrinsically as suggesting, if not showing, that Shakespeare was familiar with Virgil's narrative, the lines have a very direct bearing on the development of the story. Lucrece dishonoured is like "cloud-kissing Ilium" dismantled: in Ovid's words, *hæc facies Troja cum caperetur erat*. The comparison heightens the desolation of Lucrece, lends picturesqueness to the pity of her state, quickens our conception of the tragedy that has brought red ruin in its train. And if it is so for us, especially must it have been so for an Elizabethan reader, since the Troy legend was the story *par excellence* of the mediæval world, the *conte* which overshadowed and eclipsed all others. To repeat ourselves: Lucrece is an essentially didactic poem, and its didacticism is emphasized and increased at every turn by the dramatic power of the writer. To hold the mirror up to lust, to paint the horrors of unbridled passion, to show for all time that the

wages of sin is death—this is the direct tendency of the Rape of Lucrece.

We have considered the ethical import of the two poems, and seen that the contrast between them is very marked. On other grounds they have much in common. First and foremost, each is a perfect example of the narrator's art. The rhymes may at times seem careless; we may come across things—especially in *Venus and Adonis*—which we could wish away. But the stanzas never lag: the writer is never at a loss. The story advances from point to point with the swing and sweep, the lilt and facile grace, of true creative power. The effortless ease with which the narrative is maintained through a long series of stanzas seems to us the most characteristic and signal excellence of the poems.

But it is not their only excellence. The artist's sense of light and shade and variety of effect, dramatic representation of scene and situation—notably in *Lucrece*,—the many minute touches that build up the fabric of characterization—all these are qualities in which *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* are rich with the true Shakespearean richness. And to these must be added the extraordinary verbal beauty of the verse. Here they are linked with the early plays, with *Romeo and Juliet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We have the same elaborate harmonies, the "linked sweetness long drawn out," the cadences, the "dying falls," the splendid eloquence, the lyric charm and rapture of Shakespeare's earliest, most purely poetic, style. Finally—to conclude these *ambages et longa exorsa*—we may note in *Venus and Adonis* the use which the poet makes of nature. The poem is full of the sights and sounds of the country and of country life. The red morning (line 453), the gathering clouds that consult for foul weather (972), the hare-hunt, the fall of the wind before rain comes, the empty eagle tiring on her prey (55-60), the closing-in of the day (530-533)—these and many similar touches point to a close knowledge of the life of the fields; and we could ill do without the fresh sweet wind, as from Shakespeare's own Stratford commons, that clears and relieves the sometimes too sultry atmosphere.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

INTRODUCTION.

Venus and Adonis was published in Quarto in 1593, with the following title-page: "VENUS | AND ADONIS | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi fluvius Apollo | Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | LONDON | Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the signe of the White Greyhound in | Paules Church-yard. | 1593." According to the Cambridge editors this edition is "printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's own manuscript." In 1594 a second Quarto, identical with the first, was printed, and a third edition, in Octavo, appeared in 1596; while between 1596 and 1636 the poem was reprinted no less than eight times, a sufficiently striking proof of its popularity.

The actual date of the composition of Venus and Adonis we cannot determine. It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1593, and Shakespeare himself speaks of it as "the first heire of my invention," a vague description which might imply that the poem had preceded all his plays, and been written before he came up to London from Stratford.

Probably, however, the phrase just quoted should not be pressed; by "invention" he may have meant lyric or narrative verse as opposed to dramatic work, or he may have been contrasting printed with unprinted work; and on the whole it is safest to conclude that the year of the publication of Venus and Adonis was also the year of its composition. The source of the poem was pretty certainly Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where, in book x., the legend of Venus and Adonis is told, with various divergences from the story as given by Shakespeare. Whether the poet

read Ovid in the original or in Golding's translation is an open and unanswerable question. Professor Baynes, in his well-known papers on Shakespeare's classical learning, argues strongly for the former view, and for myself I see no reason to doubt that Shakespeare read his Ovid as a scholar would read the author of the *Metamorphoses*. To discuss the point would be to touch on the vexed and well-worn subject of the poet's "little Latin, and less Greek;" the reader must turn to Farmer's essay or Professor Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. (1880), pp. 83-102, and pp. 619-641. It should be noticed that Constable treated the Venus and Adonis myth in a beautiful poem first published in England's Helicon (see Bullen's Reprint, pp. 215-219); and according to Dr. Furnivall, "Lodge" has three stanzas in his *Glaucois and Scilla*, 1589, on Adonis's death, and Venus coming down to his corpse" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxi.). Sedley's ridiculous effusion on the same subject I have mentioned in the notes. Venus and Adonis, like Lucrece, is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Daniel, Chapman, and other men of letters. A very elaborate account of Southampton is given in Mr. Massey's *Secret Drama of the Sonnets* (1888), pp. 318-342. We may just note that he was born in 1573; was a ward of Lord Burghley; graduated as Master of Arts at Cambridge—from St. John's College—in 1589; became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, whose favour, however, he lost through his connection with Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of the ill-starred Essex; and may conceivably have been the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Villia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are; 10
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse. 30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40

Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in
lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;

And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs 51
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin. 60.

For'd to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
 She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes: 70
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 And to a pretty car she tunes her tale;
 Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
 wet;

And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
 Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
 So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks,¹ and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:

"O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar; 100
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt
 have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain: 110
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
 What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again, 121
 And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted: 130
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul,² or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

¹ *Winks*, closes the eyes.

² *Foul*, ugly.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not
for thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in
turning; 140
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
Mysmooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire, 149
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the
sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected, 150
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty;
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 190
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel 201
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again, 209
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:

And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak, 221

And now her sobs do her intendments¹ break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:

She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd
thee here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain, 241
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"²
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet,³ lusty, young, and proud, 260
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with. 270

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is
tried; 280
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say?"
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlockshag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing
strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wh'er he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high winds sing,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

¹ *Intendments*, intentions.

² *Remorse*, mercy.

³ *Jennet*, a young mare.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind: 308
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vails¹ his tail, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy² master goeth about to take him;
 When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning³ his boisterous and unruly beast:
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd, 331
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
 So of concealed sorrow may be said;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
 Taking no notice that she is so high, 341
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels; 350

With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
 And all this dumb-play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did
 rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
 "O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man, 369
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure
 thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou
 feel it?"
 "Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt
 have it;
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
 And 't is your fault I am bereft him so:
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire: 388
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!

¹ Vails, lowers. ² Testy, irritated. ³ Banning, cursing.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,¹
 He held such petty bondage in disdain;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight? 400
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?"

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
 O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a
 breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
 The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong. 420

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
 To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
 flattery;
 For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou
 a tongue?"

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sound-
 ing, 431
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore
 wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my cars would love
 That inward beauty and invisible;
 Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by
 smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, 449
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws² to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advis'dly she marketh:
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,

¹ *Fee*, i.e. that which his youth could claim as its due.

² *Flaws*, gusts of wind.

He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 490
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!¹ 500
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips²
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.

What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west; 530
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tender'd is: 538
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth; 550
Whose vulture³ thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hand-
ling, 560

¹ *Wear* = wear out.

² *Slips*, used quibblingly in reference to the pieces of counterfeit money called *slips*.

³ *Vulture*, used as an adjective.

Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is frow-
ward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart, 580
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in
sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the
match?"

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale, 591
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee; 609
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy,
ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes¹ never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes what'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture: 628
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal cyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, — wondrous dread! —
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will; 639
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,

¹ Tushes, tusks.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

“For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel; 650
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry ‘Kill, kill!’
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

“This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker¹ that eats up Love’s tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentions Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring, 658
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

“And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the
head.

“What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th’ imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination: 670
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

“But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul’d by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,
And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy
hounds. 678

“And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks² and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets³ through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

“Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,

And sometime where earth-delving conies keep
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear: 690

“For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snauffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

“By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear; 700
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

“Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev’d by any.

“Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 710
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

“Wheredid I leave?” “No matter where,” quoth he;
“Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
Thenight is spent.” “Why, what of that?” quoth she.
“I am,” quoth he, “expected of my friends;
And now ’t is dark, and going I shall fall.”
“In night,” quoth she, “desire sees best of all.

“But if thou fall, O, then imagine this, 721
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

“Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she fram’d thee, in high heaven’s despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

¹ *Canker*, cankerworm.

² *Cranks*, winds in and out.

³ *Musets*, the doublings-back of a hare.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;¹

Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood, 740
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:

Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,

Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity, 751
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,

Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? 760

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme: 770
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;

For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,

Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there; 780

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love, 789
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; 800
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended." 810

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night 821
Fold-in the object that did feed her sight.

¹ Defeature, disfigurement.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans ; 831
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :

"Ay me !" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe,
woe !"

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance,¹ with such-like sport :

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ? 850

She says "'T is so : " they answer all, "'T is so ; "
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light, 860
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,

There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,

And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn :
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to² the cry. 870

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay :
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay :
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way, 879
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy whos shall cope³ him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear, 889
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
more :— 899

And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, 910

¹ *Circumstance* = elaborate details.

² *Coasteth to* = approaches.

³ *Cope*, encounter.

Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;¹
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise, 919
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon² dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd; 958
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sor-
row,—

Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
The sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous: 988
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes³ him king of graves, and grave forkings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

¹ *Respecting*=seeing.

² *Ebon*, i.e. black.

³ *Clepes*, calls.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast
Which knows no pity, but is still severe: 1000
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect¹ she doth extenuate; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind! 1018
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unvisited with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight; 1030
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain; 1040

Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her
eyes; 1050

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd:

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead: 1060
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That hersightdazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seemstwain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire. 1074

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear; 1083
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:

¹ *Suspect*, suspicion.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years, 1091
They both would strive who first should dry his
tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; 1100
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-
ries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with
berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted¹ boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know 1109
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless 1119
My youth with his,—the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told;

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld 1129
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet belight.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low; 1139
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;²
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet, 1149
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1160
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood. 1170

¹ *Urchin-snouted*; properly an urchin was a hedgehog.

² *Measures*, dances.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by Death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's
guise,—

Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:

To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180

And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies, 1189
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;

Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure¹ herself and not be seen.

¹ Immure, shut in.



NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

1. *Vilia miretur vulgus*.—I may just note that the MS. transcript of Day's delightful Parliament of Bees, which is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. (No. 725), bears the following title: "An olde Manuscript conteyning the Parliament of Bees, found In a Hollow Tree In a garden at Hibla, in a strandge Language, And now faithfully Translated into Easie English Verse by

John Day,
Cantabrig.
Ovidius . . . mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliis plena ministrat aquis."

The couplet, by the way, is from Ovid's Amores, bk. I. Elegy xv. lines 35, 36, a poem which, as Professor Baynes notes, had not been translated into English; when Marlowe's Version first appeared is not certain, perhaps, as Gifford thinks, in 1598. The rendering of this particular Elegy (xv.) was evidently by Ben Jonson; see the Poetaster, i. 1 (page 107 in Routledge's edition), where the poem has undergone some revision and alterations from its original form as published in Marlowe's volume. Thus the first version of the present couplet runs:

Let base-conceited wits admire vild things;
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs.
—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 137;

while in The Poetaster it stands, quaintly enough:

Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phoebus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses well.
—Ben Jonson, Works, p. 107.

Marston is probably sneering at Shakespeare when he says in the poem to the third book of his Satires:

I invoke no Delian deitie,
No sacred offspring of Mnemosyne;
I pray in aid of no Castalian muse.
—Works, edn. 1856, iii. p. 285.

2. Dedication: *the first heir of my INVENTION*.—So Marston describes his Pigmalion as being a "young new-born invention;" and again in the lines To his Mistress writes:

I invoke no other saint but thee,
To grace the *first bloomers of my poesie*.
Thy favours, like Promethean sacred fire,
In dead and dull conceit can life inspire;
Or, like that rare and rich elixar stone,
Can turn to gold, leaden *invention*
—Works, iii. pp. 200, 202.

Some critics regard Marston's Pigmalion (1598) as a parody of Venus and Adonis; others, as an imitation of Shakespeare's poem. For myself, I must confess I cannot trace the supposed resemblance. Shakespeare, by the way, may conceivably be the fifth poet described in the sixth satire of the Scourge of Villanie (1598) (Works, iii. pp. 275, 276).

3. Dedication: *and never after EAR*.—See note on *un-ear'd*, Sonnet iii. 5.

4. Lines 1, 2: *Even as the sun*, &c.—One of Gullio's pla-

giarisms in The Returne from Parnassus, iii. l. 1052, 1053 (Parnassus, Three Elizabethan Comedies, 1597-1602, ed. Macray, p. 58).

5. Line 3: *ROSE-CHEEK'D Adonis*.—Perhaps Shakespeare owed this beautiful epithet to Marlowe; cf. Hero and Leander, the first sestiad, 93:

Rose-cheek'd Adonis kept a solemn feast
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 9.

It found favour with Burton; see The Anatomy, p. 511, Chatto & Windus' Reprint, 1881. Compare, too, Weever's 22nd epigram:

Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses
—Shakspeare Allusion Book, p. 182;

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 86.

6. Lines 5, 6: *Sick-thoughted Venus*, &c.—This couplet, too, is quoted in The Returne from Parnassus, iii. l. 1000, 1007:

Gull. Pardon, faire lady, thoughe sick-thoughted Gullio maks
amaine unto thee, and like a bould-faced suture 'gins to woo thee.
—Parnassus, ed. Macray, p. 56.

7. Line 9: *STAIN to all nymphs*.—That is, eclipsing all nymphs; so in Coriolanus, i. 10. 13: "suffering *stain*"= being surpassed. See note on Sonnet xxxiii. 14.

8. Lines 11, 12: *Nature that made thee*, &c.—See again The Returne, iii. l. 1022, 1023, p. 57

9. Line 26: *The PRECEDENT of pith*.—So Malone The Quartos all have *president*.

10. Line 55 *Even as an EMPTY EAGLE*—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. l. 248, 249:

an *empty eagle* set
To guard the chicken,

and III. Henry VI. i. l. 268, 269:

like an *empty eagle*,

Tire on the flesh.

So Edward III. iii. 1:

as when the *empty eagle* flies,
To satisfy his hungry gripping maw.
—Tauchnitz ed. p. 34.

11. Line 112: *Yet was he servile to my COY disdain*.—*Coy* often had, as here, the sense of *contemptuous*. Compare The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. l. 29, 30.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs.

So in England's Helicon:

If void she seem of joy,
Disdain doth make her *coy*.

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 227.

Cotgrave gives: "Mespriseresse: *A coy*, a squeamish, or scornfull dame."

12. Line 114: *For MASTERING her*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, and Q. 3 have the old form *maistring*.

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

13. Line 125: *These BLUE-VEIN'D violets whereon we lean.*—I find the same graceful epithet applied to the violet by Day in *The Parliament of Bees*, Character i. line 7:

The blue-veined violets, and the damask rose.

So in a charming lyric in *England's Helicon*:

How shall I her pretty tread
Express
When she doth walk?
Scarce she does the primrose head
Depress,
Or tender stalk
Of *blue-vein'd violets*,
Whereon her foot she sets.

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 88.

14. Line 130: *Beauty within itself*, &c.—Compare Sonnet ix. 11, 12:

But *beauty's waste* hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

15. Line 140: *Mine EYES are GRAY.*—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 111; also *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 2. 1.

16. Line 147: *Or, like a nymph*, &c.—These lines are not unsuggestive of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 85, 86.

17. Line 157: *Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?*—This curious idea of *self-love* meets us in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, iv. 4:

Dearer than thou canst *love thyself* though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower.

—Beaumont & Fletcher, in *Mermaid Series*, vol. ii. p. 383;

the swain in question being, of course, Adonis. Compare, too, a stanza in Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), pp. 63, 64:

O let not beauty so forget her birth
That it should fruitless home return to earth!
Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one!
Not your sweet self, for such *self-love* is none.

18. Line 161: *NARCISSUS so himself*, &c.—For similar references cf. Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 96: "Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face;" and *The Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 3:

Not *Narcissus*, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty,

—Beaumont & Fletcher, *Mermaid ed.* vol. ii. p. 338;

and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 2. 110-121:

Emil. What flower is this?
W'o. 'T is call'd *Narcissus*, madam.
Emil. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself.

—Leopold Shakspeare, p. 2018.

19. Line 163: *TORCHES are made to LIGHT.*—Compare *Measure for Measure*, i. i. 33, 34:

Heaven doth with us as we with *torches* do,
Not *light* them for themselves.

20. Line 171: *By law of nature thou art bound to breed.*—See note 1 on Sonnets.

21. Line 177: *TIRED in the midday heat.*—Collier read '*tired*'=attired.

22. Line 189: *I'LL SIGH celestial BREATH.*—Compare *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 120, 121:

never man
Sigh'd truer breath.

23. Line 201: *Art thou a WOMAN'S SON.*—So Sonnet xli. 7, 8:

what *woman's son*
Will sourly leave her?

24. Lines 203, 204: *O, had thy mother*, &c.—Compare Sonnet xlii. 13, 14:

you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

25. Line 272: *Upon his COMPASS'D crest.*—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 35.

26. Line 303: *To bid the wind a BASE.*—Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 3. 19, 20:

lads more like to *run*
The country *base*.

So *Edward II.* iv. 2. 65, 66:

We will find comfort, money, men and friends
Ere long, to *bid the English King a base*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. ii. p. 191.

See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 22.

27. Line 310: *She puts on outward STRANGENESS.*—See note on "look strange," Sonnet lxxxix. 8.

28. Line 319: *His TESTY master.*—Compare Sonnet cxl. 7, 8:

As *testy* sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know.

Testy comes from O.F. *teste*=head, *i. e. tête*: Cotgrave gives *testu*=heady. *Tester* is from same root; see Skeat, *s. v.*

29. Line 331: *An oven that is STOPP'D.*—Compare *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 4. 36, 37:

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.

30. Line 367: *Once more the ENGINE of her THOUGHTS began.*—So *Titus Andronicus*, iii. i. 82:

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts.

31. Line 396: *ENFRANCHISING his mouth.*—*Enfranchise*, Professor Minto notes (*Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 375), is a favourite word with Shakespeare in his early plays; afterwards he uses it only in a political and technical sense.

32. Line 453: *Like a RED MORN*, &c.—Compare *Hero and Leander*, third sestiad (by Chapman), 177, 178:

And after it a *fioul black day* befell,
Which ever since a *red morn* doth *foretell*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 47

The proverb says:

A red sky at night's a shepherd's delight;
A red sky at morning's a shepherd's warning.

And another version says:

If *red the sun* begins his race,
Be sure the *rain* will fall apace.

This, of course, is the reference in *St. Matthew* xvi. 2, 3: "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be *fioul* weather to day; for the sky is red and lowering."

According to Thiselton Dyer, the notion is "common on the Continent. Thus, at Milan, the proverb was, 'If the morn be red, rain is at hand'" (*Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 62).

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

33. Line 469: *all-AMAZ'D*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3. The others have in a maze.

34. Line 481: *The NIGHT OF SORROW now is turn'd to day*.—Compare Sonnet cxx. 9, 10:

O, that our *night of woe* might have remember'd
My deepest sense.

35. Line 482: *Her two blue WINDOWS faintly she up-heaveth*.—See note on Sonnet xxiv. 11.

36. Line 500: *SHEREWD tutor*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 give *shrowd*.

37. Line 506: *their crimson liveries WEAR*.—*Wear*=wear away; so Sonnet lxxvii. 1:

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties *wear*.

38. Line 509: *That the STAR-GAZERS, &c.*—Compare Sonnet cvii. 5-8.

39. Line 511: *Pure lips, sweet SEALS*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 179.

40. Line 515: *for fear of SLIPS*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 132.

41. Line 531: *The OWL, NIGHT'S HERALD*.—We may remember Virgil's

*Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo
Nequiquam seros exercet noctia cantus.*

—Georgic, i. 402, 403.

42. Line 538: *The HONEY fee*.—So "summer's *honey* breath" in Sonnet lxxv. 5; and line 16 of this poem.

43. Lines 580-583: *to her heart, &c.*—Compare Sonnet xxii. 6, 7:

my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live.

So Sonnets cix. and cxxxi.

44. Line 589: *whereat a sudden PALE*.—That is, pale-ness; for substantival use of adjectives see Troilus and Cressida, note 186.

45. Line 602: *Do swifit by the eye and PINE the marrow*.—For *pine*=starve, used, however, intransitively, compare Sonnet lxxv. 13.

46. Lines 631-634: *Alas, he naught esteems, &c.*—This, as Professor Baynes says (Fraser's Magazine, vol. ci. pp. 631, 632) is extremely suggestive of Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x. 547-549:

*Non movet actas,
Nec facies, nec quæ Venerem movere, leones,
Setigerosque sues.*

47. Line 632: *Love's eyes PAY*.—So Malone. Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *eyes payes*; Q. 3, *eyes payes*.

48. Line 656: *Love's tender SPRING*.—That is, love's young shoot or blossom. Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2, 3:

Even in the spring of love, thy *love-springs* rot?

49. Line 657: *This carry-tale, DISSENTIOUS Jealousy*.—*Dissentious*=seditious: so Coriolanus, iv. 6. 7: "*Dissentious* numbers pestering streets." For *carry-tale* compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 463.

50. Line 673: *But if thou needs wilt hunt, &c.*—Probably few people know that Sir Charles Sedley—*rism teneatis*—attempted a Venus and Adonis; or the Amour of Venus; it is "after" Shakespeare, as Mr. Punch would

say, and at a respectful distance. This is a sample of the paraphrase perpetrated by Dryden's *Lisideius*:

Forbear, regardless youth! at length forbear;
Nor prosecute with Beasts an endless War,
Thy *Venus* do's in all the Danger share. }
Or, if, alas! thy too licentious Mind
Is still to Vig'rous *Sylvan* Sports inclin'd,
At least, dear youth! be cautious in thy Way,
Fly, fly with care each furious Beast of Prey;
Ne'er arm'd with Launce provoke the raging Boar
And dread the *Lion's* most tremendous Roar:
From the rough *Bear's* rude Grasp, oh! swiftly run,
The *Leopard* and the cruel *Tyger* shun;
With strict Regard, oh! ever such avoid,
Lest all my joy shou'd be with thee destroy'd;
But *Nets*, or fleetest *Hounds* for *Deer* prepare;
Or chace the crafty *Fox*, or tim'rous *Hare*:
Mix Safety ever with thy Sports, be wise,
And ne'er approach where Danger may arise.

51. Line 680: *to OVERSHOOT his troubles*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, and Q. 3 give *over-shut*. The reading in the text is due to Steevens.

52. Line 682: *He CRANKS and crosses, &c.*—For *crank*=run crookedly, cf. I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 98:

See how this river comes me *cranking* in.

Everyone will recollect Milton's "*quips and cranks*," *L'Allegro*, 27, where *cranks* is equivalent to *sharp turns of wit*; and an equally good illustration of the use of the word occurs in The Faerie Queene, bk. vii. c. vii. st. lii. 9:

So many *turning cranks* these have, so many crookes.

—Globe ed. of Spenser, p. 435.

Compare also Coriolanus, i. 1. 141.

53. Lines 695, 696: *Echo replies, &c.*—In the Fortune's Tennis-ball, or Pocula Castalia (1640), of Robert Baron several very daring appropriations of lines in Venus and Adonis occur. For instance, the present couplet appears in this form:

The airy queen (sounds child) each cell replies,
As if another chase, &c. —Stanza xviii.

See the Shakespeare Centurie of Prayse, in the publications of the New Shakspeare Society, p. 231.

54. Line 697: *By this, poor WAT, &c.*—Dyer (Folklore, p. 178) suggests that the name comes from the long ears or *wattles* of the hare, though properly, according to Skeat, a *wattle* is "the fleshy part under the throat of a cock or turkey." In any case, *Wat* is a recognized term for a hare; cf. Drayton's Polyolbion, xxiii.:

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,
The finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble *Wat*.

55. Line 724: *Rich preys make true men thieves*.—The sentiment is that of Sonnet xlviii. 14:

For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

56. Line 757: *a SWALLOWING GRAVE*.—Compare "*mouth-ed graves*" in Sonnet lxxvii. 6.

57. Line 765: *Or theirs whose desperate hands THEMSELVES do slay*.—For Shakespeare's sentiments on this subject we may turn to Cymbeline, iii. 4. 78-80:

Against *self-slaughter*
There is a *prohibition so divine*
That cravens my weak hand.

Compare, too, Hamlet, i. 2. 131, 132.

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

58. Line 768: *But gold that's put to use*, &c.—See note on Sonnet vi. 5.

59. Line 773: *this black-fac'd NIGHT, DESIRE's foul NURSE*.—Compare Lucrece, 673, 674:

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies.

60. Line 782: *Into the quiet CLOSURE of my BREAST*.—Compare Sonnet xlviii. 11:

Within the gentle closure of my breast,

Closure=inclosure is used in one other passage in the plays—Richard III. iii. 3. 10:

Within the guilty closure of thy walls.

Furnivall, in his introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare (p. xxxii), notes Shakespeare's predilection for words in *ure*, at least in his early works.

61. Lines 815, 816:

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

"How many images and feelings are here brought together without effort and without discord, in the beauty of Adonis, the rapidity of his flight, the yearning, yet hopelessness of the enamoured gazer, while a shadowy ideal is thrown over the whole" (Coleridge, Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed. pp. 220, 221). Peele has a fine use of the same simile in The Tale of Troy. Speaking of the sailing of the Greek fleet, he says:

Away they fly, their tackling toft and tight,
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night.
—Peele's Works, p. 554.

62. Line 825: *Or stonish'd as NIGHT-WANDERERS often are*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 39:

Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

63. Line 842: *For LOVERS HOURS are LONG*.—Compare the remarks upon "*lovers' absent hours*" in Othello, iii. 4. 174, 175, and see note on that passage.

64. Line 870: *she COASTETH to the cry*.—*Coasteth to*=makes towards. See Troilus and Cressida, note 261.

65. Line 871: *And as she runs*, &c.—This stanza receives the honour of quotation from Democritus Junior. See The Anatomy (reprint, 1881), p. 511.

66. Lines 887, 888: *Finding their enemy*, &c.—Reproduced almost *verbatim* in Pocula Castalia, stanza 17.

67. Line 899: *BIDS them fear no more*.—Some of the later Quartos have *will's*.

68. Line 901: *BEPAINTED all with red*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 86:

Else would a maiden blush *bepaint* my cheek.

69. Line 908: *that she UNTREADS again*.—For *untread*=retrace, see King John, v. 4. 52; and Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 10.

70. Line 916: *the only SOVEREIGN plaster*.—Compare Sonnet clxii. 8:

Against strange maladies a *sovereign* cure;
with note.

71. Lines 923, 924: *Clapping their proud tails*, &c.—

Another couplet which Baron conveyed more or less bodily, stanza 21 of Pocula Castalia.

72. Line 936: *Gloss on the ROSE, SMELL to the VIOLET*.—We may compare Sonnet xcix.

73. Line 949: *Dost thou DRINK TEARS*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 37:

She says *she drinks no other drink but tears*.

74. Line 993: *call'd him ALL TO NOUGHT*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3. Dyce reads (in his second edition) *all to naught*.

75. Line 996: *IMPERIOUS supreme of all mortal things*.—*Imperious*=imperial; see Troilus and Cressida, note 271.

76. Line 1010: *Her rash SUSPECT she doth extenuate*.—*Suspect*=suspicion, as in Sonnet lxx. 13:

If some *suspect* of ill mask'd not thy show.

77. Line 1020: *And, beauty dead, BLACK CHAOS COMES AGAIN*.—Compare Othello, iii. 3. 91, 92:

and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

73. Line 1028: *The GRASS STOOPS NOT, she TREADS on it so LIGHT*.—Virgil has said much the same thing about Camilla:

Illa vel intacte segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset aristas.

—Æneid, vii. 808, 809.

Compare, too, Comus, 897–899.

79. Lines 1046, 1047:

As when the WIND, *imprison'd in the ground*,
Struggling for PASSAGE, earth's foundation shakes.

For the same simile, expressed in very similar language, cf. Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part I. i. 2. 51, 52:

Even as when *windy* exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 18.

Marlowe practically repeats it later on in the same play, iv. 2. 43–45:

As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack.

80. Line 1053: *whose wonted LILY WHITE*.—*Lily-white* occurs as an adjective in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 95:

Most radiant Pyramus, most *lily-white* of hue.

81. Line 1054: *With PURPLE tears*.—See note on Sonnet xcix. 3, 4:

The *purple* pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells.

82. Line 1072: *Mine EYES are TURN'D TO FIRE*.—So Lucrece, 1552: "*His eyes drop fire*;" and Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, v. 1: "*turn your funeral tears to fire*" (Mermaid ed. of Heywood, p. 408).

83. Line 1080: *But TRUE-SWEET beauty*.—First hyphenated by Malone.

84. Line 1114: *But by a KISS THOUGHT to persuade him thus*.—Did Milton remember this passage when he wrote the first stanza of his poem On The Death Of A Fair Infant? The parallel, at any rate, is worth noting:

NOTES TO VENUS AND ADONIS.

O fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermell, *thought to kiss*
But kill'd alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

85. Lines 1127, 1128:

*She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two LAMPS, BURNT OUT, in darkness lies.*

So Lucrece, 1378, 1379:

*And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.*

86. Line 1142: *Bud and be blasted in a BREATHING-WHILE*.—So Richard III. i. 3. 60:

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while.

87. Lines 1167, 1168:

*And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up.*

In England's Helicon, published in 1600, there is a charming poem by Henry Constable, entitled *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*; the last lines are:

Deadly wound his death did bring.
Which when Venus found,
She fell in a swoond,
And, awaked, her hands did wring.

26

Nymphs and satyrs skipping,
Came together tripping,
Echo every cry express'd;
*Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,*
Which she weareth in her crest.
Finis.

The whole poem, which is given in Bullen's reprint, 1887, deserves notice. Of course the flower in question was the anemone, derived from the Greek *ἀνεμος*; as Ovid says, *præstant nomina Venti* (*Metamorphoses*, bk. x. 739).

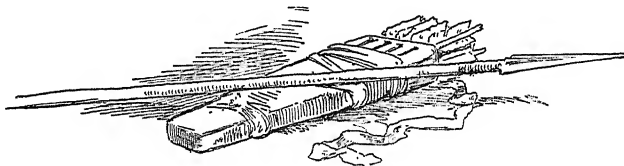
88. Line 1190: *And yokes her silver DOVES, &c.*—For the classical reference compare *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 92-94:

I met her delty (*i.e.* Venus)
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos* and her son
Dove-drawn with her.

Mr. Bullen prints (p. 108) a charming stanza in his *Elizabethan Lyrics* (1887) from John Wilbye's Second Set of Madrigals, 1609:

So light is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When he revisits Cypris' hallowed bowers,
Two feeble doves, *harness'd in silken twining,*
Can draw his chariot midst the Paphian flowers:
Lightness in love! how ill it fitteth!
So heavy on my heart he sitteth.

89. Line 1194: *Means to IMMURE*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 3.



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

INTRODUCTION.

Lucrece was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1594 as follows: "9 maij: Master harrison Senior: Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]and of master Senior Cawood, Warden, a booke entituled *the Ravysheiment of Lucrece*. . . . vj. C."

The poem was printed in the same year, with this title: "LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Grey-hound | in Paules Churh-yard. 1594 | . Dr. Furnivall remarks—Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. xxxv.—that "this first edition was probably seen through the press by Shakspeare himself." Apparently, however, copies of the edition differ in some important points of reading; see Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. ix. p. xiv. Lucrece was reprinted in 1598 in octavo, and the Cambridge editors mention four other important editions, in 1600, 1607, 1616, and 1624. The edition of 1616 purported to be "newly revised;" but the words were evidently a publisher's trick to attract purchasers. It is clear, I think, from the comparatively limited number of impressions through which Lucrece passed, that the poem was never so popular as its forerunner, Venus and Adonis. Like the earlier book, Lucrece is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton; and we can scarcely be wrong in assuming it to be the "graver labour" of which the poet had previously spoken. The story of Lucrece had been told by various writers; among classical authors, by Livy in the first book of his history, chapters 57 and 58, and by Ovid in the second book of the *Fasti*; in English, by Chaucer—*Legende of Good Women*; by Lydgate—*Falles of Princes*, book iii.; and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567.

Ballad-writers, too, had dealt with the subject. In Arber's Transcript of the Stationers' Register are two interesting entries. The first, under date of the year 1568, mentions "a ballett,

the greivous complaynt of Lucrece;" the second notes that 4*l*. had been received from "James Robertes, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a ballett entituled *The Death of Lucryssia*." See Arber's Transcript, vol. i. pp. 379 and 416. Now with some of this literature Shakespeare must have been acquainted: the only question is, on which of the authors above mentioned did he draw most considerably? Myself, after reading Professor Baynes' elaborate treatment of the subject, I cannot doubt but that Ovid's *Fasti* was the source to which Shakespeare owed most. Parallelisms in literature, like facts and figures in ordinary life, are desperately misleading and unsatisfactory things: to this critic they mean so much; to that, nothing. Hence it is scarcely ever possible to give direct and positive proof that one author has borrowed from another. I forbear, therefore, to make any dogmatic statements on the matter: I will merely remark that a comparison of the two poems leads me to think, with Professor Baynes, that the Elizabethan poet had read—and read closely—the work of his classical forerunner. To grant this is not, of course, to detract in any way from the splendid merits of the poem.

A word as to the metre. "The versification," says Professor Dowden, "is freer and bolder; in the Venus and Adonis the stanza was one of six lines, consisting of a rhymed quatrain, followed by a couplet; here a fifth line is introduced between the quatrain and couplet, rhyming with lines two and four. This structure tends to encourage more variety in the arrangement of pauses, and may, perhaps, in some degree, explain the fact that run-on lines are much more frequent in the Lucrece than in the Venus and Adonis. The proportion of the run-on lines in the Lucrece is 1 in 10·81, in Venus and Adonis 1 in 25·40." See Furnivall's Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, p. xxxiii.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY.

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife : among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome ; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea¹ all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
 This batelless² edge on his keen appetite;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done

¹ *Ardea*, the capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome.

² *Batelless*, not to be blunted.

As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun!
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator;
 What needeth, then, apologies be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
 Should vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts,¹ and ne'er grows
old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd 50
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat. 70

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be
kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,— 79
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer 89
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd² with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies 101
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory: 110
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
Intending³ weariness with heavy sprite;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, 129

¹ *Blasts*, used intransitively; is blasted.

² *Cop'd*, met.

³ *Intending*, pretending.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-
ing:

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct,¹ there's no death
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life 141
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth
cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious-foul infirmity, 150
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays,
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful
days? 161

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; 170

Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire,

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly, 180
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine: 191
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft² fancy's slave! 200
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin. 210

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?

¹ *Be adjunct*=follow as a consequence.

² *Soft*, effeminate.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, 230
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving: 240
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn¹ we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear! 261
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour² or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses; 269
Lovethrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies?" 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Always he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine: 290
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worsen part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;

¹ *Lawn*, fine linen.

² *Colour*, pretexts.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him
there;

They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, 309
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle¹ his finger pricks;
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste; 321
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay
him,

He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lots attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime, 332
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;

Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought, 341

That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power

That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must de-
flower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they, then, assist me in the act? 350

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. 361
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;

But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled; 369
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,

That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
pos'd;

But blind they are, and keep themselves enclos'd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill; 380
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must open, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is: 390

¹ Needle, a monosyllable.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Hereyes, like marigolds, hath sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath; 400

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured. 410
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, 421
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;¹
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:

Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet 442
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night 449
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 't is! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries; 460
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

¹ *Qualified, appeased.*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale: 480
Under that colour am I come to scale

Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
breed;

But nothing can affection's course control, 500
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.

I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 510
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy
thee:

If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;

And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye; 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted, 529
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 543
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bid-
ing, 550
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks¹ while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless² wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,

¹ *Winks, i.e. connives.*

² *Remorseless, pitiless.*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place;
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
 oath,
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stand to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare
 me;
 Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;
 Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
 Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
 thee:

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean, 589
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
 name. 599
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
 O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love: 611
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
 learn?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?
 Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
 When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were, 631
 To view thy present trespass in another.
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
 Their own transgressions partially they smother:
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
 That from their own misdeeds askance their
 eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;³ 640
 Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
 His true respect will prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting cyne,
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrolled tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,

¹ *Repeal*, recall.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'
haste 650
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; 660
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not
hear thee:

Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
troll'd

Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone¹ lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:

This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain; 690
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit 701
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
'Till, like a jade,² Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case: 711
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
Grace,

For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands dis-
grac'd:

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd; 719
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:

Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he
stealthly,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; 730

¹ *Prone*, impetuous.

² *Jade*, properly a worthless horse.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weary lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; 740
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open
lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see 750
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave,¹ like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind. 761
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her
spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night! 771
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muste thy mists to meet the eastern light,

Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, 790
As palmers' chat make short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, charact'rd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote² my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,

¹ Grave, engrave.
40

² Quote = observe.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine. 819

“Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv’d reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaind of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

“O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp’d in Collatinus’ face,
And Tarquin’s eye may read the mot afar, 830
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them
knows!

“If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb’d and ransack’d by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck’d the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

“Yet am I guilty of thy honour’s wrack,— 841
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk’d of virtue:—O unlook’d-for evil,
When virtue is profan’d in such a devil!

“Why should the worm intrude¹ the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows’ nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? 850
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

“The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu’d with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

“So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master’d by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

“Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers; 870
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

“O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
’Tis thou that execut’st the traitor’s treason;
Thou sett’st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point’st the season;
’Tis thou that spurn’st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

“Thou mak’st the vestal violate her oath; 883
Thou blow’st the fire when temperance is thaw’d;
Thou smother’st honesty, thou murder’st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

“Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 890
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar’d tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

“When wilt thou be the humble suppliant’s
friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain’d?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain’d!
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain’d? 901
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee;
But they ne’er meet with Opportunity.

“The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;

¹ *Intrude, enter.*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid: 912
 They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
 Guilty of incest, that abomination;
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
 snare;
 Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:
 O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time! 930
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to fine¹ the hate of foes;
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 941
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden
 towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books and alter their contents,

To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, 951
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
 One poor retiring minute in an age 962
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
 O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come
 back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright; 971
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair, 981
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar's orts² to crave,
 And time to see one that by alms doth live
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort; 989
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly and his time of sport;

¹ *Fine*, limit.

² *Orts*, scraps, leavings.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And ever let his unrecalling¹ crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
spill;

For who so base would such an office have 1000
As slanderous death's-man² to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless³ night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators: 1020
For me, I force not⁴ argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood. 1029

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death: 1038
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be; 1049
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifed me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1069
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended 1079
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,

¹ *Unrecalling*, that cannot be recalled.

² *Death's-man*, executioner.

³ *Sightless*, in which no one can see.

⁴ *Force not*=care not for.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-
 ing;

To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
 peeping: 1089

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
 For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
 Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
 Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-
 flows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes
 entomb 1121
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

My restless discord loves no stops¹ nor rests;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests:
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
 Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
 tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 1131
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
 For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
 While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die. 1139
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their
 kinds:
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
 minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death
 takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?

¹ *Stops*, alluding to the stops in an instrument; so *rests*.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy; 1171
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

“Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, 1181
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

" My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
 The one will live, the other being dead:
 So of shame's ashes shall my frame be bred;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, 1191
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

“ This brief abridgment of my will I make:—
 My soul and body to the skies and ground;
 My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

“Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life’s foul deed, my life’s fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, ‘So be it:—
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.”

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, 1212
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For swift-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts^t a sad look to her lady's sorrow, 1221
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks overwash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their
 hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign² plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep: 1250
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
 looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

1 *Sorts.* suits.

² *Champaign*, plain, open country.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view, 1261
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining? 1271

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she
stay'd

Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. 1290
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;

What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not therefore make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-
cuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
From that suspicion which the world might bear
her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:

Deepsounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ, 1331
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems:

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain¹ court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

¹ *Villain, countryman.*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her complaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1369
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited¹ painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring plover 1380
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:²

Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent 1399
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight:
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1411
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;³
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n
and red;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

¹ Conceited, clever, imaginative.

² Lust=pleasure.

³ Nice, skilful.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
field, 1430

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois'¹ reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Starting on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had
fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's² woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1460
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 1470

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with
fire." 1491

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound, 1501
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Checks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,

¹ *Simois*, the river of which Homer speaks so often.

² *Beldam*, grandmother; not used here with any sense or reproach.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story 1521
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
 faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill: 1530
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot"
 took:

"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find, 1539
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguill'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
 With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise? 1550
For every tear he falls¹ a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
 Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy
 pity,
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;

These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
 So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with
 water." 1561

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
 "Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not
 be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for mor-
 row, 1571
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustain-
 ing:

 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
 And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580
 It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
 To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
 These water-galls² in her dim element
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares: 1591
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
 But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event

¹ Falls, lets fall.

² Water-galls, secondary rainbows.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent? 1601
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest 1611
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass
best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame 1629
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd¹ groom of thine,'
quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword, 1640
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,

I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe,

With sad-set eyes, and wreathed arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice 1679
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

¹ *Hard-favour'd*, with evil face.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, 1690
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 't is a meritorious fair design

To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'
harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, 1699
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?"

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears; 1710
While with a joyous smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she
says,

But more than "he" her poor tongue could not
speak;

Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, 1720
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 't is he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; 1731
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple¹ fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly² stood 1740
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol³ goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied. 1750

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old, 1760
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee." 1771

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;

¹ *Purple*, used of any rich colour.

² *Vastly*, i.e. deserted.

³ *Rigol*, circle.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;

Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue; 1780
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng

Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's
aid,

That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er: 1790
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life 1800
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I ow'd¹ her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my
wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 1810
He with the Romans was esteemed so

As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;

And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 1821
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations; 1829
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
store, 1837
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they
bow;

And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom, 1849
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly² did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

¹ Ow'd, possessed, owned.

² Plausibly, willingly.

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

1. Line 14: *With pure ASPECTS*.—For *aspect*, in its astrological sense, cf. *As You Like It*, iv. 3. 53:

Would they (her eyes) work in mild *aspect*!

The accentuation on the second syllable is invariable in Shakespeare.

2. Line 19: *such HIGH-PROUD rate*.—First hyphenated by Malone. The early Quartos have *such high proud*.

3. Line 26: *An EXPIR'D DATE*, &c.—Malone (Var. Ed. xx. p. 102) thinks that Shakespeare may have remembered some lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

those rayes which all these flames do nourish,
Cancell'd with time, will have their *date expir'd*.

4. Lines 34, 35: *Of that rich jewel*, &c.—Compare Sonnet lxxv.

5. Line 56: *stain that O'ER*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *ore*, and Malone proposed *or=gold*.

6. Line 57: *in that white INTITULED*.—Compare Sonnet xxxvii. 7: *Entitled* in thy parts do crowned sit.

7. Line 71: *Their silent WAR of LILIES and of ROSES*.—Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 5. 30:

Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks!

So *Coriolanus*, ii. 1. 232, 233. *War of roses* is said, I suppose, with a certain intentional play on the words; the historical reference is just suggested.

8. Line 88: *Birds never lin'd*, &c.—So III. Henry VI. v. 6. 14:

The *bird* that hath been *lin'd* in a bush,
With trembling wings *misdoubteth* every bush.

9. Line 110: *With bruised arms and WREATHS of VICTORY*.—See Richard III. note 39; also III. Henry VI. v. 3. 1, 2:

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with *wreaths of victory*;

where the True Tragedy reads:

fortune gives us victory,
And girts our temples with triumphant joys.

Note, by the way, as the point has not been mentioned by the editor of III. Henry VI. in this edition, that the following couplet occurs in Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris*, scene xviii. 1, 2:

The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,
And we are *graced with wreaths of victory*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 276.

The authorship of Henry VI. parts II. and III. is an unsolved problem.

10. Line 124: *Now LEADEN SLUMBER*.—So Richard III. v. 3. 105:

Lest *leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow.

11. Line 125: *And every one to rest themselves BETAKE*.—For the plural verb cf. *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 154: "every one of these letters are in my name."

12. Line 133: *Though DEATH be ADJUNCT*, &c.—Steevens compares King John, iii. 3. 57:

Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to my act.

13. Line 135: *THAT WHAT they have not*.—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4; the later ones have *that oft*. Capell proposed, and the Globe editors adopted, *for what*. The sense of the stanza is clear enough; but the text is confused, and none of the corrections seem very satisfactory.

14. Line 140: *prove BANKRUPT*.—Q. 1 has *backrout*; others *bankerout*.

15. Line 162: *Now stole upon*, &c.—The stanza may be compared with *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 49-56.

16. Line 179: *Which must be LODE-STAR to his lustful eye*.—See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 33.

17. Line 202: *Then my DIGRESSION*.—For *digression*=falling away, cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2. 121.

18. Line 213: *Who bugs*, &c.—Compare Richard III. iv. 1. 97:

And each *hour's joy* wreck'd with a *week of tears*.

19. Line 245: *Shall by a PAINTED CLOTH be kept in awe*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 350.

20. Lines 253, 259: *red as roses*, &c.—Malone compares *Venus and Adonis*, 590:

Like *lawn* being *spread* upon the blushing *rose*.

21. Lines 265, 266: *That had NARCISSUS*, &c.—See *Venus and Adonis*, note 18.

22. Lines 307, 308:

Night-wandering WEASELS shriek to see him there;
They FRIGHT him.

There may be an allusion to the superstition that it was unlucky to meet a weasel.

The substantive *night-wanderer* occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, 825.

23. Line 319: *the NEEDLE his finger pricks*.—Dyce, following Malone, prints the form *neeld*.

24. Line 365: *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks*.—We may remember *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 12, 13:

our *Tarquin* thus

Did softly press the rushes;

and *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 55.

25. Line 336: *Her lily hand*, &c.—Among Sir John Suckling's poems there is "A Supplement of an Imperfect Copy of Verse by Mr. William Shakespear's;" the supplement in question developing the present picture. See Hazlitt's edition of Suckling, vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

26. Line 393: *Without the bed her other fair HAND was*.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 15.

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27. Line 395: *Show'd like an April* DAISY, &c.—There is a very barefaced conveyance of this picture in Baron's already-referred-to Fortune's Tennis-ball, or Pocula Castalia, 1640:

A mantle of green Velvet (wrought to wonder)
Her maidens o'er her curious limbs did cast,
It over her shoulder went, and under
Her right Arm; on her breast it was made fast
With clasps of radiant Diamonds, now as
A Dazie shew'd she, in a field of grasse. —Stanza 175.

28. Line 397: *like* MARIGOLDS.—See note on Sonnet xxv. 6.

29. Line 402: *in the map of* DEATH.—For the association of sleep and death, see the various passages which are brought together in my note on Sonnet lxxiii. 7, 8.

30. Line 403: *in* LIFE'S MORTALITY.—*Life's mortality*=life; so I suppose. Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 98:

There's nothing serious in *mortality*;

where *mortality*=mortal life.

31. Line 419: *her* ALABASTER *skin*.—See Othello, note 244. We may just remark upon the curious frequency with which the simile occurs; here is another instance:

Who hath beheld fair Venus in her pride
Of nakedness, all *alabaster* white.
—The Praise of Chastity, Dyce's Greene and Peele, p. 602.

32. Line 424: *His rage of lust by gazing* QUALIFIED.—For *qualify*=abate, cf. Sonnet cix. 2:

Though absence seem'd my flame to *qualify*.

33. Line 400: *the weak* BRAIN'S FORGERIES.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 81:

These are the *forgeries of jealousy*;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 137:

This is the very *coinage of your brain*.

34. Line 477: *Thus he replies*.—What he does reply reminds us of Sonnet xcix.

35. Line 509: *his insulting* FALCHION.—Qq. all (Q. 6 excepted) have the form *fauclion*.

36. Line 511: *as fowl hear* FALCON'S BELLS.—The allusion is too common to require comment; still I may just note that there is an elaborate hawking scene in Heywood's Woman Killed, i. 3, in which the following lines occur:

Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other:
Methinks these Milan *bells* do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.
—Heywood's Select Plays, ed. Verity, Mermaid Series, p. 12.

The whole scene is interesting as bringing together a number of technical hawking terms.

37. Line 515-525: *some worthless slave of thine I'll slay*, &c.—Compare Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, iv. 3:

See . . . if thou but squeakest
Or lett'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,
I'll broach thee on my steel; that done, straight murder
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both,
Grasped arm in arm, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witness of that meach sin,
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body

Denied all funeral rites, and loving Collatine
Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this,
And to thy fortunes add another friend,
Give thy fears comfort, and thy torments end.
—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 392.

38. Lines 526, 527:

*But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.*

We may remember Tartuffe's

Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence.

—Tartuffe, iv. 5.

39. Line 540: *Here with a* COCKATRICE' *dead-killing eye*.—See Richard III. note 457, and II. Henry VI. note 185. Many similar references outside Shakespeare might be quoted, e.g.:

And yet no poysned *Cockatrice* lurk't there.

—Thomas Watson's Passionate Centurie, x., Arber's Reprint, p. 46.

Again, in Spenser's Sonnets, xlix.:

And kill with looks as *Cockatrices* doo;

—Globe ed. of Spenser, p. 580;

and so on.

40. Line 547: *BUT when*.—Sewell read *as when*; Malone proposed *Look, when*.

41. Line 550: *feeds his* VULTURE *folly*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 551:

Whose *vulture* thought doth pitch the price so high.

42. Line 560: *though* MARBLE WEAR *with* RAINING.—Compare 959, and see Troilus and Cressida, note 190. It is a perpetually-recurring idea, e.g.:

In time the *Marble weaves* with weakest *sheaves*;

—Thomas Watson's Passionate Centurie of Love, xlvii., Arber's Reprint, p. 83.

again:

In firmest *stone*, small *raies* doth *make* a *prove*.

—Diella, Sonnet ix. 11, Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 193.

43. Line 565: *She puts the* PERIOD, &c.—So Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 96:

Make *periods* in the midst of sentences.

44. Line 575: *REWARD not* HOSPITALITY, &c.—It may be worth while to insert here a fine passage of pleading from Heywood's play, iv. 3:

Lucrece. Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin;
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.
I lose the honour of my name and blood,
Loss Rome's imperial crown cannot make good;
You win the world's shame and all good men's hate—
Oh, who would pleasure buy at such dear rate?
Nor can you term it pleasure, for what's sweet
When force and hate, jar and contention meet?
Weigh but for what 't is that you urge me still:
To gain a woman's love against her will.
You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
And think that labour's not worth all your strife,
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wronged your friends;
But all the world cannot make me amends.
I took you for a friend; wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste stars quench your burning lust.
—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 393.

45. Line 603: *How will thy shame be* SEEDED *in thine* age.—So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 316, 317:

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the *seeded* pride
That hath to this maturity blown up.
Not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

46. Line 615: *the GLASS, the school, the BOOK.*—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 3. 31, 32:

He was the mark and *glass*, copy and *book*,
That fashion'd others.

47. Line 621: *To PRIVILEGE dishonour.*—So Sonnet lviii.
10: That you yourself may *privilege* your time.

48. Line 643: *thy doting EYNE.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *eien*.

49. Line 657: *is HEARSED.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read *herse'd*; the later Qq. *versed* or *persed*; Gildon *burs'd*.

50. Line 674: *For LIGHT and LUST are deadly ENEMIES.*
—Compare Venus and Adonis, 773:
black-faced *night*, *desire's foul nurse*.

51. Line 677: *The WOLF hath seiz'd his prey.*—Ovid had said of Lucretia:

Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,
Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupo.

—Fasti, bk. ii. lines 799, 800.

Of course the simile is an obvious one which might have occurred to anybody.

52. Line 684: *that PRONE lust.*—*Prone*=headstrong; so Measure for Measure, i. 2. 188.

53. Line 778: *With ROTTEN damp.*—See note on Sonnet xxxiv. 4:
Hiding thy bravery in their *rotten* smoke.

54. Line 782: *And let thy MISTY vapours.*—Q. 1, Q. 2 have *mustie*; Q. 3, Q. 4 *mystie*; Q. 5, Q. 6 *mysty*; and Q. 7 *misty*.

55. Line 790: *And FELLOWSHIP IN WOE doth WOE AS-
SUAGE.*—This is the old *solamen miseris socios habuisse
doloris*. Compare lines 1581, 1582, and Romeo and Juliet,
iii. 2. 116:
if sour woe delights in fellowship.

I have come across the proverb in a queer place, viz.
Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder, Arber's English Garner, vii.
p. 23.

56. Line 791: *As palmers' CHAT MAKE.*—Two Qq. (3
and 7) have *that make*.

57. Line 805: *May likewise be SEPULCHRED in thy shade.*
—For the accentuation of *sepulchred* cf. Lear, ii. 4. 134:
Seputchring an adulteress.

See note 231 of that play.

58. Line 838: *But robb'd and RANSACK'D.*—For *ran-
sacked*=*rapta*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 123.

59. Lines 853, 854:

*But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.*

We are reminded of Iago's lines: "who has a breast so
pure?" &c. (Othello, iii. 3. 138-141).

60. Lines 867, 868: *The sweets we wish for, &c.*—The
thought summed up in this couplet is developed at length
in that greatest of sonnets, Sonnet cxxix. Compare, too,

the study of lust contrasted with love in Venus and
Adonis, 790-804.

61. Line 879: *POINT'ST the season.*—*Point*=appoint; cf.
Sonnet xiv. 6:

Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind.

62. Line 884: *Thy VIOLENT VANITIES, &c.*—Compare
Romeo and Juliet, ii. 6. 9:

These violent delights have violent ends.

63. Line 930: *O, hear me, then, INJURIOUS-shifting
TIME.*—Compare "*Time's injurious hand*" in Sonnet lxiii.

64. Line 944: *To RUINATE proud buildings.*—See Titus
Andronicus, v. 3. 204, with note; and Sonnet x. 7:

Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*.

65. Line 944: *with THY hours.*—Malone conjectured
and withdrew *his hours*. Steevens proposed *their bowers*!

66. Line 950: *and CHERISH.*—Heath made a neat sugges-
tion, *sere its*. Johnson proposed *perish*.

67. Line 985: *a beggar's ORTS.*—See Troilus and Cressida,
note 307.

68. Line 1001: *As slanderous DEATH'S-MAN to so base a
slave.*—For *death's-man*=executioner, cf. Lear, iv. 6. 262,
263:

He's dead; I'm only sorry
He had no other *deathsmen*.

69. Line 1006: *For greatest scandal, &c.*—So Sonnet lxx. 2:
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair.

70. Line 1024: *and UNCHEERFUL night.*—The later
Quartos (4, 5, 6, 7) have *unsearchfull*.

71. Line 1062: *This bastard GRAFF.*—Q. 1 and Q. 2 have
Graffe; the rest *Grasse*; certainly wrong.

72. Line 1070: *And WITH my trespass never will DIS-
PENSE.*—*Dispense* with=pardon, excuse; cf. line 1279, and
Sonnet cxii. 12:

Mark how *with* my neglect I do *dispense*.

73. Line 1088: "*O EYE of eyes.*"—In Sonnet xviii. 5 the
sun is "*the eye of heaven*." Compare, too, in Sonnet
xxxiii. 2, "*sovereign eye*." So Marlowe in Tamburlaine,
part II. iv. 3. 88:

A greater lamp than that bright *eye of heaven*.
—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 177.

Compare, again, Edward III. ii. 1:

My love shall have the *eye of heaven* at noon.
—Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays, Tauchnitz ed. p. 16.

74. Line 1100: *in a SEA of CARE.*—Compare Hamlet's
"*sea of troubles*" (iii. 1. 59).

75. Line 1105: *her grief is dumb.*—See note on Sonnet
cxl. 3.

76. Line 1113: *When with like semblance it is SYM-
PATHIZ'D.*—Cf. Sonnet lxxxi. 11, 12:

Thou truly fair wert truly *sympathiz'd*
In true-plain words.

See note on that passage.

77. Line 1135: *And whiles against a THORN thou bear'st
thy part.*—Compare The Passionate Pilgrim, 380-382:

Save the *nightingale* alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn.

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78. Line 1140: *as frets upon an instrument*.—The substantive occurs in only one other passage, Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 153:

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she.

For the verb see Hamlet, iii. 2. 388, 389: "though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

79. Line 1155: *REPROACH's debtor*.—So Capell. The first six Quartos read *reproches*.

80. Line 1160: *That mother TRIES a merciless CONCLUSION*.—Compare, of course, Hamlet, iii. 4. 195, and Gobbo's "try confusions with him" in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 39; see note 130 to that play. Sidney has the phrase in Astrophel and Stella, ci. 3 (Arber's English Garner, i. p. 553).

81. Line 1167: *PEEL'D from the lofty pine*.—Here, and in line 1169, the Quartos, with one exception, read *pilld*.

82. Line 1220: *SOFT-SLOW tongue*.—So Malone. Q. 1 and Q. 2 have *soft slow-tongue*.

83. Lines 1226, 1227:

*But as the earth doth WEEP, the sun being set,
Each FLOWER MOISTEN'D like a melting eye.*

This pretty conceit—the comparison of dew to tears—is a favourite one with Shakespeare; cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 9, 10:

*where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep;*

and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 204:

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.

84. Line 1229: *Her circled EYNE, ENFORC'D*.—So Q. 7. Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *eyen inforst*.

85. Line 1234: *Like IVORY CONDUITS*.—So Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 130:

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

86. Line 1240: *women WAXEN minds*.—So Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 31:

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms.

87. Line 1253: *Poor women's FACES are their own FAULTS' BOOKS*.—Compare Othello, iv. 2. 71, 72:

*Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon?*

Othello is pointing to Desdemona's face.

88. Line 1258: *they are so FULFILL'D*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 6.

89. Line 1285: *The REPETITION cannot make it less*.—*Repetition*=recital, as in Coriolanus, i. 1. 45: "he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition."

90. Line 1312: *By this short SCHEDULE*.—So Q. 7; the others vary between *cedule*, *shedule*, and *sedule*. In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary, 1632, we find: "A Scedule. Scedule, cedule; minute, schede, schedule."

91. Line 1324: *To SEE sad sights moves more than HEAR them TOLD*.—This is Tennyson's—

Because things seen are mightier than things heard.

—Enoch Arden.

Scholars will recollect Horace's—

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

—Ars Poetica, 180, 181.

92. Line 1335: *As lagging FOWLS*.—The later Quartos (6 and 7) have *soules*, which Gildon adopted.

93. Line 1338: *The homely VILLAIN*.—*Villain*, the Low Latin *villanus*, is here, as elsewhere, used in its strict sense of *serf*, *bondman*. Shakespeare plays on the double meaning of the word in As You Like It, i. 1. 59: "I am no villain." *Villainy* often=slavery; as in Tamburlaine, part I. iii. 2. 37, 38:

*The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villany or servitude.*

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 52, and p. 95.

On the other hand, the modern signification of the word is found at least as early as Chaucer's works; cf. The Prioresses Tale, 1680-81:

*Sustened by a lord of that contree
For foule usure and lucre of vilanye.*

—Skeat's Clarendon Press, p. 10.

Pagan, from *paganus*=a villager, is parallel to *villain*.

94. Line 1344: *For Lucrece thought he BLUSH'D to SEE HER SHAME*.—Heywood has a precisely similar touch in his play, v. 1; when Lucrece meets a woman-servant and the latter asks why her mistress is so downcast, she replies:

*I am not sad; thou didst deceive thyself;
I did not weep, there's nothing troubles me;
But wherefore dost thou blush?*

Maid. Madam, not I.

*Lucrece. Indeed thou didst,
And in that blush my guilt thou didst betray.
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sin?*

Maid. What sin?

—Heywood, Select Plays, Mernmaid ed. p. 404.

95. Line 1350: *this pattern of the WORN-OUT AGE*.—Compare Sonnet lxxviii. 1:

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn.

96. Line 1370: *CLOUD-KISSING Ilion*.—So Pericles, i. 4. 24:

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds;

and Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 220: "whose wanton tops do buss the clouds."

97. Line 1378: *And dying eyes, &c.*—So Venus and Adonis, 1127, 1128:

*She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.*

98. Line 1386: *those FAR-OFF eyes*.—Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *farre of*.

99. Line 1396: *The FACE of either CIPHER'D either's HEART*.—Compare Sonnet xciii. 7, 8:

*In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ;*

where see note.

100. Line 1401: *There pleading might you see grave NESTOR stand*.—Compare the parallel passage in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 65-67, and see note 58 to that play.

101. Line 1417: *all BOLL'N and red*.—Qq. all have *boln*. Gildon read *swoln*; Malone proposed *blown*. Skeat has: "Boll'd, swollen (Scand.); Icel. *bólgrinn*, swollen, pp. of a lost verb; Dan. *bullen*, swollen, *buine*, to swell."

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102. Line 1423: *so compact, so KIND*.—*Kind*=natural; so Much Ado, i. 1. 26: "A *kind* overflow of kindness."

103. Line 1426: *save to the EYE OF MIND*.—Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 185: "In my *mind's eye*, Horatio;" and Sonnet xciii. 1: "*mine eye is in my mind*."

104. Line 1440: *To break upon the GALLED shore*.—Compare Henry V. iii. 1. 12:

As fearfully as doth a *galled* cock,

where, as here, the idea is wave-washed and wave-worn. In Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155, the word is used of eyes that are sore with weeping:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her *galled* eyes.

105. Line 1444: *where all distress is STELL'D*.—Compare Sonnet xxiv. 1, 2:

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stell'd*
Thy beauty's form.

106. Line 1486: *here TROILUS swoonds*.—For the scan- sion of *Troilus*, see Troilus and Cressida, note 22.

107. Line 1525: *And little STARS SHOT from their fixed places*.—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 153:

And certain *stars shot madly from their spheres*.

108. Line 1530: *So FAIR a FORM lodg'd not a MIND so ILL*.—The thought is that developed at greater length in Sonnet xciii, where see note.

109. Lines 1534-1539: *it cannot be, &c.*—The form of this stanza bears a certain resemblance to that of Sonnet cxlv.

110. Line 1544: *To me came Tarquin ARMED; SO BE- GUILD'D*.—The arrangement is due to Malone. Qq., with- out exception, have *armed to beguill'd*.

111. Line 1554: *are balls of QUENCHLESS fire*.—*Quench- less* only occurs here and in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 28:

I dare your *quenchless* fury to more rage;

a line found in The True Tragedy.

Marlowe has the epithet three times; in Edward II. v. 1. 44:

Heaven turn it to a blaze of *quenchless* fire;

and Dido, Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 187:

In whose stern faces shew'd the *quenchless* fire.

—Bulen's Marlowe, ii. pp. 207, 323.

Also Tamburlaine, Part II., iii. 5. 27:

All brandishing their brands of *quenchless* fire.

—Vol. i. p. 160.

112. Lines 1586, 1587:

And round about her *tear-distained EYE*
BLUE CIRCLES stream'd.

The reference is to the blue or livid marks under the eyes which exhaustion produces. Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 392, 393: "A lean cheek,—which you have not; a *blue eye* and sunken." So Webster in The Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1:

I observe our duchess
Is sick a days

The fins of her *eye-lids* look most *teeming blue*,
She wanes i' the cheek.

—Webster and Tourneur, Mermaid ed. p. 154.

In The Tempest, i. 2. 269, Staunton needlessly proposed *blear-eyed*. See, too, All's Well, note 46, and cf., per- haps, Comus, 434: "*blue meagre hag*."

113. Line 1588: *These WATER-GALLS in her dim element*.—Thiselton Dyer (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 86) says: "Secondary rainbows, the watery appearance in the sky accompanying the rainbow, are in many places termed *water-galls*, a term we find in the 'Rape of Lucrece;'" and he gives two good illustrations of the use of the word from Horace Walpole's letters: "False good news are always produced by true good, like the *water-gall* by the *rainbow*;" again: "Thank heaven it is complete, and did not remain imperfect like a *water-gall*." See Cunning- ham's edition of the letters, vol. i. p. 310, and vol. vi. pp. 1 and 187.

Whitney (German-English Dictionary, p. 488) renders *wasser-galling* by "full of *water-galls*, boggy."

114. Line 1611: *And now this pale SWAN, &c.*—See Othello, note 257.

115. Line 1667: *As through an ARCH the violent-roaring TIDE*.—So Coriolanus, v. 4. 50:

N'er through an *arch* so hurried the blown *tide*.

116. Line 1680: *ONE woe*.—So the later Quartos; Q. 1 and Q. 2 read on *woe*.

117. Line 1745: *a watery RIGOL*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 36: "this golden *rigol*;" and see note 310 to that play.

118. Line 1758: *Poor broken GLASS*.—Compare Sonnet iii. 9:

Thou art thy mother's *glass*.

119. Line 1760: *FAIR FRESH mirror*.—Dyce reversed the order of the adjectives to *fresh fair*. Staunton hyphenated them—*fair-fresh*. Some editors would read *cold*.

120. Line 1774: *in KEY-COLD Lucrece' bleeding stream*.—So Richard III. i. 2. 5:

Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king!

121. Line 1790: *At last it RAINS, and busy WINDS GIVE O'ER*.—Referring to the popular idea that rain falling stopped a wind; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 55: "*rain, to lay this wind*." See note 246 to that play, and cf. Mac- beth, i. 7. 25, Sonnet xc. 7, and III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 85, 86.

122. Line 1801: *Which she too early and too late hath SPILL'D*.—Perhaps *spill* here has its strict sense, to de- stroy, kill; see note 252 on King Lear. By "too late" Lucretius means too late to save herself from dishonour.

123. Line 1812: *As SILLY-JEERING idiots*.—First joined by Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *seelie jeering*. A late Quarto gives *silly leering*.

124. Lines 1814, 1815:

But now he throws that *SHALLOW habit* by,
Wherein *DEEP POLICY* did him *DISGUISE*.

NOTES TO THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Compare Henry V. ii. 4. 36-38:

And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the *outside of the Roman Brutus*,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

—See note 130 to that play.

So in Heywood's play (v. 1) it is Brutus who bids them
turn from Lucrece's body and think of revenge:

Bru. She's dead: then turn your funeral tears to fire
And indignation; let us now redeem

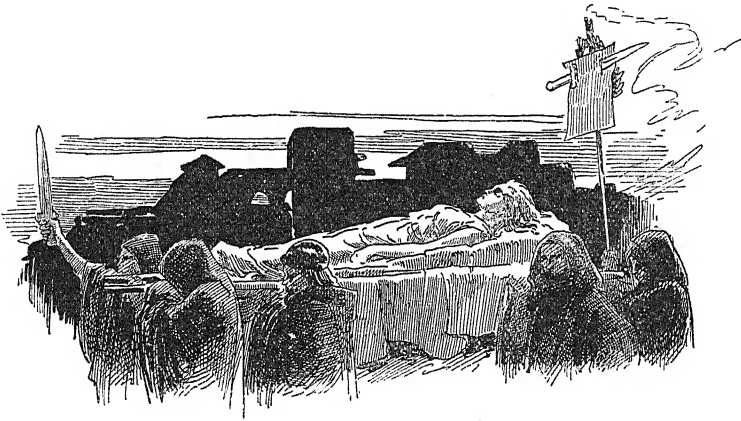
Our misspent time, and overtake our sloth
With hostile expedition.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 408.

125. Line 1820: *Now set thy LONG-EXPERIENC'D wit to school.*—So Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 60, 61:

Therefore, out of thy *long-experienc'd* time,
Give me some present counsel.

126. Line 1854: *The Romans PLAUSIBLY.*—Capel proposed *plausively*.



SONNETS



SONNETS.

INTRODUCTION.

The earliest reference to Sonnets by Shakespeare occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: "The sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witnes . . . his sugred Sonnets among his private friends." In 1599 two sonnets, cxxxviii. and cxliv., were published by Jaggard in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The second of these is what Dr. Furnivall calls the "key-sonnet" — "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair," &c. For ten years nothing further is heard of the Sonnets. Then on May 20th, 1609, *A book called Shakespeares Sonnettes* was entered on the Stationers' Register, and published, in Quarto, the same year. Of this Quarto the title-page, in some copies, is as follows:—SHAKE-SPEARES, | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON. | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609. | Others have the imprint: AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by *John Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609. | This was the only Quarto edition of the Sonnets that was published. Evidently they did not meet with the popularity which fell to *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and it was not till 1640 that any reprint appeared. In that year they were given, in rather haphazard fashion, in a volume of *Poems*: written by Wil Shakespeare, Gent; the volume containing *The Passionate Pilgrim* and many poems not written by Shakespeare. The bibliographical fortunes of the Sonnets after 1640 we need not follow. We must go back to the Quarto of 1609, and face a whole host of vexing questions. Now, concerning this edition two things may be noticed. Firstly, it was quite certainly an unauthorized publication. *Troilus and Cressida* experienced the same fate in the same year at the hands of another pirate-printer. Secondly, the Quarto contained a dedication which has been

the despair and darling crux of all the critics and commentators of things Shakespearean. This introductory preface dedicated the Sonnets to a "Mr. W. H.," who is described as the "onlie begetter" of the poems. Surely it was a *dies nefastus* on which these ill-omened words were written: surely the man who penned them was capable of all the infamies which Horace assigned to the unknown planter of a certain tree; *capable*, as Voltaire said of "meek, unconscious" Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. Who was this impalpable "W. H.?" What does "onlie begetter" mean? Before we can attempt to answer these questions we must ask another; it is useless to attempt to identify the people connected, or supposed to be connected, with the Sonnets until we have settled what interpretation to put upon the Sonnets themselves. Theories as to the Sonnets of Shakespeare and their meaning are scarcely less numerous than the sand of the sea-shore; I am inclined to think that they exceed in quantity the fabled foliage of autumnal Val-lombrosa. Since the beginning of this century it has rained theories, and "the cry is still they come." Of the rival interpretations no one could possibly give an adequate account in the short space at our disposal, and where, like the Muses in Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles*, "all are divine," divine in their passing intricacy and reconditeness, it were surely most invidious to particularize. Readers, therefore, who wish to become acquainted with the "dramatic" theory of Mr. Gerald Massey, or the ethereal *fantaisies* of Mr. Fleay, or the perverse perplexities of Herr Barnstorff of Bremen, must turn elsewhere.

I shall be content to give the comparatively simple theory which the majority of critics accept, and which furnishes, or seems to furnish, a fairly satisfactory and rational explanation of the facts before us. This theory

adopts the personal interpretation of the Sonnets as records of Shakespeare's own feelings. It divides the poems into two main groups. The first group contains the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets, Son. cxxvi. being regarded as an *Envoy*. The second group is formed of the last twenty-six sonnets. Group I. is addressed to some young man for whom Shakespeare must have felt a more than ordinary affection. Group II. concerns a lady—the "dark woman"—with whom Shakespeare seems to have been connected in some curious way. Between the two groups there are clearly certain links of association: the friend, the "dark woman," and the poet were united by ties, and this union is reflected in the Sonnets. This interpretation has at least the merit of simplicity; it does not twist and strain the poems in all sorts of ways; and it faces the facts, or what seem uncommonly like the facts. Of course various objections are raised. Some people cannot get away with the idea that the interest in the Sonnets is personal, that they are, so to speak, a transcript from the record of Shakespeare's own soul. We are reminded of Browning's lines,

"With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart" once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he.

What exactly Mr. Browning meant by this I confess I cannot understand. Perhaps it was only a piece of characteristically daring paradox. Apparently, however, the lines condemn all art to being purely impersonal, in which case Milton—whose egotism, as Coleridge reminds us, touched everything he wrote—was a very great offender. And what are we to say of a certain sonnet, "The Soul's Expression," in which the author of *The Rimaunt of the Page* tells us—

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night,
With dream and thought and feeling interwound.

This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air?

It is a question which cannot be answered; rather which each must answer after his own

fashion. For some people the voice of Shakespeare does speak in the anguish and agony of these poems; the "mighty line" rings with the note of real passion. And for others Sonnet cxxix. (say) will read like some pretty piece of experimental versifying, an exercise in verbal compression; and cxxvi.—"O thou, my lovely boy"—will have a certain literary interest as an ingenious use of the *envoy*. For myself I prefer to believe, with Wordsworth, that Shakespeare *did* unlock his heart here—even "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare" in these his "sugred Sonnets;" just as Beethoven, perhaps, embodied in his Sonatas something of the *Sturm und Drang* of his own life. To pass to another class of objectors. These are the pious Ultramontanians of Shakespeareanism. They will see no spot in their sun. Such divinity doth hedge the poet that everything which seems to hint or hesitate a blemish in his work and ways must be explained away. How, they ask, can we suppose that Shakespeare would write with such self-abasement of any youth? What was this strange friendship that united them? What did the poet mean by these self-accusations? Are we reading Plato's *Phædrus* or *Symposium*? The personal interpretation, in a word, is anathema to them: "if once"—to quote from a note (67) to *Troilus and Cressida* in this edition—"if once we lose sight of the intense artificiality of the greater portion of the Sonnets, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare's character;" and so, "artificiality," no less blessed a word than Mesopotamia of happy memory, is to be the magic alchemy which shall change dross, or seeming dross, to immaculate gold. Well, two or three points should be kept in mind. First, Shakespeare probably never intended to print the Sonnets. Meres says that they were known "among his private friends;" the Quarto, as we saw, was a piece of piracy. This makes some difference. Secondly, it is quite true that an element of artificiality is not wanting in the Sonnets. The idealized friendship which they embody, and the forms under which this friendship is expressed, were both to some extent a convention of the time. Not that I think much stress can be laid on

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this argument, for under all the imagery and artificial elaboration of the poems the deepest feeling is—*me judice*—always present; Shakespeare is the real speaker in every line; and here, if nowhere else, he “abides our question.” Thirdly—and this is the real point—we have no right to judge the poet at all. How can we with our half-yard line fathom the unplumbed, estranging depths of his heart? How realize in the faintest degree what friendship may have been to him? Surely this is a case where that most desperate of mortals, “the plain man,” should fear to tread. A few words from what Dr. Furnivall has written on the subject, and we may pass on. He says: “The true motto for the first group of Shakespeare’s Sonnets is to be seen in David’s words, ‘I am distrest for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.’ We have had them reproduced for us, Victorians . . . in Mr. Tennyson’s *In Memoriam*. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning’s glorious sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, ‘Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou dost love me.’” This sums up all that I have to say about Group I.; and as to Group II., those who require in the poet a passionless perfection must provide their own casuistry and faculty for explaining away.

To revert to an old friend whom we have lost awhile—the Dedication. What are we to understand by “*onlie begetter*?” The words seem so simple; as if they could only mean one thing; as if “*begetter*” must be equivalent to “*inspirer*.” However, there are those who—as the classic idiom has it—object to this interpretation; who argue that “*W. H.*,” even if he be the hero of the first group, can scarcely, speaking Hibernically, be the heroine of the second; in which case what are we to make of the “*onlie?*” And so they say that “*begetter*” = procurer. The volume was pirated. Some one must have procured the poems for the publisher. That some one “*begot*” them, and “*T. T.*” repaid the debt by dedicating the book to the original thief. This is ingenious, but the majority of writers agree that “*begetter*” *does* mean “*inspirer*,” and

that “*onlie begetter*” might fairly be said of the person to whom a hundred and twenty-six of the sonnets are directly addressed, and with whom the remaining poems are more or less concerned.

To continue our Chinese puzzle. Who was “*W. H.*?” The flippant voice of irresponsible irreverence whispers, Who was Junius? and *Were* the Casket Letters genuine—now, on your honour, were they? The “*W. H.*” problem is quite as insoluble. We don’t know who he was; we never shall know; and the point is perfectly immaterial. If we are to record the guesses that have been made, then two fairly feasible candidates may be mentioned. One is Southampton. It was to Southampton that Shakespeare dedicated both *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and the dedication to *Lucrece* is very like Sonnet xxvi. But then Southampton’s initials were *H. W.*, not *W. H.* Did the publisher reverse them as a blind to deceive the public? If so, why put them in at all? And Southampton’s name was Henry—Henry Wriothesley, whereas Sonnets cxxxv. and cxliii. make it quite clear that the name of Shakespeare’s friend was *Will*. Also, to pass over other discrepancies, Southampton was not so very much younger than the poet. On the whole Southampton must be given up. The rival claimant is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He was of conspicuous beauty; much younger than Shakespeare; a patron of literature, and connected with Shakespeare, the First Folio being dedicated to him and the Earl of Montgomery; and his initials and Christian name agree with the punning sonnets already mentioned, and with the “*W. H.*” of the dedication. Two or three minor scraps of evidence make against the identification, but if we are to fix on any body in particular as the “*begetter*” of the Sonnets, our choice must, I think, fall on Pembroke, and not on Southampton.

We have been so ungraceful as to take the “*onlie begetter*” first. We should have given precedence to the “*dark woman*,” the rather equivocal lady whom Shakespeare is thought to have had in his mind’s eye when he drew his strangest, greatest, perhaps, of feminine characters, the “*serpent of old Nile*”—Cleopatra.

patra. For about this lady with the "raven brows, and eyes so suited," there has been much speculation, and as usual we have nothing more than bare—very bare—conjecture to chronicle. She is identified with a certain Mrs. Mary Fitton, of whom we know little, though that little is too much if she cared for the good opinion of posterity. Our knowledge, chiefly derived from papers at Hatfield and in the Record Office, amounts to this: that Mrs. Mary Fitton was a maid of honour to Elizabeth; that, unlike Pericles' ideal woman, she was much in evidence and lived "in the mouths of men;" and that she had a *liaison* with the Earl of Pembroke, even as the "dark woman" of the Sonnets appears to have been connected with Shakespeare's friend. It is this last circumstance that has really led to the identification of Mrs. Fitton with the poet's Laura. Those who would study more closely the case for, or against, this unfortunate maid of dishonour will find much curious, but cumbrous, information in Mr. Tyler's introduction to the Facsimile Reprint of the Sonnets. He has made the Fitton question his own, and I scarcely like to expatiate on his "several plot." We will take his arguments as read, and assume that Mistress Mary Fitton, if any one, is addressed in the second group of Sonnets.

Another *questio vexata* is the identity of the rival poet alluded to in Sonnets lxxviii.—lxxxvi. Who was this "better spirit?" Marlowe, says Mr. Massey; "proud full sail" would exactly describe the poetic style of the master of the "mighty line;" and the allusions in Sonnet lxxxvi. to supernatural assistance refer, not to the poet himself, but to his great dramatic creation, Dr. Faustus. The "affable familiar ghost" was Mephistopheles. Well, the insuperable objection to this theory is that Marlowe died in 1593, and 1593 is such a very early date to assign to the Sonnets, or any considerable part of them. Further, one can scarcely believe that Shakespeare would speak with such bitterness of the "dead Shepherd" to whom he owed so much. Not to go through the long list of conjectures, by far the happiest guess is that of Professor Minto, which may indeed be said to hold the field. He identifies the "better spirit" with Chapman. Chapman

was learned; his Homer contained dedicatory sonnets to Southampton and Pembroke; and the Alexandrines of his translation were emphatically "great verse," speaking out "loud and bold," as Keats said. Each of these qualities finds a parallel in Shakespeare's description of his competitor. Above all Sonnet lxxxvi. has great point if applied to Chapman. I borrow Professor Minto's words: "Chapman was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration. In 1594 he published a poem called 'The Shadow of Night,' which goes far to establish his identity with Shakespeare's rival. In the Dedication, after animadverting severely on vulgar searchers after knowledge, he exclaims—'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar.*' Here we have something like a profession of the familiar ghost that Shakespeare saucily laughs at. But Shakespeare's rival gets his intelligence by night: special stress is laid in the sonnet upon the aid of his compeers by night, and his nightly familiar. Well, Chapman's poem is called the 'Shadow of Night,' and its purpose is to extol the wonderful powers of Night in imparting knowledge to her votaries" (Characteristics of English Poets, pp. 222, 223). Professor Minto has made out an excellent case, and as bearing on the theory that Shakespeare regarded Chapman with dislike he might have reminded us that some critics believe Troilus and Cressida to have been a direct and intentional counterblast to Chapman's version of Homer; see the introduction to that play, vol. v. p. 253. To my mind Professor Minto's theory is quite one of the cleverest and most ingenious pieces of Shakespearean work which has been done for a very long time. It has practically annihilated all previous and rival conjectures, and I unhesitatingly adopt it.

What date are we to assign to the Sonnets? We have seen that some of them were in existence in 1598; that all were printed in 1609.

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Direct testimony beyond this there is none. The internal evidence, however, of style counts for a good deal, and this suggests that the composition of the Sonnets extended over a considerable period of time. No one can fail to see how closely akin the early Sonnets i.-xxv. (say) are to the early plays and the poems; various coincidences between them and Romeo and Juliet and Venus and Adonis are pointed out in the notes. On the other hand, Sonnet lxvi. sounds like an echo of Hamlet's soliloquies. The inference is clear: the Sonnets date from no one year: they represent the changing moods of the poet during a long period. Professor Dowden would place none later than 1605; and perhaps the earliest of them may be assigned to 1593 or 1594. This question of date leads to another important point—the arrangement of the Sonnets. The order in which they stand in the Quarto will not satisfy some critics; accordingly they have been shifted about and arranged in all sorts of ways. Like the guests at Mrs. Prowdy's ball, they are summarily told to "group" themselves, and strange and wonderful are the results. As a matter of fact their present order is by no means haphazard. Supposing, as we have done, that they were written at different times, we should expect a certain amount of interdependence and connection; and this is precisely what we find. Time after time some word or idea that occurs in one sonnet is repeated or developed in the next. Any one can verify this for himself, and more than this partial sequence and similarity our theory as to their composition forbids us to expect. I cannot myself imagine any order preferable to that of the Quarto: I know no sound objection to it; and in any case, to rearrange the poems is a work of the merest futility and supererogation, for the very simple reason that no one has ever endorsed anybody else's ideas on the subject.

One more subsidiary point and we shall have touched—in cursory and inadequate fashion, alas!—on most of the questions which these Sonnets raise. The types of sonnet, no one will need to be told, are manifold—the Petrarchan sonnet, the sonnet of Milton, and other varieties which refuse to be classified. From

all these the Shakespearean sonnet stands apart, with a structure and an excellence all its own: formed on a certain model it aims at and achieves a certain object. What this is Mr. Theodore Watts has well brought out, and Mr. Watts is so accomplished and recognized an authority on the subject that I do not hesitate to quote his own words.¹ After pointing out that Shakespeare's Sonnet is built up of three quatrains and a final couplet, and after showing that the number three was not chosen arbitrarily, as some critics have thought, Mr. Watts proceeds: "The quest of the Shakespearean sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse. A chief part of the pleasure of the Shakespearean sonnet is the expectance of the climacteric rest of the couplet at the end . . . and this expectance is gratified too early if it comes after two quatrains, while, if it comes after a greater number of quatrains than three, it is dispersed and wasted altogether." This puts the case perfectly and leaves nothing for me to add.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

A writer who has endeavoured to trace the tortuous history of Shakespeare's Sonnets may well feel that after their story has been told the rest should be silence. Those who care for "mellifluous" Shakespeare and his "deep-brained sonnets"—the few whom Jove in his goodness has loved—are apt to resent critical interference and suggestion; while Steevens was probably not far from the truth in saying that nothing short of a stringent act of Parlia-

¹ From the article on the Sonnet in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

ment would induce ordinary folk to open the Sonnets. Some general statement of the chief grounds of eulogy is, however, called for; and they may perhaps be best discussed on the lines of the answer to the larger inquiry:—

What primarily do we look for in a poem, more especially in a poem of great scope? I suppose there are two things of essential value: perfect harmony of expression and interest of subject. The poem should bear criticism from the standpoint of the artist and of the moralist: it should be flawless in manner and of vital significance in matter. What is said—the way it is said: these are the two cardinal points, and of these twin essentials the latter, to my mind, is the greater. And if we ask what should regulate the expression of a poem, the answer is simple: above all things we require of the singer a true and perfect sense of melody. Coleridge loosely defined the indefinable when he described poetry as the “right words in the right place.” The right words are those which make for music, for the long-drawn harmonies and rhythmic roll of sounds that linger on the ear and haunt our memory. There are poets, like Browning, who can thrill us with strange dramatic touches; who can depict single moments of sovereign and supreme passion; who can throw upon their canvas with a few master sweeps of the brush curious complexities of character that last there and live as inexorable riddles for all time to read and read amiss; who touch life at all points, and never touch it without revealing to ordinary humanity the infinite pity and mystery of the world. These poets interest us; they cast a spell of fascination upon our thought so long as we are actually reading; they appeal to us with the appeal of the dramatist. They give us much; but we feel that there is a something beyond and above what they offer—that there is “one grace, one wonder at the least,” for which we may turn to the singer—and that something is music; the music that sounds in every line that the Laureate has written, that sweeps through the involved harmonies of a *Paradise Lost*, that informs all true poetry, all really vital verse. Now, from either standpoint—

from that of the artist, from that of the critic of life—whether we look to their manner or their matter—the Sonnets of Shakespeare are great with greatness unmistakable. It is not that we come across an exquisite piece of verbal beauty from time to time; every poem reaches a standard unattainable save by the true singer; from first to last it is the

Adventurous song

That with no middle flight intends to soar.

The power of the language is taxed to its utmost; it can do no more; its merit as a means of poetic expression, as an instrument for the expression of a thousand varying shades of emotion, must stand or fall by such passages as these—

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.

—Son. xl;

and Sonnet cxvi.:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

and lxxi.:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe;

and cii.:

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight;

and cvii.:

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control;

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and lxxxvi.—

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

In lines such as these we have the last word in felicity of expression: a noble instrument sends forth its noblest notes in the master's hands, and if we ask for more piercing, more perfect melody of words, we must look to some other tongue; English can give us nothing greater than this. And such passages are not the exception: we have picked them almost at random. Open the Sonnets where we will, we find the same unerring sense of what makes for the music that, heard once, never dies from our recollection.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old;

and we have said enough if we assert that there is no poem in the whole range of English literature which maintains a loftier, more unfaltering flight than "these insuing sonnets."

We have noted the pervading element of beauty in the Sonnets viewed as one long continuous work; and we shall find a parallel excellence in them if we disintegrate this congeries of units and examine the poems individually. Each conforms, in a very remarkable degree, to what we may call the main canon of sonnet-writing, the principle which should guide all who attempt this form of art. The sonnet, in Wordsworth's phrase, is a "scanty plot:" the poet cannot expatiate at will. He is cabined, confined within the brief limits of fourteen lines, and in that tiny space must achieve his effect. Hence he cannot afford to introduce variety of themes: he must deal with some one idea; his work must be wrought round a single motive, a single dominating emotion, that informs the whole and links the verses in the closest sequence and logical connection. Now the Shakespearean sonnet is built pre-eminently on this principle. It is exactly what Rossetti calls "a moment's monument." One instance—Sonnet cxxix.—will serve our purpose. The poet deals here with the subject which he had handled at length in Lucrece—the deadliness

and worthlessness of sensual pleasure: how that the wages of sin is death in the end and scarcely satisfaction for the moment; at best, "a dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy." And starting with this thesis he develops it from line to line with irresistible insistence and intensity. Each word is exactly fitted to its place; each touch tells; each phrase, *à peu près*, echoes what has just preceded and is echoed by what immediately follows; so that the poem is a gradual progression of ideas that advance from point to point till the climacteric pause is reached and the moral enforced. The whole poem is a masterpiece of compression, intensity, symmetry.

To speak of the matter of the Sonnets is more difficult. We tread here on difficult and dangerous ground, where much is matter of dispute, and where those who believe in the personal theory of the poems must sometimes almost lack the courage of their interpretation and shrink from the conclusions to which it leads. Some of the Sonnets are obviously artificial, verbal essays in the conventional sonneteer of the period. This is especially true of the "dark woman" series. In these poems the merit is purely artistic. What is said amounts to very little: we only care for the felicity with which the poet paints his description and turns his compliment. But in the larger proportion of the Sonnets the interest is the interest that we look for and find in every great work. Goethe somewhere says that, strictly speaking, nothing interests man except man; and applying the doctrine to letters Matthew Arnold formulated his famous canon that all poetry, or rather all literature, is essentially and intrinsically "a criticism of life." "Criticism," perhaps, was not the happiest word to employ, but the truth of his dictum remains. All literature must deal with life, with the world, with human nature in its myriad complexities; and from this standpoint the greater writer is he who tells us more about life, whose works lead to a clearer, closer knowledge of the things which, for the mass of men, are behind the veil, the truths and facts that are seen through a glass darkly, if seen at all. Now it is impossible to show how any individual

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work realizes what should be the aim of every writer—this object of dealing fully and effectively with life. We can analyse a single sonnet and point out how the rhythmic beauty of the verse is built up; how the magic and melody of sound are achieved by alliteration, balance, and what not. But it is not possible to disintegrate and dissect the thousand-and-one touches which bring home to us the fact that the poet who speaks to us is wise with the wisdom from which nothing is hid. And

so we must leave each to discover for himself—and surely this is a case where who runs may read—how and why the Sonnets of Shakespeare are a revelation, a commentary on all things, a mirror held up to the human soul and reproducing all its phases. “O, Menander and Life! which of you copied the other?” Subtler praise or more perfect no artist ever received; and it is the praise that we must lay at Shakespeare’s feet after reading these his Sonnets.





SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF | THESE INSUING SONNETS |

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESSE |

AND THAT ETERNITIE | PROMISED BY | OUR EVER-LIVING PORT |

WISHETH |

THE WELL-WISHING | ADVENTURER

IN | SETTING | FORTH. |

T. T.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth hold:

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless¹ praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

¹ *Thriftless*, unprofitable.

SONNETS.

Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd¹ not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou *use*²
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair³ which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sapcheck'd⁴ with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it,⁵ nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives
sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged⁶ hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine
heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet⁷ mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music⁸ to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness⁹ the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

¹ Remember'd, &c., i.e. wishing not to be remembered.

² Use=put to usury.

³ Unfair, make unfair.

⁴ Check'd=being checked.

⁵ Nor it, &c., neither it nor any remembrance of what it was remaining.

⁶ Ragged=rugged.

⁷ Yet, i.e. although "in his middle age."

⁸ Music, i.e. whose own voice is music.

⁹ In singleness=by remaining single, with an obvious quibble.

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless¹ wife;
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private² widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st³ not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought,⁴ that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;⁵
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
 Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
 cherish:

¹ *Makeless* = mateless.² *Private*, ordinary.³ *Stick'st* = hesitates.⁴ *Thought*, i.e. his friend's resolution not to marry.⁵ *Departest* = leavest.

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy⁶ die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,⁷
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
 defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself!⁸ but, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination;⁹ then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O, none but unthrif:—dear my love, you know
 You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing¹⁰ to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art,

⁶ *Copy*, the original from which the copy is made.⁷ *Question make*, begin to doubt about.⁸ *Yourself*, your own.⁹ *Determination*, end.¹⁰ *Pointing*, appointing.

SONNETS.

As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;¹
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear² their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth³ with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:⁴
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,⁵
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;

¹ Convert, turn.

² Wear = wear away.

³ Debateth, plots.

⁴ Counterfeit, portrait.

⁵ Fair = fairness.

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,⁶
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;⁷
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue,⁸ all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.⁹
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,

⁶ Declines, falls away.

⁷ Owest, possesseth.

⁸ Hue = form.

⁹ Amazeth, confounds.

And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.¹
But since she prick'd² thee out for women's
pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure³ hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.⁴
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;⁵
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear⁶ of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.

¹ Nothing, i.e. which is nothing to my purpose.

² Prick'd, chose. ³ Rondure, circle.

⁴ Expiate, bring to an end. ⁵ Will, i.e. will be wary.

⁶ For fear, &c. = for fear of not being trusted; or fearing to trust myself.

O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd⁷
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for⁸ joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit⁹ of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow¹⁰ it;

⁷ Stell'd, painted.

⁸ Unlook'd for = unnoticed.

⁹ Good conceit, kindness.

¹⁰ Bestow, lodge.

SONNETS.

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst
prove¹ me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend² a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire³ not, thou gild'st the
even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless⁴ night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense⁵ of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due⁶ of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,—

¹ Prove, test.

² Intend, pursue.

³ Twire=peep.

⁴ Dateless, without date, i.e. limit.

⁵ Expense, loss.

⁶ Due, i.e. to me.

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for¹ my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier² men.

O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
“Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.”

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain³ when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?⁴
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy lovesheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;

Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,⁵
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable⁶ spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame⁷ by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse

¹ For = for sake of.

² Happier, more felicitous as writers.

³ Stain, be eclipsed or grow dim. ⁴ Smoke, vapour.

⁵ Compare, i.e. the previous comparisons.

⁶ Separable, that separates us.

⁷ Made lame, used vaguely to imply “disabled.”

Thine own sweet argument,¹ too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain² the time with thoughts of love,—
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,—
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what³ thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;⁴
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
 Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
 Hers,⁵ by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve⁶ her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy,—my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink,⁷ then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
 All days are nights to see⁸ till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do show
 thee me.

¹ *Argument*, subject.

² *Entertain*, pass.

³ *What*, i.e. marriage.

⁴ *Poverty*, the poor things I have.

⁵ *Hers*, i.e. to Shakespeare.

⁶ *Approve*, make trial of.

⁷ *Wink*, close the eyes.

⁸ *To see*, i.e. to the sight.

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XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought.¹
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;

Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:

This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide² this title is impannelled
A quest³ of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety⁴ and the dear heart's part:
As thus,—mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

¹ *Wrought*, composed of.

³ *Quest*, jury.

² *'Cide*, decide.

⁴ *Moiety*, share.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whenceat pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,⁵
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely⁶ pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I enconce⁷ me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

⁵ *Cast his utmost sum*—closed the account.

⁶ *Strangely*, i. e. not recognizing me.

⁷ *Enconce*, shelter.

SONNETS.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity¹ can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
 Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.²

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain³ jewels in the carcanet.⁴
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

¹ *Extremity*, i.e. extreme swiftness.

² *Go*, walk.

³ *Captain*, chief.

⁴ *Carcanet*, necklace.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
 The one⁵ doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other⁶ as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms⁷ have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are the sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade,⁸ by verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents⁹
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praises shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

⁵ *The one*, the spring.

⁶ *The other*, the foison (abundance) of the year.

⁷ *Canker-blooms*, wild roses.

⁸ *Vade*=fade.

⁹ *These contents*, i.e. his verse.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love,¹ more blest may be the view;
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save, where² you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love, that in your will,
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control³ your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time
 To what you will; to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame you pleasure, be it ill or well.

¹ *Return of love*, i.e. their love returned.

² *Where*, i.e. those who are where you are.

³ *Control*, restrain.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burden of a former child!
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done!
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or whér better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O, sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main⁴ of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
 And yet, to times in hope⁵ my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,⁶
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

⁴ *Main*, very fulness of; or perhaps *main* = sea.

⁵ *In hope*, future.

⁶ *Defeat*, destroy.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'T is thee, myself,¹ that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against² my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
 brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,—
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

¹ *Myself*, who art myself.² *Against*, i.e. against the time when.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,³
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily⁴ forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,⁵
 And captive good attending captain ill:—
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die,⁶ I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace⁷ itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

³ *Hold a plea*, resist.⁴ *Unhappily*, wrongfully.⁵ *Simplicity*, folly.⁶ *To die*, i.e. by dying.⁷ *Lace*, adorn.

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LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map¹ of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare² truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into³ the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;⁴
Yet this thy praise can not be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:

¹ *Map*, i.e. the surface on which they are drawn.

² *Bare*; *bare* is emphatic: they only give the scantiest praise.

³ *Into* = unto.

⁴ *Charg'd*, put on trial.

If some suspect⁵ of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prize;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

⁵ *Suspect*, suspicion.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace¹ of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day.
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,²
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;

¹ *Peace*, enjoyment.

² *In a noted weed*, in a style which now is so well known to all the world.

So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices,³ so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under⁴ thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double⁵ majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,⁶
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance⁷
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,

³ *Offices*, duties carried out. ⁴ *Under*, under cover of.

⁵ *Double*, i.e. of grace and learning.

⁶ *Compile*, compose.

⁷ *Advance*, uplift.

And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 While he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world¹ are dead;
 You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
 Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths
 of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
 And therefore mayst without attain² t² o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enfor³ c'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained³ touches rhetoric can lend,

Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true-plain words by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:
 And therefore have I slept in⁴ your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern⁵ quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
 Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story:
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart⁶ shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
 worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts, whilst other write good
 words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

¹ This world, i.e. this present age.

² Attain^t, shame.

³ Strained, exaggerated.

⁴ Slept in, been slow to tell of you.

⁵ Modern, hackneyed.

⁶ Counterpart, exact reproduction.

SONNETS.

Hearing you prais'd, I say "'T is so, 't is true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is¹ in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, hold his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,—
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent² back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision³ growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,⁴
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;

¹ That is, i.e. there is that.

² Patent, privilege, claim.

³ Misprision, mistake.

⁴ Set me light, value me little.

That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle,⁵ and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains⁶ of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;⁷
All these I better in one general best.

⁵ Strangle, extinguish.

⁶ Strains, touches.

⁷ My measure, to my taste.

SONNETS.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
 Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,¹
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester² smell far worse than weeds.

XCIV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in³ a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated,⁴ and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd⁵ was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

¹ *Show*, i.e. show they could do.

² *Fester*, rot. ³ *But in*, i.e. without in a way praising.

⁴ *Translated*, changed.

⁵ *Remov'd*, i.e. passed.

SONNETS.

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand;¹
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns² did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury³ on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem

¹ For thy hand, i.e. of having stolen the whiteness of thy hand.

² On thorns, said, no doubt, with a quibbling reference to the proverb "Stand on thorns."

³ Fury, inspiration.

In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire⁴ to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;⁵
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare,⁶ is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!

⁴ Satire, satirist.

⁵ Lay, stamp.

⁶ All bare, i.e. by itself; the mere theme, apart from its treatment.

SONNETS.

O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
 Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master¹ now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,²
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.³
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again;

¹ *Master*, possess.

² *Subscribes*, yields.

³ *Qualify*, temper.

SONNETS.

Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd, —
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley¹ to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches² gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of³ my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?⁴

¹ *Motley*, a jester.

² *Blenches*, fallings away.

³ *Goddess of*, i.e. who is responsible for.

⁴ *Allow*, suffer, permit.

You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense'
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect⁵ I do dispense:⁶—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually⁷ is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest⁸
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his⁹ gust is greening,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.

⁵ *Neglect*, i.e. being neglected by others.

⁶ *Dispense with*, pardon.

⁷ *Effectually*, in reality.

⁸ *Indigest*, without form.

⁹ *His*, i.e. the mind's.

SONNETS.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out¹ even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent² been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level³ of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager⁴ compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of⁵ goodness, would by ill be cur'd:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,⁶
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense,⁷ how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;⁸
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be⁹ receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:

¹ Bears it out, is steadfast.

³ Level, aim.

² Frequent, intimate.

⁴ Eager, sharp, bitter.

⁵ Of, in respect of.

⁶ Fitted, tortured as by fits.

⁷ Deepest sense, i.e. what I had felt so deeply.

⁸ Fee, pledge, guarantee.

⁹ Be, i.e. vile.

SONNETS.

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;¹
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,²
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies³ thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.⁴
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,

¹ *Bevel*, slanting. ² *Memory*, memorials.
³ *Tallies*, sticks in which notches were cut as a way of scoring up debts.
⁴ *Former sight*, something seen before.

Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy,⁵ that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on⁶ form and favour?⁷
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds,⁸ knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards,⁹ still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render¹⁰ thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;

⁵ *Policy*, self-interest.
⁶ *Dwellers on*, i.e. those who set store on.
⁷ *Favour*, face.
⁸ *Seconds*, an inferior kind of flour; hence metaphoric-ally, base matter. ⁹ *Onwards*, i.e. towards old age.
¹⁰ *Render*, surrender.

But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black;
 Her eyes so suited,¹ and they mourners seem
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of² their woe,
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy³ those jacks⁴ that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
 Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker⁵ mad:
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows
 well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

¹ *Suited*, clad.

² *Becoming of*, i.e. making comely; or should we read, "in their woe"?

³ *Envy*, the accent is on the last syllable.

⁴ *Jacks*, the keys of a virginal.

⁵ *Taker*, swallower.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,⁶—

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so⁷ as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck,⁸ do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
 O, let it, then, as well beseech thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

⁶ *Go*, walk.

⁷ *So*, i.e. such as he has described her.

⁸ *One on another's neck*, one after another.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
 bail;¹

Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not,² nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul³ a face?

In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit⁴ is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

¹ *Bail*, i.e. out of prison.² *Not*, i.e. restore him.³ *Foul*, ugly.⁴ *Habit*, dress.

SONNETS.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
might

Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;¹—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting² world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view,³ is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:

¹ So, i.e. that thou dost love me.

² Ill-wresting, twisting to a bad sense.

³ View, i.e. of what it sees.

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.⁴

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be't lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit⁵ of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,⁶
I guess one angel in another's hell:

⁴ Pain, punishment.

⁵ Pursuit, accented on the first syllable.

⁶ Both to each friend, i.e. friends to each other.

SONNETS.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"Not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate¹ thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which² physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures³ falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote⁴
Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service⁵ to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise⁶ of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:

³ *Censures*, judges.

⁴ *Denote*, show.

⁵ *Thy service* i.e. service, to thee.

⁶ *Warrantise*, security, guarantee.

¹ *Aggravate*, increase.

² *Which*, i.e. desire.

SONNETS.

If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant¹ prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

¹ *Triumphant*=triumphal.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage² found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'
eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

² *Advantage*, favourable opportunity.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

1. Sonnet I.—This and the sixteen sonnets that follow dwell on one theme, that Shakespeare's friend should marry and perpetuate his name and beauty. We may compare Venus and Adonis, 163-174, and 751-763; Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 221-226; Drayton's Legend of Matilda (Works, 1753 ed. vol. ii. pp. 552-559); and (with Professor Dowden) Comus, 679-684 and 720-727. No doubt other parallels might be found.

2. I. lines 13, 14: *Pity the world*, &c.—The rhyme in this couplet occurs in Son. iii. and iv.

3. II. line 1: *When FORTY WINTERS*.—For the vague use of *four*, *forty*, *forty thousand*, see Othello, note 165. "Krauss cites from Sidney's Arcadia two examples of *forty winters*" (Dowden). Compare also Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. p. 65.

4. II. line 4: *Will be a TATTER'D weed*.—So Gildon; Q. has *tatter'd*. So again in Son. xxvi. 11.

5. II. line 8: *and THRIFTLESS praise*.—Compare "*thrifless sighs*" in Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 40.

6. III. line 4: *UNBLESS some MOTHER*.—That is, fail to make blest some one who might be a mother of children; or perhaps the reference is to his friend's mother; cf. lines 9, 10.

7. III. line 5: *whose UNEAR'D womb*.—For *ear*=plough, cf. the Dedication of Venus and Adonis. The word occurs several times in the Bible; e.g. Isaiah xxx. 24: "The oxen likewise, and the young asses that *ear* the ground, shall eat clean provender;" and Exodus xxxiv. 21: "in *ear*ing time and in harvest." Wicliffe translated Luke xvii. 7: "but who of you hath a servant *eringe*," where the Latin version which he used had *arantem*.

8. III. line 8: *to stop POSTERITY*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 419, 420:

all whose joy is nothing else
But fair *posterity*;

and for the whole idea, Venus and Adonis, 757-760.

9. III. line 9: *Thou art thy mother's GLASS*.—Exactly the same image occurs in Lucrece, 1758-1764:

Poor broken *glass*, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born, &c.

10. III. line 11: *through WINDOWS of thine AGE*.—Compare "*lattice of sear'd age*" in A Lover's Complaint, 14.

11. IV. line 3: *Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend*.—Compare Measure for Measure, i. 1. 30-41:

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, &c.

Scholars will recollect Lucretius' "*Vitaque mancipio nulli datur*."

12. v. line 9: *summer's DISTILLATION*.—That is, the perfume or essence extracted from a flower. Shakespeare

has the verb several times; e.g. in the next sonnet, line 2, and again in Son. liv. 14: "by verse *distills* your truth." So Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 70: "happy is the rose *distill'd*;" and As You Like It, iii. 2. 152.

13. v. line 14: *LEESE but their show*.—*Leese*=loose, occurs not infrequently; so in A Sweet Pastoral by Nicholas Breton we have:

The bushes and the trees
That were so fresh and Greene,
Do all their dainty colour *leese*,
And not a leaf is seen.

—England's Hedicon (Bullen's ed.), p. 55.

Watson uses the form often in his Teares of Fancy and the Passionate Centurie of Love; see Arber's Reprint, pp. 44, 51, &c.

14. VI. line 1: *winter's RAGGED hand*.—So Gildon; Q. read *wragged*. Capell MS. gives *rugged*.

15. VI. line 5: *That USE is not FORBIDDEN USURY*.—An extract from the article upon *usury* in the Encyclopædia Britannica will not, perhaps, be out of place here:—"The opinion of Aristotle on the barrenness of money became proverbial, and was quoted with approval throughout the Middle Ages. This condemnation by the moralists was enforced by the fathers of the Church on the conversion of the empire to Christianity. They held usury up to detestation, and practically made no distinction between interest on equitable moderate terms and what we now term usurious exactions. The consequence of the condemnation of usury by the Church was to throw all the dealing in money in the early Middle Ages into the hands of the Jews. . . . It was probably mainly on account of this money lending that the Jews were so heartily detested and liable to such gross ill-treatment by the people. . . . Ultimately in 1290 the Jews were expelled in a body from the kingdom under circumstances of great barbarity, and were not allowed to return till the time of Cromwell. Before the expulsion of the Jews, however, in spite of canonical opposition, Christians had begun to take interest openly; and one of the most interesting examples of the adaptation of the dogmas of the Church of Rome to the social and economic environment is found in the growth of the recognized exceptions to usury. In this respect the Canonical writers derived much assistance from the later Roman law. Without entering into technicalities, it may be said generally that an attempt was made to distinguish between usury, in the modern sense of unjust exaction, and interest on capital."

16. VI. line 7: *to BREED another thee*.—It may be noticed that *breed* (the substantive) was often used in the sense of interest; cf. Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 134, 135:

for when did friendship take
A *breed* for barren metal of his friend?

So Middleton's The Blacke Booke: "Coming to repay

NOTES TO SONNETS.

both the *money* and the *breed* of it—for interest may be called the usurer's bastard—she found," &c. (Dyce's *Middleton*, vol. v. pp. 520, 521).

17. VII. line 5: *the STEEP-UP heavenly hill*.—It has been suggested that we should read *steep up-heavenly*; but cf. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 121:

Her stand she takes upon a *steep-up hill*.

18. VII. lines 9, 10:

*But when from highmost PITCH, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he REELETH FROM THE DAY.*

for *pitch*, a hawking term, see Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 14, with note. For the second line Dowden aptly quotes *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 3, 4:

flecked darkness, like a drunkard, *reeks*
From forth day's path.

19. VIII.—Music, where union of sounds is everything, should be an argument to you not to remain single. The sonnet is written throughout in the language of music. Elizabethan writers were fond of introducing the technical terms of the art. Compare, for a good case in point, Lilly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, iii. 1, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. pp. 232, 233; and again, the same author's *Gallathea*, v. 3—*Works*, vol. i. p. 275.

20. VIII. line 1: *MUSIC TO HEAR, why hear'st thou music sadly?*—*Music to hear* = whose own voice is music; cf. *Son.* cxxviii. 1:

How oft, when thou, *my music*, music play'st.

In line 6 *married* is used, no doubt, quibblingly; for the sense which it often bears, of closely-united, see *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 110, with note.

21. VIII. line 14: "*thou single wilt prove NONE*."—*None* is in obvious antithesis to the *one* of the previous line. The conceit is rather far-fetched: if they, the strings, being many, seem to be only one, you, who are not many, who keep single, will be less than one.

22. IX. line 4: *like a MAKELESS wife*.—*Make* = mate, occurs frequently; cf. *Melismata* (1611):

The one of them said to his *mate*—
Where shall we our breakfast take?

—Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), p. 128.

Many instances might be given; here are some chance references: Spenser, *Son.* lxx. *Globe* ed. p. 583; Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, iii. 4—Fairholt's ed. ii. p. 110; *Surrey's poems*, Gilfillan's ed. p. 231.

23. IX. lines 11, 12:

*But BEAUTY'S WASTE hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.*

Compare *Hero and Leander*, First Sestiad, 328:

Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, iii. p. 17.

We have much the same idea in *Son.* v. 11:

Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft.

See, too, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 221, 222. I suppose there is a quibble here on *use* in its secondary sense of putting out to usury; cf. for the same antithesis, *Son.* iv. 13, 14:

Thy *unus'd* beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, *us'd*, lives th' executor to be.

24. IX. line 14: *murderous SHAME commits*.—This is

echoed in the next sonnet, line 1, "*For shame!*" and line 5, "*with murderous hate*."

25. X. line 7: *Seeking that beauteous ROOF to RUINATE*.—Compare *Son.* xiii. 9, 10:

Who lets so fair a *house fall to decay*,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold;

and *Son.* cxlvi. 5, 6:

Why so large cost
Dost thou upon thy fading *mansion* spend?

Dowden refers to *The Two Gentlemen*, v. 4. 7–11. For *ruinate* see Titus Andronicus, v. 3. 204; and to the instances there given add Spenser, *Son.* lvi.:

Beats on it strongly, it to *ruinate*.—*Globe* ed. p. 581.

26. XI. line 2: *In ONE OF THINE*.—Takes up the last line of previous sonnet: "*still may live in thine*." The couplet means, Your loss is your child's gain.

27. XI. line 14: *Thou shouldst print more, nor let that COPY die*.—*Copy* = the original from which an impression should be taken; in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 261,

And leave the world no *copy*,

the word has its modern sense. "*Nature's copy*" in *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 37, is a doubtful phrase.

28. XII.—Time destroys all things: why not you? As Dowden says, the Sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of *Son.* v. vi. and vii.

29. XII. line 4: *And SABLE curls all SILVER'd o'er with white*.—The Quarto has *or silver'd*, a misprint, presumably, for *o'er-silver'd*, in which case we might read *o'er-silver'd all with white*. For the comparison of white hair to silver see *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 65:

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in *silver*;

and *Hamlet*, i. 2. 242: "*A sable silver'd*."

30. XII. line 8: *with white and bristly BEARD*.—So *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 94, 95:

the green *corn*

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a *beard*.

For *wastes of time*, in line 10, cf. *waste of shame* in *Son.* cxxix. 1.

31. XIII. line 1: *O, that you were yourself!*—Would that you were absolute, independent of time, free from the conditions that fetter men.

32. XIII. lines 5, 6:

*So should that beauty which you hold in LEASE
Find no DETERMINATION.*

Lease implies a short time, as in *Son.* xviii. 4: "*summer's lease*," and in *Son.* cvii. 3: "*the lease of my true love*." Lord Campbell remarks: "*The word determination is always used by lawyers instead of end*" (*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, p. 101).

33. XIII. line 9: *Who lets so fair a HOUSE*.—See *Son.* x. 7.

34. XIII. line 14: *You HAD A FATHER*.—Dowden aptly compares *All's Well*, i. 1. 19, 20: "*This young gentleman had a father*,"—*O*, that '*had*' how sad a passage 't is!' From *Son.* iii. 9, 10, we saw that the friend's mother was still alive.

35. XIV. line 12: *If from thyself* to STORE THOU WOULDST CONVERT.—Store=stock; see note on Othello, iv. 3. 86, and cf. Son. xi. 9: "whom Nature hath not made for store;" and Son. lxxxiv. 3: "immured is the store." The following is from The Faithful Shepherdess, v. 3:

Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And willed that every living creature must
Beget his like.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. ii. p. 399.

Convert = turn, occurs frequently; see Son. xlix. 7; xi. 4; &c. Dowden notes that Daniel, Delia, xi., makes *convert* rhyme with *heart*.

36. XIV. line 14: *Thy end is . . . BEAUTY'S DOOM.*—So Venus and Adonis, 1019:

For he being dead, *with him is beauty slain*.

37. XV. line 3: *That this huge STAGE presenteth naught but SHOWS.*—For the same idea compare Lear, iv. 6. 187, and the famous passage in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 139-143, where see note. A dozen equally pointed illustrations might be quoted from Elizabethan poets. Malone read *state*, surely a most infelicitous change.

38. XV. lines 13, 14: *And, all in war, &c.*—There is a certain suggestion here of Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 169, 170:

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.

39. XVI. line 7: *would bear YOUR living flowers.*—Some editors read *you*; but the change is needless. For *unset* of *set* in *Pericles*, iv. 6. 92:

40. XVI. line 9: *the LINES of LIFE.*—He keeps up the idea of the picture and of his verse. *Lines of life* is used, perhaps, in a double sense: (1) true to the life; and (2) really living lines (*i.e.* children), opposed to mere lifeless verse, or the equally lifeless counterfeit.

41. XVI. line 10: *Which this, TIME'S PENCIL.*—Q. has *this* (*Times pensel* or *my pupil pen*).—*This* must refer to the picture; but how can a picture be said to be *time's pencil*? I can only suggest that the painting is regarded as marking the flight of time. Seeing a picture of some one which was painted long since we realize how the years have passed. Time has used the picture as a means of showing how the face has changed; the portrait has served in a way as "time's pencil." It has struck me—and I see that Mr. Gerald Massey had made the suggestion previously—that we should read *this time's pencil, i.e.* no painter of the present age could do you justice. *Time* was often used where we say *the times*. See Othello, note 210.

42. XVII.—Carries on the idea that his verse cannot really make his friend immortal; for in the first place his "pupil pen" fails to do justice to the subject; and, secondly, the better he writes the more will he be accused of exaggeration.

43. XVII. lines 3, 4:

*it is but as a TOMB
Which hides your life.*

Compare Son. lxxxiii. 12:

When others would give life, and *bring a tomb*.

44. XVII. line 8: *Such heavenly TOUCHES.*—*Touches* is a

vague word, equivalent, perhaps, to *traits*. Cf. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 27:

Some lively *touches* of my daughter's favour.

45. XVII. line 12: *And STRETCHED metre of an antique song.*—Everyone will recollect that Keats prefixed this line to *Endymion*.

46. XVIII. line 3: *Rough winds do shake the DARLING buds of May.*—For *darling* see Othello, i. 2. 68. Dowden compares Cymbeline, i. 3. 36, 37:

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shake all our buds from growing.

47. XVIII. lines 5, 6:

*the EYE of HEAVEN shines,
And often is his GOLD complexion dimm'd.*

For *eye of heaven* see Lucrece, 1088, with note. *Gold*, of course, is a purely conventional epithet; so "golden pilgrimage" in Son. vii. 8; and "golden face" in Son. xxxiii. 3.

48. XIX. line 1: *DEVOURING Time.*—So Spenser, Son. lvi. 11:

Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd.
—Globe ed. p. 582.

A reminiscence of Ovid's *edax vetustas*?

49. XIX. line 5: *as thou FLEETS.*—The Quarto has *fleet'st*; but the metre requires the change, and Shakespeare sometimes uses the 3rd person where strict grammar would require the 2nd. Cf. Son. viii. 7:

They do but sweetly chide *thee*, who *confounds*.

50. XX. line 5: *less false* in ROLLING.—Dowden compares The Faerie Queene, bk. iii. c. 1. st. 41:

Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly.

—Globe ed. p. 160.

We may remember Ulysses' criticism upon Cressida, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 55: "There's language in her eye." The next lines put briefly an idea which he develops at greater length in Son. cxiv. 4-8.

51. XX. line 7: *A man in hue, all hues in his controlling.*—The Quarto prints the line thus:

A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling;

and the capital letter and italics have led people to think that the verse contained a recondite reference to some one named Hughes or Hews. No doubt the offending monosyllable assumed its irregular form through a printer's whim. *Hue*=form, a quite common use of the word in Elizabethan verse; one instance may suffice:

He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carry under feigned *hue*.
—Faerie Queene, bk. i. c. i. st. xxvi. l. 9, Globe ed. p. 16.

Dowden prints the line:

A man in hue all hues in his controlling,

which seem to me a trifle incomprehensible. I would suggest:

A man in hue—all hues in his controlling;

i.e. I should take the last part of the line as a parenthesis, with the sense: "A man in form—and all forms are subject to his power (*controlling*) which steals, &c. Perhaps, however, *controlling* is the participle.

52. XXI. line 5: *Making a COUPLEMENT.*—So Malone. Q. has *coopelment*; Gildon, *complement*; Sewell (second ed.), *compliment*.

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53. XXI. line 8: *That heaven's AIR in this huge RONDURE hems.*—So King John, ii. 1. 259:

'Tis not the *rondure* of your old-fac'd walls.

Perhaps we ought to be consistent in the spelling of the word, though the Globe edition prints *rondure* here, and *rondure* in the line just quoted.

54. XXI. line 12: *As those gold CANDLES fix'd in heaven's air.*—Shakespeare has this image three times: Merchant of Venice, v. 220; Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 9; and Macbeth, ii. 1. 5. In their note on the last passage the Clarendon Press editors quote from Fairfax's Tasso, bk. ix. st. 10:

When *heaven's small candles* next shall shine;

and I can add another instance from Diella (by R. Linche?), XXX.:

He that can count the *candles of the sky*.

—Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 204.

In Othello, iii. 3. 463, he varies the phrase to "ever-burning lights." Milton's lines in Comus, 198–200 are worth noting:

the stars,
That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil.

Readers of Marlowe will remember how frequently he uses the same idea. See Bullen's ed. vol. ii. pp. 137, 158, 196.

55. XXI. lines 13, 14: *Let them say more, &c.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 240, 241:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise;

and for a still closer parallel, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1. 75–78; see note 223 to that play. *Like of*=like, as often in Shakespeare.

56. XXII. line 4: *my days should EXPIATE.*—That is, bring to an end. A curious use of the word, but paralleled by Richard III. iii. 3. 23: "the hour of death is *expiate*;" i.e. expired, which, indeed, is the reading of the Second Folio.

57. XXII. lines 6, 7:

my HEART,

Which in THY BREAST doth lie.

Compare Son. cix. 3, 4:

As easy might I from myself depart
As from *my soul*, which in *thy breast* doth lie;

and Son. cxxxiii. 9:

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward.

So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 826.

58. XXIII.—Intensity of love precludes its full expression.

59. XXIII. line 9: *O, let my BOOKS.*—That is, the MS. books in which the Sonnets were sent to his friend. *Looks* has been suggested. In line 12 there seems to be a reference to the rival poet.

60. XXIV.—My eyes have painted your image in my heart. In the last sonnet the eye hears: in this it plays the painter. For the antithesis—eye and heart—see Son. xlv. and xlvii. The imagery employed in this poem may be illustrated by a variety of passages in Elizabethan verse; perhaps it will be best to group some of these instances together. Constable writes—Diana, Son. v. of the first decade:

Thine eye, the glass where I behold my heart
Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye
May see my heart; and there myself espy
In bloody colours, how thou painted art;

and again in Son. ii. of the second decade:

So Love
Within my heart thy heavenly shape doth paint.
—Arber's English Garner, ii. pp. 231 and 234.

Again, Watson, in the Teares of Fancy, has:

My Mistress seeing her faire counterfeit
So sweetlie framed in my bleeding breast.
—See Arber's Reprint, pp. 201 and 208.

So Astrophel and Stella, xxxii. 13, 14:

But from thy heart
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.
—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 519.

And the anonymous author of Zepheria:

Not never shall that face, so fair depainted
Within the love-dimmed tablet of my heart.
—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 72.

In the first line the idea is developed quite simply: his eye=the painter; his heart=the canvas, or "table;" his body=the frame. But in lines 8–12 there seems to me to be some confusion. The eyes of A may be regarded as windows to the heart of A: it is a commonplace that the soul looks out through the eye. But how can the eyes of B serve as windows to the heart of A? At first one is inclined to read:

That hath his windows glazed with *mine* eyes;

only what follows make this impossible.

61. XXIV. lines 1, 2:

and hath STELL'D

Thy beauty's form in TABLE of my heart.

For *stell'd* cf. Lucrece, 1444.

To find a face where all distress is *stell'd*.

The Quarto has *steeld*. For *table* cf. "heart's table" in All's Well, i. 1. 106. Elsewhere *tables*=memorandum-book; e.g. Hamlet, i. 5. 107.

62. XXIV. line 4: *And PERSPECTIVE it is best painter's art.*—That is, the science of perspective. Others think that *perspective* means here, as in Richard II. ii. 2. 18, a peculiar kind of optical glass. This second interpretation would lead up to the idea of the next line, the eye being treated as a telescope through which to look into the heart. Perhaps some quibble is intended on the double meaning.

63. XXIV. line 5: *For THROUGH THE PAINTER must you see his skill.*—Said (1) literally: to see the picture painted in my heart you must look through my eye, the eye being the window of the heart; (2) metaphorically: to appreciate properly a painter's work you should regard it with the eyes of the painter himself.

64. XXIV. line 11: *WINDOWS to my BREAST.*—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 848:

Behold the *window of my heart*, *mine eye*.

Dekker writes: "The Head is a house built for Reason to dwell in . . . *The two Eyes are the glasse windowes*, at which light dispenses itself into every roome" (Dekker's Prose Works, Huth Library, vol. ii. 224). We

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often find the eyelid called the window of the eye; e.g. in Venus and Adonis, 482:

Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth;

in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 100: "thy *eyes' windows* fall;" and in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 21, 22:

canopied

Under these *windows*, white and azure, lac'd.

So, to go outside Shakespeare, Sidney writes in Astrophel and Stella, xcix. 5, 6:

With *windows ope* then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness.

—Arber's English Garner, i. p. 552;

and Diella, xxiv., may be quoted:

When leaden-hearted sleep had shut mine *eyes*,
And close o'er-drawn their *windowlets* of light.

—Arber's English Garner, vii. p. 302.

65. XXV. line 5: *Great PRINCES' FAVOURITES*.—Dowden well compares Much Ado, iii. 1. 9, 10:

like to *favourites*,

Made proud by princes.

66. XXV. line 6: *But as the MARIGOLD at the SUN'S EYE*.—Shakespeare is alluding to the garden marigold, whose petals open or close as the sun is shining or not. For similar references cf. The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 105, 106; Lucrece, 397-399; and Cymbeline, ii. 3. 26, 27, where the flower is called *Mary-buds*. It was evidently a favourite with the Elizabethan poets. Day in his Parliament of Bees, Character i. line 6, speaks of "sun-loving marigolds." So Chapman in Hero and Leander, Fifth Sestiad, 464, 465:

Now the bright *marigolds* . . .
Phœbus' celestial flower.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 88;

and Middleton in the Spanish Gipsy, iv. 1:

You the *sun* with her must play,
She to you the *marigold*.

—Mermaid ed. of Middleton, p. 421;

and England's Helicon:

The pansy or the *marigold*
Are *Phœbus' paramours*.

—Bullen's ed. p. 33;

and Watson's Teares of Fancy:

The *marigold* so likes the lovely *sun*,
That when he setteth the other hides her face.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 45.

67. XXV. line 8: *For at a FROWN*.—So Cymbeline, iv. 2. 264:

Fear no more the *frowns o' the great*.

68. XXV. line 9: *famoused for FIGHT*.—Q. has *worth*, which Theobald first changed to *fight*. If *worth* were retained he proposed to read "razed *forth*" in line 11.

69. XXVI.—This sonnet bears a very curious resemblance to the dedication of Lucrece, a fact which has been taken as an argument that the Sonnets, like Lucrece, were addressed to the Earl of Southampton. Lord Campbell speaks of the poem as "a love-letter, in the language of a vassal doing homage to his liege-lord" (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 101).

70. XXVII.—Always are you present with me; cf. Son. lxi. This (xxvii.) and the following sonnet are evidently written during some journey. With Son. xxviii. compare in part Astrophel and Stella, lxxxix. (Arber's English Garner, i. p. 547).

71. XXVII. line 2: *with TRAVEL tir'd*.—Q. has *travaill*; the 1640 ed. *travaille*.

72. XXVII. line 6: *INTEND a zealous pilgrimage to thee*.—*Intend*=pursue; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 200, 201: Caesar through Syria

Intends his journey.

73. XXVII. line 11: *like a JEWEL hung in ghastly NIGHT*.—Referring to the idea that some stones could be seen in the dark; cf. Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 227-229:

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine;

and Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 47, 48. So Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 240:

Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 33.

74. XXVIII. line 9: *I tell the day*, &c.—Dowden reads: I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright.

75. XXVIII. line 12: *When sparkling stars TWIRE not*.—*Twire*=peep, twinkle. There is no need to alter the reading; for *twire*, cf. Ben Jonson, Sad Shepherd, ii. 1: "Which maids will *twire* at" (Routledge's ed. p. 490).

76. XXVIII. line 14: *grief's LENGTH seem stronger*.—Most editors print "grief's *strength*," and this, no doubt, is the more obvious reading. Still, I think the text of the Quarto makes sense. One aspect of his grief is associated with the day, another with the night. In the day he is struck by the long persistence of his pain, in the night he feels the keenness of a sorrow which even in sleeping hours robs him of rest.

77. XXIX. line 6: *FEATUR'D like him*.—So Much Ado, iii. 1. 60: "how rarely *featur'd*."

78. XXIX. line 12: *SINGS hymns at HEAVEN'S GATE*.—Compare, of course, Cymbeline, ii. 3. 21:

Hark, hark! the *lark at heaven's gate sings*.

Lilly, as everyone knows, had already written in his Campaspe, v. 1:

who is't now we heare?

None but the *larke* so shrill and cleare;
How at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morne not waking till she sings.

—Fairholt's Lilly, vii. p. 139.

79. XXX.—The past, with all its sorrows, is forgotten when he thinks of his friend. For *sessions*, in line 1, cf. Othello, iii. 3. 140, where, however, the singular *session* is pretty certainly right. The word occurs in Edward III. ii. 2:

When, to the great Star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal *sessions* calls to count
This pucking evil.

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 30.

80. XXX. line 5: *Then can I drown an eye, UNUS'D TO FLOW*.—Not unlike Othello, v. 2. 348, 349:

whose subdu'd *eyes*,

Albeit *unused* to the melting mood.

81. XXXI.—Continuing to some extent the idea of the last sonnet. All his dead friends are, as it were, summed up, represented, reproduced in his living friend.

82. XXXI. line 5: *a holy and OBSEQUIOUS tear*.—So Son. cxxv. 9:

No, let me be *obsequious* in thy heart;

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the sense being *dutiful*. Dowden says *funereal*; for which compare "*obsequious* sorrow" in Hamlet, i. 2. 92. We have *obsequiously* in Richard III. i. 2. 3:

Whilst I awhile *obsequiously* lament.

83. XXXI. line 8: *that hidden in THREE lie*.—For *thee* the Quarto has *there*.

84. XXXII.—From his dead friends he passes to the thought of his own death. If his friend survives he must not forget Shakespeare; he must read these Sonnets, though other poets may then write better. In line 3 "by fortune . . . re-survey" suggests that the poems were not to be published.

85. XXXII. line 10: *grown with THIS GROWING AGE*.—Cf. Son. lxxxii. 8:

Some fresher stamp of the *time-bettering* days;

and xxxviii. 13: "these *curious* days."

86. XXXII. line 14: *Theirs for their style I'll read, &c.*—The line is not unsuggestive of Pope's couplet on Cowley.

87. XXXIII. line 3: *Kissing with golden face*.—For somewhat parallel passages cf. King John, iii. 1. 77–80; and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 391–393. Milton speaks of "the arch-chemic sun" (Paradise Lost, iii. 609).

88. XXXIII. line 12: *The REGION cloud*.—*Region* is used in one other passage as an adjective, Hamlet, ii. 2. 606, "the *region* kites," where the Clarendon Press editors note that Shakespeare uses the word to denote the air generally.

89. XXXIII. line 14: *Suns of the world may STAIN*.—*Stain*=be eclipsed, or grow dim. Used transitively and intransitively; cf. Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 48; and Venus and Adonis, note 7. The word occurs several times in Barnes' Parthenophil and Parthenophe; e.g. Son. i.:

And *stain* in glorious loveliness the fairest;

and Son. lv.:

Nymphs, which in beauty mortal creatures *stain*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. pp. 339, 372.

90. XXXIV. line 4: *in their ROTTEN smoke*.—*Rotten*=damp, vapourish; cf. Lucrece, 778:

With *rotten* damps ravish the morning air.

So Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 1, 2.

91. XXXIV. line 12: *the strong offence's CROSS*.—The Quarto has *losse*, a repetition, no doubt, of line 10. What the real word was could be easily conjectured from Son. xlii. 10–13. Moreover, *bear no cross* occurs (with a quibble) in As You Like It, ii. 4. 12.

92. XXXV. line 8: *Excusing THY sins more than THY sins are*.—The Quarto prints each *thy* as *their*. The sense of the line seems to me to be this: making thy sins more excusable than they really are; but *excusing* is curious. Dowden remarks: "Staunton proposes 'more than thy sins *bear*,' i.e. I bear more sins than thine." Surely there is something wrong; *bear* would naturally mean, "more than thy sins allow."

93. XXXV. line 9: *to thy sensual fault I BRING IN SENSE*.—That is, I make the fault appear sensible, reasonable; in fact, I excuse it. Possibly by *bring in* he may mean,

"bring in as an advocate; sense, which should be your adversary ('thy adverse party'), pleads your cause." I certainly think that *adverse party* refers to *sense* in the previous line, the verse being introduced as a parenthesis, and not to Shakespeare. Malone made the stupid suggestion *bring incense*.

94. XXXVI.—Dwells on the social difference that separates Shakespeare and his friend. It is really a continuation of the previous sonnet, since here he explains and justifies his friend's falling away and absence.

95. XXXVI. lines 9, 10:

I may not EVERMORE acknowledge thee,

Lest my BEWAILED GUILT should do thee shame.

Possibly *evermore* hints at the fact that as his friend grows older they will be more kept apart by the "separable (=separating) spite" of their lives. The reference in *bewailed guilt* is obscure: perhaps he alludes to the disgrace still attaching to him from his connection with the stage; perhaps the words refer to the incidents in his life of which he speaks in the "dark woman" series of Sonnets.

96. XXXVI. lines 13, 14: *But do not so, &c.*—Repeated in Son. xcvi.

97. XXXVII. line 3: *made LAME by FORTUNE's dearest SPITE*.—Compare "the *spite of fortune*" in Son. xc. 3. *Made lame*, as Qq. in Lear, iv. 6. 225, where, however, the Folios read *tame to*. As to the question—How was Shakespeare lame?—discussion were dangerous; that way, as Mr. Swinburne has shown, madness lies. Compare Son. lxxxix. 3:

Speak of my *lame*ness, and I straight will halt.

98. XXXVII. line 7: *ENTITLED in THY parts do crowned sit*.—I think *entitled*=in full legal possession, i.e. having a good title to. The Quarto reads *their*, of which I can make nothing.

99. XXXVIII.—Contrast Son. ciii.; also, in part, Son. lxxxiii.

100. XXXVIII. line 10: *Than those old NINE which rhymers invoke*.—So Sidney writes in Astrophel and Stella, iii.:

Let dainty wits cry on the *sisters nine*.

—Arber's English Garner, i. p. 504.

Compare, too, what Biron says in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 404–410.

101. XXXIX. line 2: *the BETTER PART OF ME*.—So Son. lxxiv. 8:

My spirit is thine, *the better part of me*.

It is like Horace's *animæ dividium meæ*. To some extent the sonnet is an echo of Son. xxxvi.

102. XXXIX. line 11: *To ENTERTAIN the TIME*.—*Entertain*=pass; cf. Lucrece, 1361:

The weary *time* she cannot *entertain*.

103. XL.—This and the two following sonnets are connected with the "dark woman" series. "Love's *wrong*" in line 12 is repeated in "Those pretty *wrong*s" of Son. xli.

104. XL. line 9: *thy robbery, GENTLE THIEF*.—Compare *sweet thief* in Son. xxxv. 14.

105. XLI. lines 5, 6: *Gentle thou art, &c.*—Compare I.

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Henry VI. v. 3. 77, 78; Richard III. i. 2. 228, 229; Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 82, 83, where see note. Probably there was some proverb on the subject.

106. XLI. line 12: *a twofold TRUTH*.—*Truth*=allegiance or duty. By *twofold* is meant the duty of the "dark woman" to Shakespeare, and the duty of the friend to Shakespeare.

107. XLII. line 12: *lay on me this CROSS*.—See note on Son. xxxiv. 12.

108. XLIII.—Sonnets xliii. xliv. and xlv. are all written during absence; xlv. is obviously a continuation of xliv.

109. XLIII. line 2: *they view things UNRESPECTED*.—*Un-respected*=seen but not distinguished; cf. Venus and Adonis, 911:

Full of *respects*, yet naught at all *respecting*.

110. XLIV. line 1: *If the DULL SUBSTANCE of my FLESH*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 64: "this muddy vesture of decay;" cf. too, Hamlet, i. 2. 129.

111. XLIV. line 8: *As soon as think*.—Is not this awkward? At least it would be simpler if the text stood:

Soon as he thinks the place where he would be.

112. XLV. line 1: *The OTHER TWO*.—That is, *elements*. It was an old theory that a man is composed of four elements—earth, water, fire, and air. Shakespeare alludes to it in Julius Caesar, v. 5. 73, 74; Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 10, see note 83 to that play; Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 292; and Henry V. iii. 7. 22, 23, note 190. In the last-mentioned passage and in Antony and Cleopatra, as in this sonnet, air and fire are taken as the type of lightness; so Drayton said of Marlowe:

his raptures were
All *air* and *fire*, which made his verses clear.

Outside Shakespeare many references might be given; e.g. The White Devil, v. 6:

Whether I resolve to *fire*, *earth*, *water*, *air*,
Or all the *elements*.

—Webster and Tourneur, in Mermaid ed. p. 118; and Barnes' Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Son. xlv.:

How can I live in mind or body's health,
When all four *elements* my grief conspire.

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 384.

See Spenser, Son. lv. Globe ed. p. 581; and Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 332.

113. XLVI.—Compare Son. xliv. and Son. xlvii. There is a long note on the legal aspect of this poem in Lord Campbell's Legal Acquirements, pp. 102, 103. As to the antithesis *eye and heart*, it appears to have been a favourite conceit with sonnet-writers. It would take too much space to illustrate this statement by quotation; see, however, Constable's Diana, Son. vii. of Sixth Decade, Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 254; and Watson's Passionate Centurie, pp. 181, 182, and 188 in Arber's Reprint.

114. XLVI. line 10: *A QUEST of thoughts*.—*Quest*=jury, as in Richard III. i. 4. 189; cf. too, an anonymous poem in Tottel's Miscellany:

And if I were the forman of the *quest*
To geue a verdicte of her beauty bright.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 215.

So Hamlet, v. 1. 24.

115. XLVI. line 13: *mine EYE'S DUE is thy OUTWARD part*.—Compare what he said in Son. xxiv. 13, 14.

116. XLVII. line 3: *famish'd for a look*.—So Son. lxxxv. 10: "clean starved for a look." Dowden quotes Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 88:

Whilst I at home *starve* for a merry *look*.

117. XLVII. line 6: *And to the painted BANQUET bids my heart*.—Properly *banquet* meant what we should call the dessert after a meal, and not the meal itself; cf. As You Like It, ii. 5. 65: "his *banquet* is prepar'd;" and see the Clarendon Press note on Macbeth, i. 4. 56. The strict use of the word is well illustrated by a passage in Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 3:

'T is strange, how that we and the Spaniard differ;
Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner.

—Tauchnitz ed. of Doubtful Plays, p. 109.

118. XLVIII.—Written during travel; so Son. i. li.

119. XLVIII. line 11: *the gentle CLOSURE of my BREAST*.—See note on Venus and Adonis, 782. With line 14 cf. Venus and Adonis, 724.

120. XLIX. line 4: *by advis'd RESPECTS*.—*Respect* often implies fear of making an error; deliberate calculation of consequences; cf. Lucrece, 275: "*Respect* and reason." The idea of the couplet is, that the time will come for closing the account of their friendship.

121. XLIX. line 12: *the lawful reasons ON THY PART*.—That is, on your side; cf. Son. lxxxviii. 6:

Upon thy part I can set down a story.

To make the rhyme with *desert* in line 10 less awkward the Quartos read *desart*.

122. L. lines 5, 6:

The BEAST that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods DULLY on.

It is all a metaphor, says the ever-felicitous Mr. Fleay; any one can see that the "dull bearer" (next sonnet, line 2) is Pegasus. And on this theory who—Oh! who?—would have the heart to comment? For *dully* the Quarto has *duly*; the correction is certain; cf. "dull bearer," "dull flesh," in Son. li.

123. LI. line 7: *MOUNTED ON the WIND*.—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 95:

Her worth, being *mounted on the wind*;

and Cymbeline, iii. 4. 37, 38:

whose breath

Rides on the posting winds.

So also II. Henry IV. Induction 4.

124. LI. line 11: *Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race*.—I think this is preferable to the reading adopted by the Globe editors:

Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race.

125. LII. line 4: *FOR blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure*.—*For*=for fear of. The sentiment is developed at greater length in Son. cii.; cf. especially line 12:

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

126. LII. line 5: *Therefore are FEASTS, &c.*—The editors compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 57-59:

and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, *showed like a feast*
And won by rareness such solemnity.

So in Montaigne's essays, The Two and Fortieth Chapter, on Inequality, we read: "*Feasts, banquets, revels . . . rejoyce them that but seldom see them . . . the taste of which becommeth cloyesome and unpleasing to these that daily see and ordinarily have them*" (Stott's reprint, vol. ii. p. 239).

127. LII. line 8: *Or CAPTAIN jewels in the CARCANET.*—*Captain* = chief; cf. Son. lxvi. 12, and perhaps Timon of Athens, iii. 5. 49. The *carcanet* was a sort of necklace, apparently a favourite kind of ornament, as it is so often mentioned. Here are some passages where the word occurs. The City Madam, iv. 4:

Your borrow'd hair
Your *carcanets*
That did adorn your neck,
—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 449;

The London Prodigal, i. 2: "I bespoke thee, Luce, a *carcanet* of gold" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 299); Hero and Leander, Third Sestiad, 102:

He said, 'Sec, sister, Hero's *Carquenet*;
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 44.

See Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 4.

128. LII. line 14: *Being had, to triumph, &c.*—Blessed are you who make it possible ("whose worthiness gives scope") that, when you are present I should triumph: when you are absent, I should look forward to seeing you.

129. LIII. line 7: *On HELEN'S CHEEK.*—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 153, 154:

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty.

130. LIII. line 9: *and FOISON of the year.*—*Foison* is from the Low Latin *fusio*; French *foison*. Shakespeare has the singular in the Tempest, iv. 1. 110:

Earth's increase, *foison* plenty;

also same play, ii. 1. 163: "all *foison*, all abundance;" and the plural in Macbeth, iv. 3. 88:

Scotland hath *foisons* to fill up your will.

Compare a lyric by Drayton in England's Helicon:

Court of seasoned words hath *foison*.
—Bullen's ed. p. 37.

131. LIV. line 5: *The CANKER-BLOOMS.*—See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 14.

132. LIV. line 8: *their masked buds DISCLOSES.*—So Hamlet, i. 3. 39, 40:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be *disclos'd*,

where *buttons* = buds, F. *boutons*.

133. LV. line 9: *and ALL-OBLIVIOUS enmity.*—*Oblivious* = which causes to be forgotten; in Macbeth, v. 3. 43, it has the other sense, viz. causing to forget: "some sweet *oblivious* antidote." Compare Milton's "*oblivious pool*," Paradise Lost, bk. i. 266. Milton probably remembered the Latin *obliviosus*, as in Horace's "*oblivioso pocula Massico*."

134. LVI. line 8: *with a perpetual DULLNESS.*—Dowden

suggests that *dullness* = drowsiness, in which case we may remember Troilus and Cressida, iv. 2. 4, where sleep is said to *kill* the eyes, though Pope thought that we ought to read *fill*.

135. LVI. line 13: *Or call it winter.*—Q. reads *As. Else* has been proposed.

136. LVII.—I must depend on your wish to be with me or not. The thought is carried on in the following sonnet.

137. LVII. line 5: *the WORLD-WITHOUT-END hour.*—So Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 798, 799:

A time, methinks, too short
To make a *world-without-end* bargain in.

138. LVII. line 13: *that in your WILL.*—*Will* is spelt in the Quarto with a capital W; possibly, therefore, some such pun was intended as we afterwards have in Son. cxxxv. and cxxxvi. *In your Will* would then mean "in the case of your Will" (i.e. Shakespeare); as the text stands the sense must be: whatever your will and pleasure, love can think no ill of it.

139. LVIII. line 6: *Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty.*—The antithesis is between *imprison'd* and *liberty*: your absence is liberty to you, and, as it were, a very prison to me.

140. LVIII. line 7: *tame to SUFFERANCE.*—*To* may = to the verge of; in which case *sufferance* must = great forbearance, as in the Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 111:

For *sufferance* is the badge of all our tribe.

Or the sense may be, tame to endure sufferance, i.e. suffering; cf. Lear, iii. 6. 113:

But then the mind much *sufferance* doth o'erskip.

141. LVIII. line 13: *though waiting so be HELL.*—Compare Son. cxx. 6: "you've pass'd a *hell* of time;" and Lucrece, 1287:

And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*.

142. LIX.—The sonnet stands by itself, unconnected with what precedes and follows. At times there is a suggestion of the language of Son. cvi.

143. LIX. line 8: *Since mind at first in character was done!*—That is, since thought was first expressed in writing.

144. LIX. line 11: *Whether we are mended, or WHÆR better they.*—The Cambridge editors read:

Whether we are mended, or *whether* better they;

but the Quarto prints the second *whether* as *where*. Either way the word will be a monosyllable, as is so often the case in Elizabethan verse.

145. LIX. line 12: *Or whether revolution be the same.*—Whether time in its course produces the same things, same qualities, same kinds of men, &c.

146. LX.—Returning to the idea developed in Son. lii. and lv., and previously in Son. xvi. xvii. &c., that his verse will confer immortality on his friend—*non omnis morietur*.

147. LX. line 9: *the FLOURISH set on youth.*—For *flourish* = ornament, cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 91. In the next verse *parallets* = lines; so Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 167, 168:

as near as the extremest ends
Of *parallets*.

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148. LXI. line 7: *and IDLE HOURS in me*.—Dowden compares the Dedication to Venus and Adonis: "I vow to take advantage of all *idle hours*."

149. LXII.—What of good and deserving there lies in me is you, not myself; not of my own possession, but of your giving. "Tis thee, myself [*i.e.* who art myself], that for myself [*i.e.* as if myself] I praise."

150. LXII. line 1: *Sin of SELF-LOVE*.—Compare The Faithful Shepherdess, iv. 4:

Dearer than thou canst *love thyself*, though all
The *self-love* were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. ii. p. 383.

So Son. iii. 8, and, to some extent, Venus and Adonis, 157-160.

151. LXII. line 8: *As I ALL OTHER*.—So Chapman uses *other* some in Hero and Leander, Fifth Sestiad, 387 (Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 85).

152. LXII. line 10: *BEATED and CHOPP'D with tann'd antiquity*.—Collier proposed *beaten*, though *beated* is a quite possible form; and Steevens, *blasted*. Malone suggested *bated* (cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 3. 32), and Dowden remarks: "The word *tann'd* led me to turn to the article 'Leather' in Chambers' Encyclopædia, where I met the following passage: 'Hides or skins intended for dressing purposes . . . have to be submitted to a process called *bating*.'" The coincidence is curious; but *beated* need not be changed. For *chopp'd* Dyce would read *chapp'd*; cf. Julius Caesar, i. 2. 246, "clapp'd their *chapp'd* hands." In Macbeth, i. 3. 44, editors vary between *chappy* and *choppy*.

153. LXII. line 14: *PAINTING my AGE with BEAUTY of thy days*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 244:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born.

154. LXIII.—Son. lxi. takes up the last sonnet: there he was "Beated and choppy'd with tann'd antiquity;" here he contemplates the time when his friend will be "crush'd and o'erworn" (cf. Venus and Adonis, 135).

155. LXIII. line 9: *For such a time do I now FORTIFY*.—That is, take measures. Compare Daniel's Delia, Son. 1.:

These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That *fortify* thy name against old age.

—Arber's English Garner, iii. p. 616.

156. LXIII. line 13: *His beauty shall in these BLACK lines be seen*.—So Son. lxxv. 14:

That in *black ink* my love may still shine bright.

Is there possibly a quibble on the idea of dark complexions?

157. LXIV.—This and the following sonnet dwell upon the invincibility of Time. We may note how here, and indeed usually when developing this idea, Shakespeare employs purely conventional imagery—"brass eternal," "gates of steel," just as though he remembered his Horace and Ovid, and were content to echo them.

158. LXIV. line 2: *The rich-proud COST of outworn buried age*.—*Cost*=that on which money is spent; so II. Henry IV. i. 3. 60:

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created *cost*.

159. LXIV. line 5: *When I have seen*.—The editors compare II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 45-51.

160. LXV. line 10: *Shall Time's best jewel from Time's CHEST lie hid?*—That is, the best jewel ever brought forth from Time's chest. Theobald ingeniously proposed *quest*; but compare for the present image Son. lli. 8, 9, and Richard II. i. 1. 180.

161. LXVI. line 1: *Ti'd with all THESE*.—*These* refers to the ills which he proceeds to recount. It has been pointed out that the pessimism of the poem is strongly suggestive of Hamlet's soliloquies. Compare in particular Hamlet, iii. 1. 70-74; we may recollect also Lucrece, 904-910.

162. LXVI. line 9: *And ART made tongue-tied by AUTHORITY*.—"Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?" (Dowden). *Tongue-tied*, as in Son. lxxxv. *Art* in Shakespeare often = the arts.

163. LXVII. line 4: *And LACE itself with his society*.—*Lace*=adorn, as in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 22, 23:

white and azure, *laced*
With blue of heaven's own tinct;

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 118:

His silver skin *laced* with his golden blood.

In Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 8, the sense is not so clear.

164. LXVII. line 6: *And steal DEAD SEEING of his living hue*.—*Dead seeing*=the lifeless semblance of beauty. But might we not read:

And steal, *dead-seeing*, of his living hue?

That is, itself dead seeing, *i.e.* looking dead; *steal of* would = steal part of, or steal from. For *seeing* Capell conjectured *seeming*. In the next line *indirectly*=wrongfully; so Henry V. ii. 4. 94; and *indirection* in Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 75.

165. LXVIII. line 3: *Before these bastard signs of fair were BORN*.—Q. has *borne*, which Malone retained, in the sense of worn; but line 4 would then be a mere repetition of line 3. Moreover, as Dowden notes, *bastard* suggests the idea of birth.

166. LXVIII. line 5: *Before the golden TRESSES of the DEAD*.—We have the same reference in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 144; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 259; and Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 92-96.

167. LXVIII. lines 13, 14: *And him as for a map, &c.*—A variation on the last couplet of the preceding sonnet.

168. LXIX.—In close connection with the last sonnet. There he spoke of his friend's beauty; here and in Son. lxx. he shows how that beauty was bound to arouse envy and scandal.

169. LXIX. line 3: *All TONGUES, the VOICE of SOULS, give thee that DUE*.—So in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 82, and again in Venus and Adonis, 307, the tongue is described as "the engine of her thoughts." For *due* the Quarto has *end*; no doubt an accidental repetition of the *end* in *mend*, line 2.

170. LXIX. line 14: *The SOIL is this*.—*Soil*=blemish, as in Hamlet, i. 3. 15, the sense being: the fault which prevents your odour (keeping up the metaphor of last lines) from matching your show is the fact that you grow

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common. The Cambridge editors say: "as the verb 'to soil' is not uncommon in Old English, meaning 'to solve,' . . . so the substantive 'soil' may be used in the sense of 'solution.'" Q. has *solye*, and Dyce reads *solve*.

171. LXX. line 2: *For SLANDER'S MARK*.—A thought which one meets in various forms. Compare Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 285, 286:

Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot.
—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 16;

and Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 197, 198:

back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.

In the same way greatness, we are reminded, is scandal's mark, for

Kings are clouts that every man shoots at.
—Tamburlaine, part I. ii. 4. 8 (Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 37).

Sophocles had long before said: "Yea, point thine arrow at a noble spirit, and thou shalt not miss" (Ajax, 154, 155). As to the inevitableness of calumny we may remember Hamlet's words, iii. 1. 140.

172. LXX. line 6: *being woo'd of TIME*.—I think this means, "being tempted by your youth." Compare what is said in line 9:

Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of *young days*.

We may remember, too, Son. xli. 3, 4, especially line 4:

For still temptation follows where thou art.

Dowden explains it to mean, "being solicited or tempted by the present times." An obvious alteration is "*woo'd oft-time*." Staunton proposed "*woo'd of crime*." No change, however, is necessary.

173. LXX. line 12: *To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd*.—I borrow Professor Dowden's note. "Professor Hales writes to me: Surely a reference here to the Faerie Queene, end of bk. vi. Calidore ties up the Blatent Beast; after a time he breaks his iron chain, 'and got into the world at liberty again;' *i. e.* is evermore enlarged."

174. LXXI.—Forget me when I am dead. We may contrast Son. xxxiii. and lxxiv.

175. LXXI. line 2: *the surly SULLEN BELL*.—So II. Henry IV. i. 1. 102:

Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*.

Cf., too, "*sullen dirges*" in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 88.

176. LXXI. line 10: *COMPOUND'ED am WITH CLAY*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 116: "*compound me with forgotten dust*," and Hamlet's "*dead and turn'd to clay*" (v. 1. 236).

177. LXXII. line 5: *some VIRTUOUS LIE*.—Did Shakespeare know of Plato's *γενναῖον ψεύδος* or Horace's *splendide mendax*? Webster in the Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2, has:

I must now accuse you
Of such a feign'd crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a *noble lie*.

—Webster and Tournour in Mermaid ed. p. 181.

178. LXXII. line 13: *For I am sham'd by THAT WHICH I BRING FORTH*.—These sonnets or his plays?

179. LXXIII.—Carrying on from Son. lxxi. and lxxii. the idea of his own death. For the metaphor worked out in

the first lines the editors compare Cymbeline, iii. 3. 60-64; and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 263-266.

180. LXXIII. line 4: *Bare RUIN'D choirs*.—The right reading was first given in the edition of 1640. The Quarto has *ruin'd quiers*.

181. LXXIII. lines 7, 8:

black NIGHT . . .

DEATH'S SECOND SELF.

Sleep is the "ape of death" in Cymbeline, ii. 2. 31; the "brother to death" in Daniel's Delia, Son. xlix. (Arber's English Garner, vol. iii. p. 616); the "brother of quiet death" in Griffin's Fidessa, Son. xv. (Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 598); "death's twin-brother" in Tennyson's In Memoriam, canto lxxviii.; and in Sir Thomas Browne's treatise on Dreams.

182. LXXIV. lines 1, 2:

when that FELL ARREST
Without all BAIL.

Dowden aptly refers to Hamlet, v. 2. 347, 348:

this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest.

Without all bail is said in allusion to the legal phrase *without bail and mainprize*=a summary form of arrest. Cf. the English Traveller, iv. 4:

But speak, runs it

Both *without bail and main prize*.

—Heywood's Plays in Mermaid Series, p. 215.

183. LXXIV. lines 10, 11:

The PREY of WORMS, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a WRETCH's KNIFE.

So Son. lxxi. 3, 4:

fed

From this vile world, *with vilest worms to dwell*.

On line 11 Dowden has a curious note: "Does Shakespeare merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe's death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to the dissection of dead bodies? Or is it 'confounding age's cruel knife' of lxxii. 1. 10?" Surely the last alternative is the only feasible one. Cf. in addition to Son. lxxii. Son. c. 13, 14:

Give my love fame faster than *Time* wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked *knife*.

All through we have these purely conventional touches.

184. LXXIV. lines 13, 14: *The worth of that, &c.*—The good element in the body is that which it (the body) contains; what it contains is the spirit, and his verse is that spirit.

185. LXXV. line 13.—*Thus do I PINE and SURFEIT day by day*.—So Venus and Adonis, 602:

Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;

Where, however, *pine* is transitive.

186. LXXVI.—If what I write is always the same the reason is clear: I always write about you. Compare Son. cv. and cviii.

187. LXXVI. line 4: *To new-found methods, &c.*—A refer-

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ence to contemporary poets. Dowden compares Astrophel and Stella, 3:

Let dainty wits crie on the Sisters nine.
Ennobling *new-found* tropes with problemes old,
Or with strange similes enrich each line.

188. LXXVI. line 7: *doth almost TELL*.—The Quarto has *fel*.

189. LXXVI. line 11: *So all my best is DRESSING old words new*.—Compare Son. cxiii. 4: "*dressings* of a former sight;" where the sense, as here, is reproductions.

190. LXXVII.—Apparently the sonnet was written to accompany the present of a manuscript volume from Shakespeare to his friend. As I understand the poem, the writer says three things: 1. Look in your glass and you will see how your beauty fades; 2. Look at your dial and you will realize how time flies; 3. Write your thoughts from time to time in the "vacant leaves" (or "waste blanks") of this volume, and then, reading over what you have written, you will realize the change which has gone on in your own nature and character; you will "take a new acquaintance" of your mind. Thus you will appreciate the double change, outward and inward, that has taken place in yourself.

191. LXXVII. line 4: *And of this book THIS LEARNING mayst thou taste*.—That is, the learning that time flies. I cannot understand Dowden's idea that the line may be "suggested by the fact that Shakspeare is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you learning; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them." Why "*this learning*"?

192. LXXVII. line 6: *OF MOUTHED GRAVES*.—So "*mouthed wounds*" in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 97.

193. LXXVII. line 10: *Commit to these waste BLANKS*.—Theobald corrected the Quarto, which had *blacks*.

194. LXXVIII. line 3: *hath'GOT MY USE*.—That is, caught my tricks of style; or perhaps, imitated my habit of writing poems to you.

195. LXXVIII. line 9: *that which I COMPILE*.—*Compile* = compose, write; so Son. lxxxv. 2, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 52. Compare Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 128, 129.

And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires. —Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 10.

The Steel Glass is described on the title-page as "A Satyre *Complied* by George Gascoigne Esquiere" (Arber's Reprint, p. 41); and Watson uses the word in the same sense (Watson's poems, Arber's ed. p. 36). *Arts* in line 12 means learning, scholarship; cf. Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 2, and *arts-man* in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 85.

196. LXXX.—A continuation practically of Son. lxxviii. and lxxix; he is jealous of the rival poet. As to this "better spirit," see Introduction, p. 64.

197. LXXX. line 7: *My saucy bark*, &c.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 34-42.

198. LXXX. line 11: *Or, being WRECK'D*.—Q. has *wrackt*.

199. LXXXI. line 12: *the BREATHERS of THIS WORLD*.—*This world* must = this present age. For *breather* cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 24.

200. LXXXI. line 14: *even IN THE MOUTHS OF MEN*.—This is like Ennius' "*Volito vivus per ora virum*."

201. LXXXII. line 3: *The DEDICATED WORDS which writers use*.—The sense is, you may without doing wrong read over the dedications of writers who address their books to you. Such pieces of flattery as are here hinted at Shakespeare refers to in Timon of Athens, i. 1. 19, 20:

You're rapt, sir, in some work, some *dedication*
To the great lord.

202. LXXXII. line 8: *the TIME-BETTERING days*.—Compare "this growing age" in Son. xxxii. 10; and Pericles, Prologue to act i. 11, 12:

these latter times,
When wit's more ripe.

203. LXXXII. line 11: *truly SYMPATHIZ'D*.—Perhaps sympathetically expressed; or, answered, replied to; cf. Lucrece, 1112, 1113:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
When with like semblance it is *sympathiz'd*.

So Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 52.

204. LXXXII. lines 13, 14: *And their gross painting*, &c.—For the rhyme in this couplet Dowden compares Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 226, 227.

205. LXXXIII. line 1: *I never saw that you did PAINTING need*.—Repeating, obviously, the last couplet of the preceding sonnet—"And their gross painting," &c. Son. lxxxiv. lxxxv. lxxxvi. all turn upon the same idea—that Shakespeare will leave it to others to praise his friend.

206. LXXXIII. lines 11, 12: *For I impair not*, &c.—See Son. ci.; and with the expression "would give life, and bring a tomb" compare Son. xvii. 1-4.

207. LXXXIV. lines 3, 4:

the STORE

Which should EXAMPLE where your equal grew.

Referring to the idea that his friend should marry and so in his children hand on a proof and sign of his own beauty. For *store* see Son. xiv. 12. *Example* as in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 85:

I will *example* it.

208. LXXXIV. line 11: *And such a COUNTERPART shall FAME his wit*.—*Counterpart* = exact reproduction. *Fame* = make famous; cf. *infamelize* in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 684; and Marvel, Appleton House:

From that blest bed the hero came
Whom France and Poland yet does *fame*.

—Works, iii. p. 207.

209. LXXXIV. line 14: *Being FOND ON praise*.—There is no need to change to the more usual *fond of*; cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 266:

More *fond* on her than she upon her love.

210. LXXXV. lines 3, 4:

RESERVE THEIR CHARACTER with GOLDEN QUILL,
And PRECIOUS phrase by all the Muses FIL'D.

What *reserve* their character means I do not know. According to Malone, *reserve* = preserve, which does not help us much. Can the sense be "become immortal"? as though that which is well written can never lose its freshness, must always be of the same value and interest. Dowden suggests *deserve*, i.e. they deserve to be written.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

Euripides had long before said in the *Medea*, 516-520, that spurious gold all can tell, but on the body of the evil man no stamp is set whereby to know him.

227. XCIII. line 13: *EVE'S apple*.—Q. reads *Eaves* in italics.

228. XCIV.—From those who are cold, self-centred, self-contained, we expect the highest perfection. They set up a lofty standard and must abide by it. True to their ideal, they win the greater praise; untrue, their fall is the greater (line 14):

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

229. XCIV. line 8: *Others but STEWARDS*.—*Stewards*, and so responsible; not *lords and owners*, having absolute possession.

230. XCIV. line 10: *Though to itself it only LIVE and DIE*.—Compare Son. liv. 10, 11:

*They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves.*

In line 12 Sidney Walker suggested *barest*, quite needlessly.

231. XCIV. line 14: *Lilies that fester*, &c.—This line occurs in the doubtful play *Edward III.* ii. 2. (near the end), Tauchnitz ed. p. 24. Myself, I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare had a hand in the composition of *Edward III.* (first printed in 1596), and the passage in which the line comes is one of the most Shakespearean parts of the play.

Fester=rot. The rhyme in the couplet occurred in Son. lxi. lines 10 and 12. Dowden compares with the whole sonnet *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 399-404.

232. XCV.—Sonnet xcv. partially reverses the idea of previous sonnet. You are so fair that frailty in you ceases to be foul. Beauty covers up your sins. Only do not rely too much on your privilege; do not abuse your seeming immunity from blame. Lines 13 and 14 give the warning. The next sonnet continues the subject of his friend's errors.

233. XCV. line 12: *And all things TURN TO FAIR that eyes can see*.—He had previously said:

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows.

—Sonnet xl. 13.

234. XCVI. line 3: *are loved of MORE and LESS*.—That is, great and small. Dowden compares *I. Henry IV.* iv. 3. 68:

The more and less came in with cap and knee.

235. XCVI. lines 13, 14: *But do not so*, &c.—Compare Son. xxxvi. 13, 14.

236. XCVI.—Written after an absence which has made the summer as winter to him. The metaphor is carried on in the next sonnet. *Winter* in line 1 reminds us of Son. lvi. 13.

237. XCVIII. line 7: *any SUMMER'S STORY*.—*Summer's story*=a gay fiction, as Malone quaintly phrases it. He neatly parallels the passage by *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 12-14:

*It be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance.*

238. XCVIII. line 9: *the LILY'S white*.—So Collier; *lillies* in Q.

239. XCIX.—Taking up the last verse of last sonnet:

As with your shadow I with these did play.

This curious type of flower sonnet was a favourite Elizabethan conceit. Compare Constable's *Diana* (1504 or earlier), First Decade, Son. 9:

*My Lady's presence makes the Roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
The Lily's leaves, for envy, pale became;
And her white hands in them this envy bred.
The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spread;
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
The Violet of purple colour came,
Dyed in the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief. All flowers from her their Virtue take;
From her sweet breath, their sweet smells do proceed.*

—Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 233.

So again, Spenser, *Amoretti*, 64, Globe edition of Works, p. 582. The following, too, from a song by Thomas Campion, is worth giving:

*There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits doth flow.*

—Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), p. 126.

240. XCIX. line 1: *The forward VIOLET thus did I chide*.—Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 935, 936:

*his health and beauty set
Gloss on the rosy, smelt to the violet.*

241. XCIX. line 3: *The PURPLE pride*.—*Purple* is used by the poets in the vaguest way. *Purpureus* simply expressed extreme brightness of colour; so Horace applies it to a swan—*purpureis ales olivibus*. In *Venus and Adonis*, line 1, the sun is *purple-coloured*; and in line 1054 of the same poem *Adonis*' wound sheds "*purple tears*." For "*purple tears*," indeed, compare *III. Henry VI.* v. 6. 64; and for "*purpled hands*," *King John*, ii. 1. 322, and *Julius Caesar*, i. 1. 158. Gray, I suppose, was thinking of the classical use of the epithet when he spoke of "*the purple light of love*."

242. XCIX. line 8: *The ROSES fearfully*, &c.—Note *Lucrece*, 477-479:

*The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace.*

The daring employment in this sonnet of the "*pathetic fallacy*" reminds one a little of the famous song in "*Maud*," with those stanzas which Ruskin criticises so severely.

243. c.—He resumes the Sonnets after an interval, perhaps, of play-writing.

244. c. line 3: *Spend'st thou thy FURY*.—*Fury*=inspiration, or poetic enthusiasm. Compare *Sir John Davies' Orchestra*, 131:

*And in my mind such sacred fury move;
—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 56;*

and *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 229:

What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

and *Othello*, iii. 4. 72:

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work.

The *furor poeticus* was a favourite burlesque character; see *The Returne from Parnassus*, Arber's Reprint, p. 18, and *Randolph's Conceited Peddler*, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

p. 48. In Son. xvii. 11 we had "a poet's *rage*" in the same sense, and then we might have quoted from Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 416, 417:

Yet I have a trick
Of the old *rage*.

245. c. line 9: *Rise, RESTY Muse*.—Compare Astrophel and Stella, lxxx. 12:

And no spur can his *resty* race renew.
—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 543.

So probably in the same sense of torpid, Cymbeline, iii. G. 34, 35:

when *resty* sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.

Dowden quotes *resty-stiff* from Edward III. iii. 3. p. 44, Tauchnitz ed.; and Dyce refers to Cole's Latin and English Dictionary: "*Resty, piger, lentus*."

246. c. line 11: *be a SATIRE to decay*.—That is, mock decay. *Satire* is explained to = *satirist*, for which we are referred to The Poetaster, v. 1:

The honest *satyr* hath the happiest soul.
—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 524.

247. c. —Subject the same. "O truant *Muse*" repeats "Where art thou, *Muse*?" of last sonnet.

248. c. line 3: *Both TRUTH and BEAUTY*.—Love inspires my *Muse*; and with my *Muse* does it rest to make his beauty and truth immortal. Compare Son. xiv. 11:

As *truth and beauty* shall together thrive;

and line 14:

Thy end is *truth's and beauty's* doom and date.

So Son. liv. 1, 2:

O, how much more doth *beauty* beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which *truth* doth give!

and The Phoenix and the Turtle, 62-64:

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

249. c. lines 7, 8:

As *Philomel* in summer's *FRONT* doth sing,
And stops her *pipe* in growth of *riper* days.

Dowden compares The Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 3: "Peering in *April's front*." The idea of the passage is partially the same as that in Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 104-108.

250. c. line 12: *And sweets grown common lose their dear delight*.—Compare Son. lii. 3, 4:

The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

In the previous line (11) "*wild music*" reminds us of Milton's "warbling his woodnotes *wild*."

251. c. —If my verse is lame, the fault lies with the subject, to which none could do justice. Compare Son. lxxxiii., especially the last six lines.

252. c. line 1: *what POVERTY*.—So Son. lxxxiv. 5:

Lean *penury* within that pen doth dwell.

253. c. line 10: *To MAR the subject that before was WELL*.—Dowden compares Lear, i. 4. 369:

Striving to better, oft we *mar* what's *well*;

and King John, iv. 2. 28, 29.

254. c. —To the eyes of true love beauty never passes:

the loved object remains the same. The idea is expressed again in Son. cviii. 9-14.

255. c. line 3: *THREE winters cold*.—A time reference, which does not, however, help very much in evolving the history of the Sonnets. Dyce reads *three winters' cold*.

256. c. line 10: *STEAL from his figure*.—Compare Son. lxxvii. 7: "thy dial's shady *stealth*." The "hourly dial" is mentioned in Lucrece, 327.

257. c. —Compare Son. lxxvi. and cviii.

258. c. line 9: *PAIR, KIND, and TRUE*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. G. 53-57:

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, *wise, fair, and true*,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

So Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 109, 110:

the moral of my wit
Is "*plain and true*;" there's all the reach of it.

259. c. lines 10, 11:

VARYING to *other words*;
And in this *CHANGE* is my *INVENTION* spent.

Compare Son. lxxvi. 2:

So far from *variation* or quick *change*.

Change, as in The Two Gentlemen, iv. 2. 69: "Hark, what fine *change* is in the music;" and *invention* as in the Dedication to Venus and Adonis, "the first heir of my *invention*." The sense of the lines is clear: all I can do is to express *fair, kind, and true* in different ways; the subject must always be the same.

260. c. —All attempts in the past to describe beauty are but faint anticipations, prefigurings, of your beauty.

261. c. line 3: *And beauty making beautiful, &c.*—That is, beauty as the subject which enabled these poets of old to write beautifully.

262. c. line 9: *So all their praises are but PROPHECIES*.—Dowden well compares Constable's Diana:

Miracle of the world, I never will deny
That former poets praise the beauty of their days;
But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
And all those poets did of thee but prophecy.

263. c. line 12: *They had not SKILL enough*.—Q. has still, an impossible reading, as it seems to me.

264. c. lines 1, 2:

nor the *PROPHETIC SOUL*
Of the wide world dreaming on *THINGS TO COME*.

Prophetic soul (cf. Hamlet, i. 5. 40) echoes the *prophecies* of the last sonnet, line 9. *Things to come* is the best of the proposed emendations of Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 4, 5.

265. c. lines 5-8: *The mortal MOON, &c.*—This sounds like a contemporary reference, and Mr. Gerald Massey explains it as an allusion to the death of Elizabeth and the release of Southampton from the Tower. I believe that the lines do contain some reference; only the clue to it has been lost. We may compare for much the same language Venus and Adonis, 509, 510.

266. CVII. line 10: *and death to me* SUBSCRIBES.—*Subscribes*=yields, as in Lear, i. 2. 24; and again in iii. 7. 65, a well-known crux.

267. CVII. line 14: *When TYRANTS' CRESTS and TOMBS of BRASS*.—The line has a flavour in it of the *regum apices* and Horace's *monumentum ære perennius*. Compare the "gilded monuments" in lv. 1.

268. CVIII.—I can say nothing in your praise which I have not said before: yet these things which I have repeated so often can never seem old to me, because love which inspires them is ever fresh, and to true love the object loved must always remain young and beautiful as it was at first. The theme with which he closes the sonnet reminds us of xv. 13, 14:

And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

And again, civ. 1-3:

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, &c.

269. CVIII. line 3: *what NEW to register*.—The Quarto has *now*. *New* is pretty certainly right. We gain nothing by Sidney Walker's

What's *now* to speak, what *now* to register.

270. CVIII. line 9: *in LOVE'S FRESH CASE*.—I believe this only means, in the case of love which is ever fresh. Love is the emphatic word: in the case of love time and change do not count. *Fresh* is added to strengthen the idea of love's abiding vigour.

271. CIX. line 5: *if I have RANG'D*.—*Ranged*=gone away or astray; so Tennyson, In Memoriam, canto xxi. "her little ones have ranged."

272. CIX. line 7: *Just to the time, &c.*—At the right time and—half-quibblingly—not altered with the time, *i.e.* by absence.

273. CIX. line 11: *be STAIN'D*.—Staunton needlessly proposed *strain'd*. For *blood*=passion, in line 10, cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 74.

274. CIX. lines 13, 14:

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, MY ROSE.

That is, you apart, excepted, I count the world nothing. With *my rose* cf. "beauty's rose" in Son. i. 2. So Othello, v. 2. 13-16.

275. CX.—This and the following sonnet are generally regarded as a reference by Shakespeare to his actor's life. See what is said on the subject in Troilus and Cressida, note 67.

276. CX. line 3: *Gor'd mine own thoughts*.—*Gor'd*=done violence to; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 228.

277. CX. line 4: *Made old offences of affections new*.—Dowden says: "Entered into new friendships and loves, which were transgressions against my old love." I do not altogether see how this sense can be got out of the English, though it agrees well with line 11. May it not mean: prostituted my love—a love so new, so unknown to other men, so rare—to the old hackneyed purposes and commonplaces of the stage, made capital out of my emotions, turned my passion to account, sold cheap what is most dear? All this being done in his capacity as actor.

278. CXI. line 1: *WITH Fortune chide*.—Q. has *wish*.

279. CXI. line 10: *Potions of EISEL*.—So Hamlet, v. i. 299: "Woo't drink up *eisel*?" Nares quotes from Skelton:

He drank *eisel* and gall
To redeeme us withal.

See Dyer's Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 275; and Hunter's Illustrations, ii. p. 263.

280. CXII.—Your praise or blame is for me the sole standard of right and wrong. *Pity* in line 1 repeats the *pity* in cxi. 14.

281. CXII. line 10: *my ADDER'S SENSE*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 127.

282. CXII. line 13: *in my purpose BRED*.—*Bred*=firmly established or harboured. Cf. Son. cviii. 13:

Finding the first conceit of love there bred.

283. CXII. line 14: *ARE dead*.—Q. has *y' are*, and some editors read *they're*. I have followed the Globe ed.

284. CXIII.—Though away you are present to me in everything; cxix. is a continuation.

285. CXIII. line 6: *which it doth LATCH*.—So Macbeth, iv. 3. 195:

Where hearing should not latch them.

In Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 36, *latch*=smear.

286. CXIII. line 14: *maketh MINE UNTRUE*.—So the Quarto; but it is very strange. *Untrue* must be a substantive, with the sense, perhaps, *error*. Various proposals have been made; myself, I should like to read *eyne*.

287. CXIV. lines 4-6: *your love taught it this alchemy, &c.*—So Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 232-234:

Things base and vile . . .
Love can transpoise to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

288. CXIV. line 9: *'t is FLATTERY in my SEEING*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 328:

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

289. CXIV. line 12: *doth prepare the CUP*.—Alluding to the tasters to princes. See King John, note 308. Drayton writes:

Golden cups do harbour poison.
—England's Helicon, Bullen's ed. p. 37.

290. CXV. lines 11, 12:

o'er INCERTAINTY,
CROWNING the present.

Compare cvii. 7:

Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd.

291. CXVI. line 4: *with the REMOVER to REMOVE*.—*Remove*=fall away, be faithless:

Happy the heart that thinks of no removes.
—Song in Bullen's Lyrics (1387), p. 26.

Compare, too, Son. xxv. 13, 14:

Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

292. CXVI. line 5: *an EVER-FIXED mark*.—So Othello, v. 2. 268:

And very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail;

and Coriolanus, v. 3. 74:

Like a great *sea-mark*, standing every flaw.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

293. CXVI. line 7: *It is the STAR*.—Referring to the northern star. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 4. 59; and Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 60-62. So The Faithful Shepherdess, i. 2:

that fair star
That guides the *wandering* seaman through the deep.
—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. vol. ii. p. 329.

294. CXVI. line 8: *Whose worth's unknown*, &c.—A difficult and much-discussed line. Dowden says: "The passage seems to mean, 'As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies.'" This is not very satisfactory; but I am afraid I cannot suggest anything better. Perhaps the difficulty comes in this way, that we do not quite know how an Elizabethan regarded the stars. Popular astronomy may have held that the northern star was materially as rich in wealth as this earth. Suppose now that we take *worth* literally; the sense might be this: The height, *altitude*, of the star is known; but who can tell what riches it contains? The outward is visible to us; the inward is hidden. So, too, with love. We can gain a rough estimate and idea of its extent; we can measure it from the outward. But the real essence and worth of the passion is incalculable, unknown, just as the worth of the star is unknown. In either case we see little more than the outside, the surface.

295. CXVI. line 9: *TIME'S FOOL*.—Dowden compares I. Henry IV. v. 4. 81: "*life time's fool*."

296. CXVI. line 12: *But BEARS IT out even to the EDGE of doom*.—Compare All's Well, iii. 3. 5, 6. *It* is redundant, just as in an expression like "*carry it*," cf. Othello, i. 1. 66, 67:

What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can *carry 't* thus!

297. CXVII. line 3: *FORGOT upon your dearest love TO CALL*.—Compare Son. ci.:

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd? &c.

298. CXVII. lines 5, 6:

frequent *been* with UNKNOWN MINDS,
And given to TIME.

Line 5 illustrates Dowden's interpretation of ex. 4. *Time* = the time, society; see Son. xvi. 10. Staunton, who seems to have had a mania for making needless emendations, proposed "*to them*."

299. CXVII. line 9: *BOOK both my wilfulness*.—*Book* = register, as in Henry V. iv. 7. 76, if, that is to say, we adopt Dyce's reading in the latter passage.

300. CXVII. line 11: *within the LEVEL*.—*Level* = aim; cf. A Lover's Complaint, 309:

That not a heart which in his *level* came.

301. CXVII. lines 13, 14:

I did strive to PROVE
The constancy and virtue of your love.

Contrast ex. 10, 11:

Mine appetite I never more will grind
On *newer proof*, to try an older friend.

302. CXVIII. line 2: *With EAGER compounds*.—*Eager* =

bitter, sharp, the French *aigre*. It is used twice in Hamlet in the same sense; cf. i. 4. 2: "a nipping and an *eager* air;" and i. 5. 69: "like *eager* droppings into milk."

303. CXVIII. line 6: *did I FRAME my feeding*.—*Frame* = suit, adapt. So the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 323:

And to her will *frame* all thy ways;

and III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 185:

And *frame* my face to all occasions.

304. CXIX.—Carrying on idea of previous sonnet, with the same metaphor, "*potions*," "*fever*," &c.

305. CXIX. line 10: *That better is by EVIL still MADE BETTER*.—Repeating the "*by ill be cured*" of cxviii. 12.

306. CXIX. line 14: *And gain by ILL*.—The Quarto has *ills*; but I think the singular is required; cf. "O benefit of *ill*" in line 9.

307. CXX.—Remembering how much I suffered when you were untrue, I might have divined how much you would suffer by my disloyalty, and that thought should have given me reason to pause. Still the fact that you did trespass once must be an excuse for me now. We are quits.

308. CXX. line 9: O, *that OUR NIGHT OF WOE*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 481:

The *night of sorrow* now is turn'd to day.

Staunton proposed *sour*.

309. CXX. line 11: *And soon to you*, &c.—Sidney Walker would print the line thus:

And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd.

I don't think the change is necessary.

310. CXXI. line 1: *than VILE ESTEEMED*.—Dyce and some other editors read *vile-esteem'd*.

311. CXXI. line 3: *And the just PLEASURE lost*.—Should we not read *and the just pleasure's lost*? the sense being: We lose that pleasure which seems vile ("is so deem'd") to others, but is not felt to be so by us.

312. CXXI. line 6: *Give SALUTATION to my sportive BLOOD*.—So Henry VIII. ii. 3. 103: "If this *salute* my blood a jot." I owe the reference to Dowden.

313. CXXI. line 9: *I AM THAT I AM*.—We may remember Iago's "I am not what I am" (Othello, i. 1. 65).

314. CXXI. line 11: *themselves be BEVEL*.—*Bevel* = slanting or crooked: a builder's term.

315. CXXII.—He has received some tables (memorandum-books) from his friend and has given them away. Here he apologizes for having done so: the true tables on which you are written down are my heart and brain: what others should I need?

316. CXXII. line 1: *Thy gift, thy TABLES*.—For *tables* see Troilus and Cressida, note 262.

317. CXXIII.—He takes up the idea of forgetfulness suggested in last line of last sonnet: he will be true in spite of time. The poem is full of conventional metaphor.

318. CXXIII. line 7: *And rather make THEM born to our desire*.—*Them* = "what thou dost foist upon us;" the sense being, "you foist upon us things which really are old and

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hackneyed, but which we imagine to be new—"born to our desire"—created just to please us.

319. CXXIV. lines 3, 4: *As subject to Time's love, &c.*—"My love might be subject to Time's hate, and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to Time's love, and so gathered as a flower" (Dowden).

320. CXXIV. line 7: *THRALLED DISCONTENT.*—Does this refer to the affected "melancholy" of which Jaques speaks? See note 126 on *As You Like It*; and cf. Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 2: "My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*: is it not most gentlemanlike to be melancholy?" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 101).

321. CXXIV. line 12: *nor GROWS with heat.*—Steevens would read *glows*.

322. CXXVI.—This poem is generally regarded as the *envoy*, the conclusion of the series addressed to Shakespeare's friend. The editor of the Quarto evidently thought that a couplet was missing, as he left a space for the—apparently—absent lines 13, 14.

323. CXXVI. line 2: *his SICKLE, HOUR.*—There must be some corruption of the text. Unfortunately no emendation—*sickle hoar, fickle hour, sickle-hour*—is at all satisfactory.

324. CXXVI. line 14: *And her QUIETUS is to render thee.*—For *quietus* see Hamlet, iii. 1. 75. Sometimes we find the full expression *quietus est*.

325. CXXVII.—Introducing the "Dark Woman" series of Sonnets.

326. CXXVII. line 1: *BLACK was not counted FAIR.*—See Troilus and Cressida, note 14.

327. CXXVII. line 3: *beauty's SUCCESSIVE hair.*—See Titus Andronicus, note 1.

328. CXXVII. line 9: *my mistress' BROWS are raven black.*—Q. has *eyes*, which, I think, must be wrong. I have followed the Globe editors. Walker proposed *hairs*.

329. CXXVII. line 10: *Her EYES so suited, and they mourners seem.*—It is worth noting that in the old prose History of Dr. Faustus Helen is described as having "most amorous *cole black eyes*;" and Helen, as we know from Marlowe, was taken as a perfect type of beauty. Sidney complains (Astrophel and Stella, vii. 1, 2):

When Nature made her chief work—*Stella's eyes*;
In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright?

—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 506.

Suited=clad, as in cxxxii. 12; and Lear, iv. 7. 6. Dyce reads *as they*. For the conceit in the line of. cxxxii. 1-3.

330. CXXVII. line 11: *not born FAIR.*—The use of cosmetics in dyeing hair, and such like devices, are continually referred to; see, for instance, Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses, part I. pp. 67-69; and Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. pp. 283, 289. Perhaps these customs were introduced from Italy. Coryat in his Crudities has much to tell us concerning the ways of the Venetian ladies: "All the women of Venice every Saturday in the afternoone doe use to annoint their haire with oyle, or some other drugs, to the end to make it looke faire, that is whitish. For that colour is most affected of the Venetian Dames and Ladies." He describes

the process, which included drying in the sun (vol. ii. pp. 37, 38).

331. CXXVIII. line 1: *thou, my MUSIC.*—Compare Son. viii. 1: "*Music* to hear."

332. CXXIX.—As a study of lust contrasted with love this sonnet may be compared with Lucrece, 687-743, and the single stanza in Venus and Adonis, 799-804. It is a commonplace of criticism that Shakespeare's Sonnets almost suffer as works of art from this plethora of meaning; they are, in Trench's phrase, "so double-shotted with thought." I suppose there is nowhere in the plays and poems a more striking instance of compression than this sonnet affords. Every line is packed with passion. It may be noticed that the poem seems to be rather out of place; linked in no way with the preceding and following sonnets.

333. CXXIX. line 4: *Savage, extreme, rude, CRUEL.*—Compare Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 299, 300:

*Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.*

—Bullen's Marlowe, iii. 35.

334. CXXIX. line 10: *HAD, HAVING, and in quest TO HAVE.*—The sense is clear; the grammar less so. For similar compressions cf. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 263:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

and Hamlet, i. 2. 158:

It is not nor it cannot come to good.

335. CXXIX. lines 11, 12:

*A bliss in proof,—and PROV'D, A VERY WOE;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.*

The Quarto has *proud and very woe*. The sentiment of the couplet is an obvious one; cf. Lucrece, 211, 212:

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy;

and lines 867, 868:

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

336. CXXX.—A description of his mistress in the conventional style of Elizabethan idealism. For a close parallel we may turn to Fideissa, Son. xxxix.—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 610; and for a good contrast to Watson's Teares of Fancy—Arber's Reprint, p. 43. We find such passages of highly-wrought description in Spenser, Sidney, Lodge; indeed, *passim* in the sonnet literature of the time.

337. CXXX. line 4: *If HAIRS be WIRES.*—Why do Elizabethan writers always compare hair with wire? It is not a particularly happy image: yet it occurs over and over again. Here are some instances: Spenser's Epithalamion:

Her long loose yellow *locks* lyke golden *wyre*.

—Globe ed. p. 589;

Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Son. xiii.:

Her *hair* disordered, brown and crisped *wiry*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 346;

England's Helicon, song:

Her tresses are like *wires* of beaten gold.

—Bullen's ed. p. 83;

Diella, iii.:

Her *hair* exceeds gold forced in smallest *wire*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. vii. p. 190;

Hero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 290, 291:

her tresses were of *wire*,

Knit like a net.

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. p. 68;

Peele's Praise of Chastity:

Whose ticing *hair*, like nets of golden *wire*,

Enchains thy heart.

—Dyce's Greenes Peele, p. 602.

Was it something in the Elizabethan *coiffure* which suggested the comparison? The hair may have been stiffened until it really looked like wire.

338. CXXX. line 14: *As any she belied with FALSE COMPARE*.—Compare Son. xxi. 1-8.

339. CXXXI. line 3: *to my DEAR DOTING heart*.—Dyce reads *dear-doting*.

340. CXXXII. lines 1-4: *Thine eyes I love*, &c.—Compare Son. cxxvii. Much the same conceit occurs in Astrophel and Stella, vii. 11-14 (Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 506).

341. CXXXII. line 2: *thy HEART TORTMENTS*.—Q. has *heart torment*; and it has been suggested that we should place a comma *after heart*, and refer *torment* to *eyes* in the previous line.

342. CXXXII. line 6: *the GRAY cheeks of the east*.—See note on Titus Andronicus, ii. 2. 1.

343. CXXXIII. —A fresh idea. The "dark woman" has taken his friend from him. Connected with xl. xli. xlii.?

344. CXXXIII. line 5: *Me from myself*, &c.—Compare The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 172, 173. *My neat self* in line 6 is repeated in *that other mine* in cxxxiv. 3.

345. CXXXIII. line 9: *Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward*.—We have this idea several times; cf. Son. xxii. 6, 7:

my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;

Son. cix. 3, 4:

As easy might I from myself depart

As from *my soul*, *which in thy breast doth lie*;

and Richard III. i. 2. 204:

Even so *thy breast* *encloseth my poor heart*.

Compare too Barnes Parthenophil and Parthenophe, xvi.:

Yet this delights, and makes me triumph much,

That *mine heart*, in *her body* lies imprisoned.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 349.

346. CXXXIII. line 13: *being pent in thee*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 184.

347. CXXXIV. —The verbal links with the last sonnet are clear: "he is thine" echoes "perforce am thine;" and "that other mine" repeats "my next self."

348. CXXXIV. line 9: *The statute of thy beauty*, &c.—You will put the statute into execution and claim the letter of your bond, like a very Shylock. *Statute*—"security or obligation for money" (Malone).

349. CXXXV. —Here, and in the next sonnet, we have elaborate quibbles, such as were common enough in Shakespeare's time. Sidney plays upon the word *rich* in exactly the same way; see Astrophel and Stella, xxxvii. (Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 521). In line 2 "*Will to boot*" refers to his friend; "*Will in overplus*" = Shakespeare him-

self. In the first line *Will* ought, I believe, to be written "will" = desire, in antithesis to "wish." Possibly, however, the husband of the "dark woman" was a Will.

350. CXXXV. line 13: *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill*.—So the Quarto; but I can make no sense of the text. Of the emendations, two are noticeable: "Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill" (Dowden); and "no fair beseechers *skill*" = avail, i.e. against Shakespeare. The latter is Mr. W. M. Rossetti's proposal.

351. CXXXVI. line 8: *Among a number ONE is RECKON'D NONE*.—So Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, 255: "*One is no number*;" and Fifth Sestiad, 339, "for *one no number is*" (Bullen's Marlowe, vol. iii. pp. 15 and 84). Compare, too, Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 32, 33, and note.

352. CXXXVI. line 10: *in thy STORE's account*.—Q. has *stores*; but everywhere else the word occurs in the singular.

353. CXXXVI. line 12: *a SOMETHING SWEET to thee*.—Query: a *something*, *sweet*, to *thee*, as Dyce reads.

354. CXXXVI. lines 13, 14: *Make but my name thy love*, &c.—Dowden says: "Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, i.e. all desire." Is this right? I should have thought the sense was: "Let your love be named *Will* (i.e. his friend), and then in loving him you must indirectly love me, since my name too is *Will*."

355. CXXXVII. line 6: *Be ANCHOR'D in the bay*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 31-33; and Cymbeline, v. 5. 393.

356. CXXXVII. lines 9, 10:

a SEVERAL plot

Which my heart knows the WIDE WORLD's common place.

Several = belonging to a private owner. Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 223, where (as here) a quibble is intended:

My lips are *no common*, though *several* they be.

A *several* was an inclosed field, as opposed to public land = a common. *Wide world*, as in Son. cvii. 2.

357. CXXXVIII. —See the Passionate Pilgrim, poem 1.

358. CXXXIX. line 6: *forbear to GLANCE thine eye aside*. —Compare cxi. 14: "Bear thine eyes straight."

359. CXXXIX. line 14: *KILL ME OUTRIGHT with looks*, &c. —So Constable, Diana, Son. v. of the Fourth Decade, 7-9:

Dear! if all other favour you shall grudge,

Do speedily execution with your eye!

With one sole look, you leave in me no soul.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. ii. p. 243.

Dowden compares Astrophel and Stella, xlviii. 13, 14:

Dear killer, spare not thy sweet cruel shot;

A kind of grace it is, to slay with speed.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. i. p. 527.

360. CXL. line 3: *Lest SORROW LEND me WORDS*.—We may remember Macbeth, iv. 3. 209, 210:

the grief that does not *speak*

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and *hides it break*.

"True *grief* is dumb," says a character in Old Fortunatus, ii. 2 (Mermaid edition of Dekker, p. 332); and Seneca long before had written:

Curae leves loquuntur, majores stupent,

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a line which is quoted in the *Returne from Parnassus* (Arber's Reprint, p. 20); also in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, i. 4 (Webster & Tourneur in the *Mermaid Series*, p. 362).

361. CXLII. line 1: *I do not LOVE thee WITH mine EYES.*—We may remember the song in the *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 63-66:

Tell me where is fancy bred,
It is engender'd in the eyes.

So Lully in Love's *Metamorphosis*, i. 1: "in the blood is he (love) begot, by the *fraille fires of the eye*" (Fairholt's *Lilly*, ii. 215).

362. CXLII. line 9: *But my FIVE WITS nor my five senses can.*—See note 269 on *Lear*.

363. CXLII. lines 11, 12: *Who leaves unsaway'd, &c.*—"My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart" (Dowden).

364. CXLII. line 14: *she that makes me SIN.*—Echoed in the next sonnet, lines 1, 2: "Love is my sin," &c.

365. CXLII. line 4: *And thou shalt find IT merits not re-proving.*—In Dowden the line stands:

And thou shalt find ITS merits not reproving.

A misprint? If an emendation, surely rather strange.

366. CXLII. lines 6, 7:

profan'd their SCARLET ORNAMENTS

And SEAL'D false BONDS.

Compare Constable's *Diana*, Son. vi. of the Fourth Decade, line 9:

Your lips, in scarlet clad, my judges be.

—Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 243.

Dowden quotes Edward III. ii. 1. 10:

His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments.

"*Ruby-colour'd portal*" is said of Adonis' mouth, *Venus and Adonis*, 451. For the metaphor of *sealing*, see *Troilus and Cressida*, note 179.

367. CXLII. line 8: *Robb'd others' BEDS' REVENUES.*—Q. has *beds revenues*. *Bed-revenues* is a possible reading.

368. CXLIII. line 13: *have thy WILL.*—That is, his friend; scarcely Shakespeare himself.

369. CXLIV.—This is the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim*; the variations in the text are not very noticeable.

370. CXLIV. line 2: *do SUGGEST me still.*—*Suggest*=tempt, as often in Shakespeare; cf. *Othello*, ii. 3. 358:

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

So *Richard II.* iii. 4. 75, 76; and *suggestion* in *Macbeth*, i. 3. 134.

371. CXLIV. line 6: *from my SIDE.*—The Quarto has *sight*; the metre requires *side*, which occurs in the other version.

372. CXLIV. line 8: *WOOING his purity.*—Compare xli. 6, 7.

373. CXLV.—The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse; its genuineness has been doubted.

374. CXLV. line 13: *from hate away she THREW.*—That is, she robbed "I hate" of its element of hate by adding "not you." Combined with "not you" it lost its sting.

This seems to me an entirely satisfactory explanation, and the couplet may be paralleled by *Lucrece*, 1534-1537. Stevens suggested *flew* for *threw*.

375. CXLVI.—Loss to the body is gain to the soul. Let the body pine and perish that the soul may reap the advantage. Death can claim as his prey the body alone; in destroying the body the soul wins a victory over death.

376. CXLVI. line 2: *PRESS'D BY these rebel powers that thee ARRAY.*—In the Quarto the line stands thus:

My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.

Obviously the line is corrupt; as obviously, I think, the corruption came in this way—that the printer repeated the last words of line 1, leaving out the real beginning of line 2. We must supply a word; what that word should be depends rather on the sense which we give to *array*. I think that *array* must=clothe; the body is the vesture which incloses the soul; and the soul says, with Saint Paul, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" Taking *array* thus, we may accept Dowden's *press'd by* or Furnival's *hemm'd with*—there is not much to choose between them—and refer the participle to the *soul*. Dr. Ingleby, however, argues that *array*=abuse, afflict, a perfectly feasible interpretation, though Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the word in this sense. If we follow Dr. Ingleby, then we may read, as he does, *leagu'd with*, and refer the participle to the *earth* in line 1. Myself, I prefer the first of our alternatives.

377. CXLVI. line 11: *Buy TERMS divine in selling HOURS of dross.*—*Hours of dross* (i.e. sensual pleasure?) waste the body, and destruction of the body should be the ultimate end and aim of the soul. Here, as in cli. 7-9, the soul is the ruler who checks or allows the self-indulgence of the body. I think *terms*=conditions, as though it were the terms of some bargain and compact between soul and body. Others, however, take it "in the legal and academic sense. Long periods of time, opposed to hours" (Sidney Walker).

378. CXLVII.—The metaphor is much the same as in cxviii. and cxix.

379. CXLVII. line 9: *PAST CURE I am, now reason is PAST CARE.*—Said obviously in allusion to the proverb, *Past cure, past care*, which, as the editors note, occurs in Love's *Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 28. Perhaps, too, the latter part of the line is meant to imply that reason has ceased to care for him.

380. CXLVII. line 10: *with evermore UNREST.*—A beautiful word, found in Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 31, and *Richard III.* iv. 4. 29. Tennyson somewhere speaks of "the wild unrest that lives in woe."

381. CXLVII. lines 13, 14: *For I have sworn thee fair, &c.*—Compare Son. clii. 13. The couplet forms a link with the next sonnet, which in turn reminds us of cxxxvii.

382. CXLVIII. line 8: *all men's; NO.*—Lettsom suggested:

Love's eye is not so true as all men's *no*;

thinking that a pun on *eye=ay* was intended.

383. CXLIX. line 4: *all TYRANT.*—Malone suggested *truant*; but cf. cxxxix. 1: "Thou art as *tyrannous*." *All tyrant*=complete tyrant.

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384. CXLIX. line 14: *and I AM BLIND*.—Recurring to the last couplet of cxlviii.:

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me *blind*,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

385. CL. line 2: *With INSUFFICIENCY*.—So “thy worst” in line 8; “thy unworthiness” in line 13; and “thy defect” in cxlix. 11. Each refers to the “dark woman’s” lack of beauty as judged by the conventional standard.

386. CL. line 5: *this BECOMING of things ill*.—That is, the faculty of making things ill look well. Compare Son. xl. 13, and xcv. 11, 12; also Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 243, 244:

vildest things
Become themselves in her.

387. CLII. line 3: *Then, gentle CHEATER*.—There is no reason to think that *cheater* does not here bear its ordinary sense of *rogue*. Staunton, however, takes it to mean *escheator*.

388. CLII. lines 7-10: *My soul doth tell, &c.*—Not unsuggestive of cxlvi. 8-14.

389. CLII. line 2: *TWICE forsworn*.—That is, to her husband and to Shakespeare.

390. CLII. line 11: *And, to ENLIGHTEN thee, gave eyes to blindness*.—Dowden says: “to see thee in the brightness of imagination . . . I made myself blind.” Probably this is right; but may not *enlighten* be quibblingly used in the sense “make light,” *i.e.* fair of complexion? Compare line 13. In that case *gave eyes to blindness* would = caused myself to see awry.

391. CLII. line 13: *more perjur'd I*.—Q. has *eye*.

392. CLIII.—This and the following sonnet may be considered together, cliv. being obviously a variation on cliii.

Professor Dowden says: “Herr Hertzberg has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. (The source in question is a poem in the Anthology, which Dowden prints, continuing): ‘The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. . . . How Shakspeare became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin: ‘Selecta Epigrammata, Basel, 1529;’ and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.” Then follows a literal version of the original lines, which I venture to “convey:” “Here ‘neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, ‘Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals’ hearts.’ But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros) draw from thence for their bath.”

393. CLIII. line 8: *a SOVEREIGN cure*.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 916:

‘Gainst venom’d sores the only *sovereign* plaster;

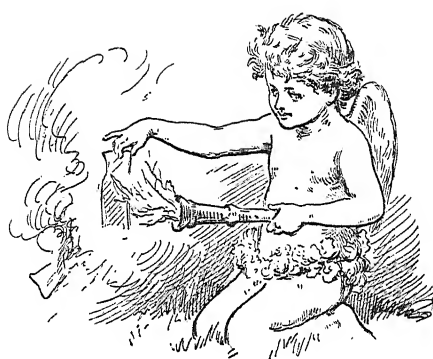
Coriolanus, ii. 1. 127: “the most *sovereign* prescription in Galen;” and The Faithful Shepherdess, v. 5:

Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the *sovereign* power
Of other waters.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. vol. ii. p. 402.

394. CLIV. line 1: *The little LOVE-GOD*.—So Much Ado, ii. 1. 403: “for we are the only *love-gods*.”

395. CLIV. line 5: *The fairest VOTARY*.—Shakespeare elsewhere prefers the form *votaress* (*votress*); *e.g.* Midsummer Night’s Dream, ii. 1. 123 and 163.



A LOVER'S COMPLAINT
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM
THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE



A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

INTRODUCTION.

A Lover's Complaint was first published in 1609, at the end of the Sonnets. There is no evidence by which to determine the date of its composition; I scarcely think, however, that it can have come very early, the style of the poem being, to my mind, much more difficult and involved than that of Venus and Adonis or Lucrece. Indeed, the sense at times is really obscure, perhaps, though, through corruption of the text; lines 240-242, for instance, can hardly have come down to us just as Shakespeare wrote them. The merits of the poem speak for themselves. It is a beautiful piece of narrative verse which makes us wish once more that Shakespeare had given the world a larger body of such poetry, instead, say, of wrestling into shape the formless chaos of Henry VI. parts i. ii. and iii. Titus Andronicus, too, with its midsummer madness of bloodthirsty melodrama, could have been spared, if a second Lover's Complaint had been the substitute. Very noticeable in the present poem is the effortless ease of the narra-

tive. The poet's muse does not soar to the empyrean, essaying "things unattempted yet." She wings the middle air with a sustained flight that never falters. It is the same great faculty of telling a story that makes Venus and Adonis and Lucrece such perfect specimens of the narrator's act. Beautiful, too, is the elaboration and preciousness (almost) of the style in the purely descriptive passages, as where the deserted Ariadne describes the faithless Theseus; while throughout the poem, under the fanciful language, beats just a sufficiency of passion and emotion. Among the old commentators none speaks with more sympathy of A Lover's Complaint than Malone; and he makes, I think, rather a happy criticism when he says that the poem reads like a challenge to Spenser on his own ground. A Lover's Complaint has a distinctly Spenserian flavour; it has much of Spenser's stately pathos, and sense of physical beauty, and exquisite verbal melody; and, Spenserian or not, it is wholly charming.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded¹
A painful story from a sistinging vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive² of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done: 11
Time hath not scythed all that youth begun,

Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin³ to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering⁴ the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted⁵ in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe, 20
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;

¹ *Re-worded*, re-echoed.

² *Hive*, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive.

³ *Napkin*, handkerchief.

⁴ *Laundering*, wetting.

⁵ *Pelleted*, formed into small balls.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride; 30
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd¹ hat,

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet² still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund³ she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river throw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;



Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat⁴ and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive⁵ eyes, 50
And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle⁶ knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew— 60
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is promis'd in the charity of age. 70

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:

¹ Sheav'd, of straw.

² Fillet, band.

³ Maund, basket.

⁴ Feat (adverb), neatly.

⁵ Fluxive, flowing with tears.

⁶ Ruffle, noise, brawls.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

“But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

“His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.¹

“Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix² down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless³ skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

“His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free; 100
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

“Well could he ride, and often men would say,
“That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes!”

And controversy hence a question takes, 110
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

“But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:⁴

All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

“So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication⁵ prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

“That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain 129
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

“Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

“So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress' of his heart. 142
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

“Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil⁶
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

“But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

¹ *Sawn*, sown; or perhaps, seen.

² *Phoenix*, i.e. matchless.

³ *Termless*, indescribable; cf. *phraseless* in line 225.

⁴ *Case*, ornaments, dress.

⁵ *Replication*, repartee.

⁶ *Foil*=setting.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

“Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others’ proof;¹
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, ‘It is thy last.’

“For further I could say, ‘This man’s untrue,’
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; 170
Heard where his plants in others’ orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul-adulterate heart.

“And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me: ‘Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity.
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That’s to ye sworn to none was ever said; 180
For feasts of love I have been call’d unto,
Till now did ne’er invite, nor never woo.

“‘All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture² they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did
find;

And so much less of shame in me remains, 188
By how much of me their reproach contains.

“‘Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm’d,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,³
Or any of my leisures ever charm’d:
Harm have I done to them, but ne’er was harm’d;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign’d, commanding in his monarchy.

“‘Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent
me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
In bloodless white and the encrimson’d mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp’d in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

“‘And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach’d,⁴
I have receiv’d from many a several fair,—
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech’d,—
With the annexions of fair gems enrich’d,
And deep-brain’d sonnets that did amplify
Each stone’s dear nature, worth, and quality. 210

“‘The diamond,—why, ’t was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis’d⁵ properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hu’d sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon’d, smil’d or made some moan.

“‘Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv’d⁶ and subdu’d desires the tender,
Nature hath charg’d me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end; 222
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

“‘O, then, advance of yours that phraseless⁷ hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow’d with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes 230
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

“‘Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love. 238

“‘But, O my sweet, what labour is ’t to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,—
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

“‘O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye

¹ Upon others’ proof, i.e. because of what other people have experienced.

² With acture, the sense is: those may do the deeds of love who are void of love.

³ Teen, pain.

⁴ Impleach’d, entwined.

⁵ Invis’d=invisible.

⁶ Pensiv’d, pensive.

⁷ Phraseless, that baffles description.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye: 250
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

"How mighty, then, you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, 261
Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame! 270
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes¹ of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.' 280

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,²
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!

¹ Aloes, bitterness.

² Dismount, lower.

But with the inundation of the eyes 290
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft³ effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,⁴
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore. 301

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels,⁵ all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,⁶
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make 321
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy⁷ lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,⁸
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!" 329

³ Cleft=double, twofold.

⁴ Daff'd, put off.

⁵ Cautels, deceit.

⁶ Luxury=lust.

⁷ Spongy=soft as a sponge, pliable.

⁸ Seeming ow'd, i.e. which he seemed to possess.

NOTES TO A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

1. Line 7: *sorrow's* WIND AND RAIN.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 153, 154: "we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms."

2. Line 12: *Time hath not* SCYTHED.—Q. has *sithed*.

3. Line 14: *Some beauty peep'd through* LATTICE of *sear'd* AGE.—Compare Sonnet iii. 11, 12:

So thou through *windows of thine age* shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time;

and Cymbeline, ii. 4. 33, 34:

let her *beauty*

Look through a casement.

4. Line 18: *had* PELLETTED in *tears*.—So Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 165:

By the discandying of this *pelletted* storm.

5. Line 31: *SHEAV'D* *hat*.—Q. has *shew'd*; the ed. of 1640 *shew'd*. Sewall in his first edition printed *sheav'd*; in the second, *shav'd*.

6. Line 37: *BEADED jet*.—So Sewall; the Quarto has *bedded*.

7. Lines 38-40: *Which one by one, &c.*—Compare III. Henry VI. v. 4. 8, 9; As You Like It, ii. 1. 42-49; and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 133, 139.

8. Line 45: *many a* RING of *POSIED gold*.—See As You Like It, note 95.

9. Line 48: *With* SLEIDED *silk*.—That is, raw, untwisted silk. Compare Pericles, iv. Prologue, 21:

Be't when she *wear'd the sleided silk*.

In Troilus, v. 1. 35, the Folio has *sleyd*, but I adopted the *sleive* (= *sleeve*) of the Quarto. See note 287 to that play.

10. Line 49: *Enswath'd, and* SEAL'D.—Steevens reminds us that "anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the seals of letters, to connect them more closely."

11. Line 51: *often* GAN to *tear*.—So Malone. Q. has *gave to teare*.

12. Line 58: *that the* RUFFLE *knew*.—For the verb *ruffle* see Titus Andronicus, i. 313, with note 21.

13. Line 72: *The* INJURY of *many a* *blasting* HOUR.—Compare "injurious-shifting Time" in Lucrece, 930; and "Time's injurious hand" in Sonnet lxiii. 2.

14. Line 74: *Not age, but* SORROW, &c.—Compare (with Malone) Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 89:

These griefs, these woes, these *sorrows make me old*.

15. Line 112: *his* MANAGE.—Q. has *his mannad ge*.

16. Line 118: *CAME for additions*.—So Sewall; Q. has *can*, and Sewall (2nd ed.) read:

Can for additions get their purpose trim.

17. Lines 153, 154:

the FOIL

Of this false JEWEL.

So Richard II. i. 3. 265-267:

thy weary steps
Esteem as *foil*, wherein thou art to set
The precious *jewel* of thy home-return.

18. Line 173: *Knew* VOWS were ever *brokers*.—Steevens reminds us of Hamlet, i. 3. 127:

Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *brokers*.

19. Line 182: *nor never* WOO.—Q. has *Vow*; the change is adopted by the Cambridge editors.

20. Line 215: *and the* OPAL *blend*.—This stone is referred to in one other passage in Shakespeare—Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 77: "thy mind is a very *opal*;" see note 128 to that play.

21. Line 218: *Lo, all these* TROPHIES of *affections* *hot*.—Compare Sonnet xxxi. 9, 10:

Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the *trophies of my lovers* gone.

22. Line 225: *that* PHRASELESS *hand*.—Compare "his *speechless* hand" in Coriolanus, v. 1. 67.

23. Line 228: *HALLOW'D with sighs*.—Sewall's alteration of the Quarto, which has *hollowed*.

24. Line 236: *by spirits of* richest COAT.—That is, by nobles, *coat* introducing the idea of heraldry; cf. Lucrece, 205:

And be an eye-sore in my golden *coat*.

25. Lines 239-241: *But, O my sweet, &c.*—I have retained, with the Globe edition, what is substantially the reading of the Quarto; but I feel pretty sure that the text is in some way corrupt, and the sense unrecoverable. None of the emendations seem to me worth chronicling: each reader must read the riddle after his own fashion. One thing seems to me clear, that the second *playing* is a repetition of the first (or *vice versa*), through the printer's mistake.

26. Line 250: *RELIGIOUS* LOVE.—Compare Sonnet xxxi. 6: "dear-*religious* love."

27. Line 254: *The broken* BOSOMS *that to me belong*.—For *bosom*=heart, the seat of the affections, cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 27:

This man hath witch'd the *bosom* of my child.

28. Line 261: *AY, DIETED in grace*.—Q. has *I dieted*; the change is due to Capell.

29. Line 271: *Love's arms are* *peace*.—It is not easy to see what this means, and emendations have been numerous. Capell proposed *are proof*; Steevens, *Love aims at peace*; Dyce, *Love arms our peace*; Lettsom, *Love charms*.

30. Line 303: *Applied to* CAUTELS.—*Cautels*=deceits; cf. Hamlet, i. 3. 15, 16:

no soil nor *cautel* doth besmirch

The virtue of his will.

31. Line 305: *OR* SWOUNDING *paleness*.—So most editors; Q. has *sounding*.

32. Line 309: *which in his* LEVEL *came*.—*Level*=aim, reach; cf. Sonnet cxvii. 11:

Bring me within the *level* of your frown;

and Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 5, 6:

out of the blank

And *level* of my brain.

33. Line 314: *in heart-wish'd* LUXURY.—For *luxury*=lust, see Troilus and Cressida, note 298.

34. Line 315: *He* PREACH'D PURE MAID.—The form of the expression reminds us of King John, ii. 462: "he speaks plain cannon,—fire;" and Othello, ii. 3. 281.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

INTRODUCTION.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* was first printed in 1599, the title being as follows: "THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shakspeare.* | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard | 1599. |."

In the middle of sheet C is a second title: "SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke." The volume was a collection of poems made by the unscrupulous piratical publisher William Jaggard; it contained some genuine sonnets and verses by Shakespeare, with others by Marlowe, Richard Barnfield, Griffin, and unknown writers. In 1612 the *Pilgrim* was republished, with a fuller title: THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | or *Certaine Amorous Sonnets, | betweene Venus and Adonis, | newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakspeare* | The third Edition. Whereunto is newly ad | ded two Loue-Epistles, the first | from *Paris to Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answer backe | againe to *Paris*. | Printed by W. Jaggard. | 1612.

This edition, it will be noticed, is described as the "third;" but no other between 1599 and 1612 is extant. The two additional poems of which the title-page speaks were by Heywood, and in the postscript to the *Apology for Actors* (1612) he comments on the piracy: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [his *Troia Britannica*, published in 1609], by taking the two epistles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Helen to Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himself right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M Jag-

gard [it should be W Jaggard], that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name" (Leopold Shakspeare, *Introduction*, p. xxxv). Touched by this appeal, the publisher cancelled the first title-page and substituted a second one, leaving out Shakespeare's name; and, curiously enough, the Bodleian copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (which belonged to Malone) has the two title-pages, probably through some inadvertence on the part of the printer. See the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. ix., *Introduction*, p. xvi.

We saw that the volume was a mere miscellany of verses; I venture to borrow Professor Dowden's classification of its contents:—

- "Poems I. and II. Shakspeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).
- III. Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. sc. 3. 60-73).
- IV. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- V. From *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. sc. 2).
- VI. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- VII. (?) Shakspeare's.
- VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.
- IX. (?) Shakspeare's (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- X. Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin, in whose *Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde*, 1596, it had appeared with various readings (on the subject of Venus and Adonis).
- XII. Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XIII. Probably by the same writer as x.
- XIV.-XV.¹ Probably not Shakspeare's.
- XVI. Certainly not Shakspeare's.
- XVII. Dumaïn's poem to Kate in *Love's Labour's Lost* (act iv. 3. 101-120).
- XVIII. From Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597.
- XIX. (?) Possibly not Shakspeare's.
- XX. By Marlowe (given here imperfectly), *Love's*

¹ Usually printed in error as two poems.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Answer (also defective here) is attributed to Sir W. Raleigh.

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from his Poems in Divers Humors, 1598."

I may add that poems xvii. xviii. xx. (with the Shepherd's Reply in full), and xxi. are all printed in England's Helicon; see Bullen's ed. pp. 74-77, and pp. 229-231. Poem xxi., first published in Weelkes's Madrigals, Mr. Bullen (Introduction, p. xxi) would assign to Richard Barnfield. For some remarks upon Barnfield's undoubted share of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, the reader should turn to the Introduction to Grosart's edition of the poet. Mr. Saintsbury—*History of Elizabethan Literature*, p. 117—hints that the "As it fell upon a day" is un-

commonly unlike anything else that the author of *The Affectionate Shepherd* managed to write.

With regard to poem xxi. and the imperfectly-given reply, it may be worth while to quote the passage in which Isaac Walton refers to them: "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 't was a handsome milk-maid; she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old? 10
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worse spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side, 20
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell;

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 20
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove;
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 40

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cythera, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 50
But whether unripe years did want conceit,

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd. 60
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can com-
prehend.



If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue. 70

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:¹

¹ *Spleen*, fire, heat.

Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by, 70
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her, 90
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether? 101
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence. 110
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove, 119
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone. 130

X.

Sweetrose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely¹ shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

¹ *Timely*, untimely.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still: 140
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-
braced me."
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced
me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms; 150
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; 161
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly; 170
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost are sold² or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

² *Sold*, seldom.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost. 180

XIV.—XV.¹

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant² on the doubts of my decay.

"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"

Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile, 189
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,

And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; 201
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;

For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack³ night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow. 210

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
eye could see,

Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love
did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight:

To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite

Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to
gain, 220

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
with disdain:

Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away:

Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!

Love, whose month was ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air: 230

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,

"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alas! my hand hath sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:

Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 240

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiop were;

¹ The last three stanzas are usually printed and numbered inaccurately as forming a separate poem.

² Descant, comment.

³ Pack, begone.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying, 250
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see 260
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall. 270
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
fight! 280

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains, 290
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike, 300
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy's¹ partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell. 310

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear² ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,— 320
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true; 330

¹ *Fancy's*, love's.

² *Clear*, grow clear; used intransitively.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys¹ that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught? 340

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick² to round me i' the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long: 350
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 360

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue, 370
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XXI.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone: 380

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till³ a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Tereu, tereu," by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own. 390
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:

King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me. 400

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want. 410

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king;"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment:

¹ Toys = whims.

² Stick, hesitate.

³ Up-till = on.

But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:

420

If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

430

NOTES 'TO THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

1. Line 43: *Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook, &c.*—Suggested, perhaps, by Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, bk. x. lines 556-559.

2. Line 52: *her FIGURED proffer*.—Collier proposed *sugar'd*; *figure*="to indicate not directly, but by signs" (Schmidt).

3. Line 74: *A longing TARRIANCE for Adonis made*.—*Tarriance* occurs once in the plays, in *The Two Gentlemen*, ii. 7. 90:

I am impatient of my *tarriance*.

4. Line 107: *DOWLAND to thee is dear*.—John Dowland (1563-1625, but the dates are not quite certain), "a cheerful person," says Fuller, "passing his days in lawful merriment," was the most famous of Elizabethan and Jacobean musicians. He published in 1597 *The First Book of Songs or Aires* of four parts, with *Tableture* for the Lute, and a *Second Book of Songs or Aires* in 1600, while he was composer at the Danish court. His *Third and Last Book* appeared in 1603, and a *Pilgrime's Solace* in 1612. Very frequent in dramatic literature are the allusions to his *Lachrymæ*, or *Seven Teares* figured in *seaven passionate Pavans* (1605); amongst many such references note the following:—*The Maid of Honour*, i. 1:

Such music as will make your workshops dance
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.

—Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 254;

The Picture, v. 3:

Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ*. Ibid. p. 318;

Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 8;

No, good George, let's ha' *Lachrymæ*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. i. p. 422.

In *The Returne from Pernassus*, v. 2, a character says:

Have you neuer a song of Maister Dowlands making?

There is a good account of Dowland by Mr. Barclay Squire in the *National Dictionary of Biography*; see, too, the introduction to Mr. Bullen's *Lyrics* from Elizabethan Song-books, pp. ix. x.

5. Line 121: *A STEEP-UP hill*.—First hyphenated by Sewall; cf. *Sonnet* vii. 5.

6. Lines 131, 132: *Sweet rose, fair flower, &c.*—See note on *Venus and Adonis*, 1114, with the quotation from *Milton*.

Fade is a weakened form of *fade* (Skeat). Cotgrave has: "*Couleur pasle*. A *vaded* or unperfect colour, such as that of Box wood is."

7. Line 133: *Bright ORIENT pearl*.—For Shakespeare's use of *orient*, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 226.

8. Lines 151-156: "*Even thus,*" &c.—In Griffin's *Fidessa* these lines are represented by the following verses:

But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautilous Queene neglecting;
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
O that I had my mistres at that bay,
To kissee and clippe me till I ranne away!

See the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. ix. p. 668.

9. Lines 165-167: *Age, I do ABHOR THEE, &c.*—No doubt Dekker was thinking of this when he wrote: "Sweet purse, I kiss thee; Fortune, I adore thee; Care, I despise thee; Death, I defy thee" (*Old Fortunatus*, i. 1, end of scene).

10. Line 167: *I do DEFY thee*.—*Defy*=reject, despise; so *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 68:

I do *defy* thy conjurations.

11. Line 179: *blemish'd ONCE'S FOR EVER lost*.—So most editors. The 1599 and 1612 edd. have *once, for ever*. A natural suggestion is *once, for ever's*.

12. Line 200: *DARK DISMAL-DREAMING night*.—So Malone and most editors. The edd. of 1599, 1612, read *darke dreaming* night, where it seems clear from the measure of the verse that some word has dropped out.

13. Line 207: *seems a moon*.—This is Steevens's conjecture. The edd. 1599, 1612, have *houre*, an obvious repetition of the previous line.

14. Line 211: *It was, &c.*—Compare for the opening, As You Like It, v. 3. 17:

It was a lover and his lass.

15. Line 238: *from thy THORN*.—So Malone, from the version in England's *Helicon*; see Bullen's Reprint, p. 74. The edd. 1599, 1612, have *throne*.

16. Lines 245-298.—The old editions arrange the poem in three stanzas, each of twelve lines. The verses as printed in the editions of 1599 and 1612, in Weelkes's *Madrigals* and England's *Helicon*, are full of unimportant verbal variations, which I forbear to chronicle. Mr. Bullen thinks that the poem was written by Richard Barnfield; see introduction to his reprint of England's *Helicon*, p. xxi.

17. Line 271: *can sound NO DEAL*.—In Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 245, we have:

To weep with them that weep doth ease *some deal*.

Deal, of course, is the German *theil*.

NOTES TO THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

18. Line 300: *And STALL'd the DEER, &c.*—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 111, 112:

when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected *deer* before thee.

19. Line 302: *As well as FANCY'S PARTIAL MIGHT.*—The edd. 1599, 1612, have *fancy (party all might)*; the 1640 ed. differs from them only in reading *partly*. The Cambridge editors print *fancy, partial wight*; the Globe edition marks the line as corrupt. It has always seemed to me that *fancy's partial might* would suit the context, and this I have ventured to adopt.

20. Line 306: *Smooth not thy tongue with FILED talk.*—For *filed*=polished, see Sonnet lxxxv. 4.

21. Line 340: *A WOMAN'S NAY doth stand for NAUGHT.*—There was a proverb (see Thiselton Dyer, Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 432) "*Maids say nay, and take it,*" to which Heywood alludes in his *Wisewoman of Hogsdon*, i. 2:

Come, come, I know thou art a *maid*; say *nay*, and take them.

—Heywood's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 260.

Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 55, 56; and the

following couplet from a poem in Bullen's Elizabethan Lyrics, p. 129:

Women's words have double sense:
Stand away!—a simple fence.

22. Line 349: *to ROUND me i' the ear.*—Schmidt explains *round*=to whisper; but can it not mean "strike me on the ear?" The sense requires some such interpretation, and we still talk of *rounding* on a person, *i.e.* turning sharply on him. Various emendations have been hazarded, to little purpose.

23. Line 353.—See Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 1. 15-26. Mr. Bullen, in his edition of Marlowe, remarks: "This delightful pastoral song was first published, without the fourth and sixth stanzas, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. It appeared complete in England's Helicon, 1600, with Marlowe's name subscribed. By quoting it in the *Complete Angler*, 1653, Isaac Walton has made it known to a world of readers" (vol. iii. p. 283). The different versions of the immortal lyric are rife with variant readings (of no particular importance), for which the curious reader must consult Mr. Bullen's collation of the texts (Marlowe, vol. iii. pp. 283-285).

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

The Phoenix and the Turtle first appeared in 1601 as one of the additional poems to Chester's Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint. The poem was signed with Shakespeare's name. Attempts have been made, quite uselessly of course, to explain the alle-

gory; no clue to the events hinted at has survived. Chester's Love's Martyr, described as an extremely rare volume by the Cambridge editors (see vol. ix. Introduction, p. xviii.), has been reprinted by the New Shakspere Society.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

10

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

20

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

133

Line 2: *On the sole ARABIAN tree.*—See As You Like It, note 145.

Line 15: *the DEATH-DIVINING SWAN.*—See note 257 Othello.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

30

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

40

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

134

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

50

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

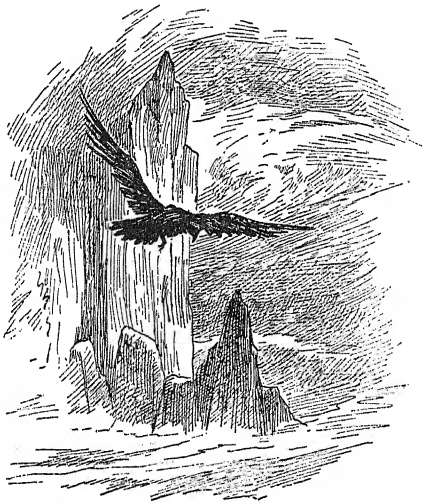
Leaving no posterity:—
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

60

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

67



A SKETCH OF
RECENT SHAKESPEREAN
INVESTIGATION

BY

C. H. HERFORD, M.A., LITT.D.

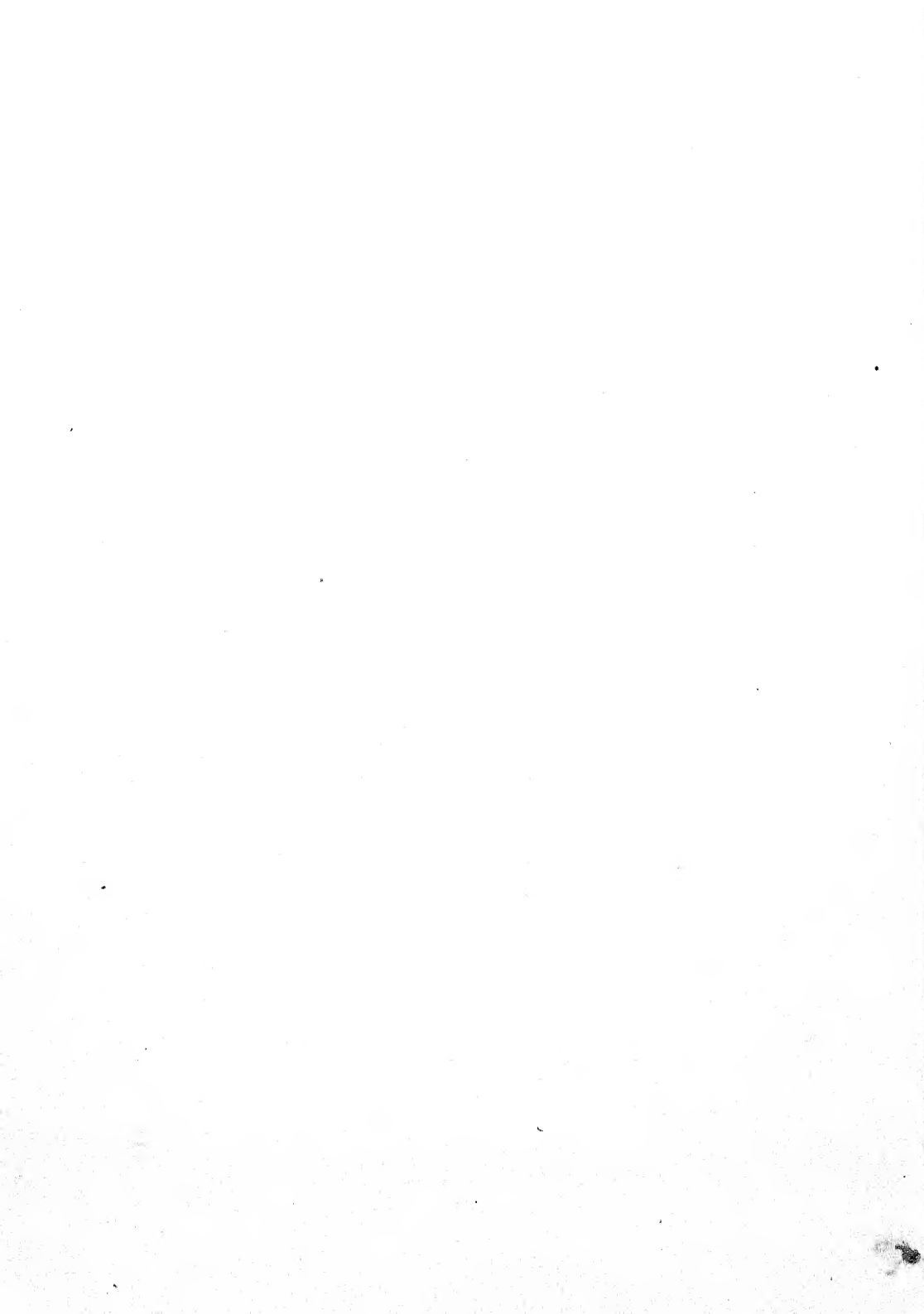
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Note

The following sketch attempts to indicate the main course and results of Shakesperean research since 1893, and to notice some of the leading works in which they are embodied. No earlier results are, except incidentally, included.

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I. SHAKESPEARE'S ENVIRONMENT AND BIOGRAPHY

§ 1. Shakespeare will always remain, for students of letters, the most powerful of the magnets which allure to closer acquaintance with the Elizabethan age. Bernhard ten Brink, the brilliant historian of our Old and Middle English literature, forged his way with a more cheerful courage through the wilderness of the fifteenth century because Shakespeare beckoned from the end of the way. But Elizabethan England has not been investigated and described only or chiefly by students of letters. To the historian of politics, economics, antiquities, religion, law, it offered absorbing problems with which for the most part the humble playwright of the Globe Theatre had very little to do. The decisive moments in the history of the period from any of these points of view bore no relation to the opening or the close of the momentous twenty years in which he wrote for the London stage. Of the two classical Histories of England under Elizabeth and James, Froude's stopped short at the Armada, 1588, Gardiner's started with Elizabeth's death in 1603; thus leaving precisely the most crucial and problematic years of the poet without a historian. While a mass of special study had thus been devoted to the England in which Shakespeare lived, no consistent or sustained attempt had been made to treat it as his environment, *his* England, woven by countless filaments of allusion into the woof of his art.

Shakespeare's
England

This want was in a certain degree met by the publication of the Elizabethan cyclopedia called *Shakespeare's England*, in 1916, the Tercentenary year.

The new publication does not on the whole claim to do more than present a convenient conspectus of these studies at the high level which had been reached in 1916. But many papers bring together from recondite sources facts never yet made generally accessible. Their value lies less in throwing any new light on the matter or text of Shakespeare's work, than in the delineations, conveyed in a profusion of scattered touches, of the ideas and

habits, traditions and prejudices, knowledge and ignorance of the town population for which he wrote. The "courtier" who watched and applauded *The Tempest* or *Othello* at Whitehall is in most minds an abstraction compounded of floating memories of Sidney or Raleigh. Prof. George Unwin puts blood into this abstraction, and suggests the preoccupations through which the philosophy of Prospero had to make its way, when he tells us, in an extremely valuable article (*Commerce and Coinage*, u. s. I. 311 f.) how "the courts of Elizabeth and James were crowded by a medley of projectors and suitors, compared with the best of whom the most self-helpful of Mr. Smiles's heroes shines as a disinterested enthusiast". Why, again, is the business-world, the honest trader and worker, so completely insignificant in the Shakesperean drama? Prof. Unwin again gives part of the answer: "The triumph of honest enterprise was overshadowed by the feverish delusions of speculation and the selfish greed of monopoly. A lively mood of adventure pervaded all classes, but the sound elements were counteracted by the unsound." Further help in appreciating the composition of the London population may be gathered from R. H. Tawney's valuable picture of the results of enclosures (*Agrarian Problems of the Sixteenth Century*, 1912), and Prof. H. Routh's illuminating chapter on "London and the Development of Popular Literature" (*Camb. Lit. Hist.*, ch. xvi), the best analysis yet given of the mingled social currents in that vortex, the average human stuff which took boat across the river after the midday ordinary, to crowd the floor and galleries of the Globe.

Shakespeare's
"Country"

§2. Shakespeare's more immediate environment, too, has grown at many points clearer during the past thirty years. Sir Sidney Lee, the Chairman of the Stratford trustees, has, with Mrs. Charlotte Stopes, taken the lead in this field of research. What was known of Stratford, and Shakespeare's association with it, up to its date is collected in his monograph (*Stratford on Avon*, 1907). Lee has especially enlarged our knowledge of the families of wealth and position near Stratford with whom Shakespeare the "gentleman" and landed proprietor became intimate after 1602; particularly the intricately interrelated family of the Combes, one of whom, John Combe of Stratford, we know to have been an especial friend of Shakespeare and to have left him a legacy on his death in 1614. Mrs. Stopes's researches (*Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries*, 1907; *Shakespeare's Environment*, 1914) have ranged over a wider circle about the Stratford centre. Here are grouped together all the Warwickshire men who are known to

have even remotely entered into Shakespeare's *milieu*—the Lucy family, in three generations; Richard Field, the printer of his first book; Edward Arden, and John Hall his son-in-law; Michael Drayton, fellow poet and perhaps a boon companion of his later years. In the last named work she has shown the existence of several other "William Shakespeares" in the Warwickshire neighbourhood. The sporting and other interests of the Warwickshire and Gloucestershire countryside, with which Shakespeare shows himself everywhere so familiar, received some fresh and piquant illustration in D. H. Madden's *Diary of Master William Silence* (new edition, 1907). In Justice Shallow he is generally believed to have glanced at Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. The glimpses we get of his household affairs and of some of his neighbours may not be true of Shallow's steward, Davy, but they disclose an intimate knowledge of the Cotswold region of Gloucestershire bordering upon Stratford to the west. Thus, when Davy begs his master to "countenance" William Visor of Wincot, an admitted knave, against "Clement Perkes of the Hill", on the pleasant ground that "an honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not" (*2 Hen. IV*, v. 1. 42), we now know that both Vizor and Perkes were members of actual families so named then residing at Wincot (Woodmancote) and Stinchcombe Hill, hard by, still known to the countryside, as to Shallow's Davy, as "the Hill". It was a Cotswold custom, too, to sow "red wheat" in the early autumn, as Davy is bidden do in the same scene (*ib.* v. i. 16).

§3. Our knowledge, if any is possible, of Shakespeare's early life, and in particular of his "education" and "culture", can only be reached by deduction, from the data furnished by his works. That these data can be variously interpreted was already clear in the eighteenth century, when Farmer exposed Shakespeare's want of "learning" for the greater glory of the genius which achieved so much without it. The Shakespereans of the nineteenth century decidedly withdrew from Farmer's negative position; even when they did not, like Charles Knight (in his *Pictorial Shakespeare*), class Farmer among the assailants of Shakespeare, or, like most German interpreters up to 1850 at least, conceive the dramatist as a profound philosopher. The minute investigation of the literary and intellectual background of the plays, carried on throughout the century, left his knowledge of books, even of Latin books, beyond doubt, but falling short of erudition.

Culture

In the criticism of the last thirty years two contradictory

tendencies in this matter are perceptible. Classical scholarship of to-day is very much alive to the Shakesperean analogies, in conception and in phrase, to be found in ancient drama, and is less inclined than Farmer to suppose them fortuitous. The striking parallel of Orestes and Hamlet, in particular, has been closely studied. The ablest and most intrepid of recent attempts in this direction is the essay by J. Churton Collins (*Studies in Shakespeare*, 1904). Collins, a classically trained Shakesperean specialist, made many additions to the parallels previously recognized, and based on them the conclusion that Shakespeare, if not a classical scholar in Milton's or Jonson's sense, at least knew the Attic drama at first hand. Collins's skilful use of his wide and exact learning made his results impressive; but later criticism—fortified of course by Jonson's own well-known allusion, in a context of high and generous praise, to his "small Latin and less Greek"—has taken more account than Collins was disposed to do, of the considerable classical knowledge floating in the atmosphere of the largely university-bred literary world of Shakespeare's London, and to his own admittedly extraordinary gift of assimilation. But Collins's researches certainly made the extent of this floating treasure more evident.

Similar questions are raised by George Wyndham's discussion of Shakespeare's "Platonism" (*The Poems of Shakespeare*, 1898), and that of Mr. J. S. Harrison in *Platonism in English Poetry* (1903). The comparison between Shakespeare and Spenser is here informing. Plato's religion and metaphysic of Love and Beauty has furnished the very substance of *The Foure Hymnes*; it provides but a brilliant thread here and there in the splendid woof of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

A very serviceable compendium of the books which Shakespeare can be shown on internal evidence to have known, has been provided by Mr. H. R. D. Anders in his *Shakespeare's Books* (1904), the most complete and scholarly statement of the matter yet attempted. How intimately the young Shakespeare knew Ovid, and how steeped his early style is in reminiscences of the poet whose "sweet and witty soul", Meres declared, had passed into his own, is shown in an excellent study by Sir Sidney Lee (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1909). A copy of the *Metamorphoses*, in the original, signed with his name, is preserved in the Bodleian, and it is generally allowed to have been the one he used. On the other hand, the copy of Montaigne's *Essays*, in the British Museum, once supposed to be his, has forfeited that claim, the signature of his

name on the fly-leaf being now shown to be a forgery. His abundant use of the Essays, however, from 1603 onwards, is beyond question.

§ 4. No addition has been made to our knowledge of the single unquestionable event of Shakespeare's youth and early manhood at Stratford, his marriage. But a specious hypothesis has been advanced by Mr. J. W. Gray (*Shakespeare's Marriage*, 1907), which, if it could be entertained, would explain the absence of an entry of Shakespeare's marriage with Ann Hathaway, in the Stratford or any other known register. At Worcester, under date 28th November, 1582, a licence was issued, as we know, for this marriage. But on the day before, 27th November, a licence, entered in the same register, was issued to "William Shakespeare" to marry one Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton. Mr. Gray argues for a clerical error in the entry. We may more probably find an illustration of the known frequency of Shakespeare's name in the West Midlands, in the fact that two men bearing it took out a marriage licence on successive days.

Marriage

§ 5. The five or six years between Shakespeare's leaving Stratford (c. 1587) and the angry allusion to him by the dying Greene (1592) remain obscure. But much patient and ingenious research has been devoted to the attempt to elucidate them; in particular by Mr. A. Acheson in *The Lost Years of Shakespeare* (1920). The data for construction are the facts that by 1592 Shakespeare appears as already a successful playwright, attacked and defended by other playwrights, and that a year later he dedicated a poem, "the first heir of my invention", to the Earl of Southampton. Mr. Acheson endeavours to make probable (1) that Shakespeare joined, during 1591, Lord Pembroke's company of players, "becoming its leader and chief producer of plays"; (2) that he made acquaintance with Southampton by 1591, on the occasion of Elizabeth's progress at Cowdray, the festivities of which are referred to (he holds) in *Love's Labour's Lost*; (3) that among his enemies of this time was, in particular, John Florio (whose *Montaigne* he afterwards possessed), and that Florio is satirized both as Armado in that play and as Parolles in *All's Well* (the probable later title of the *Love's Labour's Won* mentioned by Meres), and finally as Falstaff. The last equation, in particular, illustrates Mr. Acheson's fearlessness. Falstaff, as is well known, originally bore the name of Oldcastle. Mr. Acheson is "convinced that Shakespeare intentionally made the caricature of John Florio more transparent by choosing a name having the same initials as his,

The
"Lost Years"

and furthermore, that in altering the historical name Fastolfe to Falstaff he intended to indicate Florio's relations with Southampton as a *false-stafe*, a misleader of youth".

The most important gain, however, in regard to these "lost" years is a negative one. The theory that Shakespeare, before joining the theatre, spent some time as a lawyer's clerk, though unsupported by a shred of evidence, stubbornly held its ground, especially among lawyers, in view of Lord Campbell's authoritative assertion (*Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, 1859) that Shakespeare's allusions to law everywhere showed the knowledge of an expert. The argument was eagerly seized upon by the Baconians as a clinching proof that "Shakespeare" had been written by the great Lord Chancellor, and not by "the Stratford Clown". But Mr. Charles Allen (*Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question*, 1900), and later Mr. J. M. Robertson (*The Baconian Heresy*, 1913), have shown that Shakespeare's legal allusions abound in inaccuracies. That his enormously assimilative intellect laid hold of a host of floating legal phrases, even that the little drama of a trial at law interested his imagination, is clear enough; he was not more intimate with the law than with a dozen other professions. Such allusions are sometimes magically touched to beauty—like that well-known one where the dull routine of an assize serves to convey the poet's exquisite sense of friendship, as in

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past".

But any number of such allusions are less significant than the romantic travesties of law of which we are spectators in the Venice of Portia and the Vienna of Angelo. Shakespeare the lawyer may henceforward be dismissed to the limbo of finally discredited superstitions; the poet in whose crucible the dustiest of legal formulas turned to gold, remains.

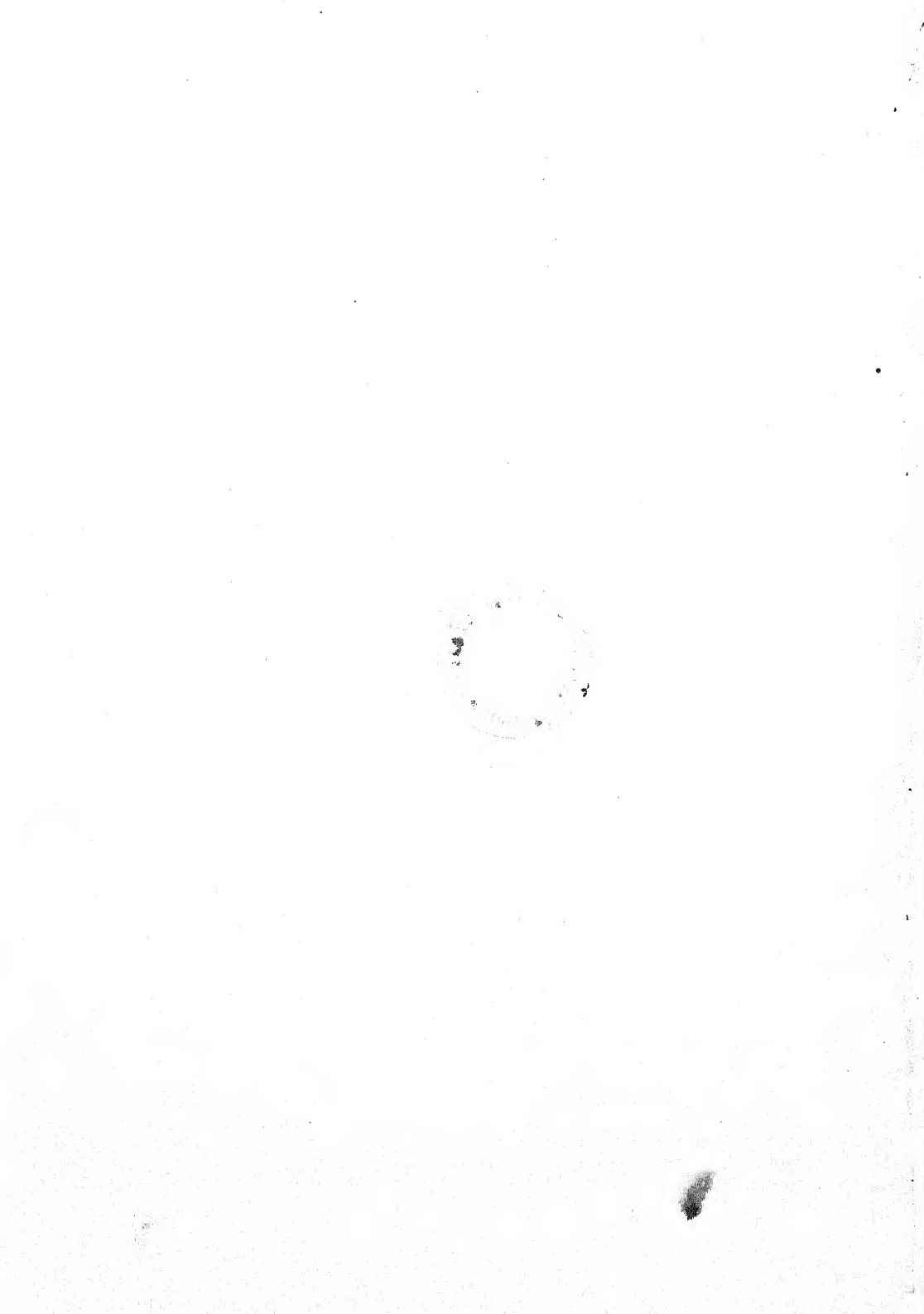
Life in London

§ 6. While the course of Shakespeare's literary career had been made out with substantial success, and in considerable detail, before the close of the century, the circumstances of his life in London, during those twenty years, remained little less obscure at the end than at the beginning, and any further light seemed beyond hope. But an American from the Far West cherished a doughtier and, as it proved, a juster faith in the existence of undiscovered information. In 1910 Dr. C. W. Wallace, after months of indefatigable research in the Public Record office, found evidence bearing upon Shakespeare's life at two periods, 1604 and 1612. At the later

SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE MANCHESTER
ART GALLERY BY FORD MADDOX BROWN.





date he appeared as witness in a law-suit in which the parties were one Montjoy, a Huguenot refugee, in business in Silver Street, Cheapside, and Bellott, a former apprentice of Montjoy's, now husband of his daughter. In 1604, another witness attested, "one Mr. Shakespeare, laye (i.e. lodged) in Montjoy's house, and was thus acquainted with the circumstances of Bellott's marriage (in November of that year), the terms of which, it was alleged by the son-in-law, Montjoy had failed to carry out. Bellott had, it seems, married with hesitation; and the above witness, a former maid-servant of Montjoy's, gave in her evidence the piquant information that Mr. Shakespeare, Montjoy's lodger, had attempted, at the mother's persuasion, to overcome his reluctance. He was now called in—no longer a working playwright lodging in the city but a landowner and "Gentleman" of Stratford—to bear witness to the "goodwill and affection" formerly shown by Montjoy to the apprentice who now sought, it was alleged, to repudiate his marriage contract.

It would be idle to seek any far-reaching significance in these facts. How long Shakespeare "lay" in Montjoy's house, and whether after as well as before November, 1604, we do not know. Nevertheless, this momentary glimpse of him in the London Huguenot's household remains the one passage, at once authentic and intimate, in his entire London life. Even Fuller's famous account, at second or third hand, of his debates with Ben Jonson, may owe we know not how much to the historian's genius for witty presentation, and cannot be placed on a level, for authenticity, with this documented evidence from a court of justice.

Last Years

§ 7. A less intrinsic, but perhaps more curious, interest belongs to the principal addition which has been made to our knowledge of Shakespeare's last years of retirement at Stratford. Early in 1613, the poet-actor, now a substantial country gentleman, was invited by the Earl of Rutland to take part, with his friend and fellow-actor Richard Burbage, in providing an *impresa*, or shield with emblematic device and inscription, for an impending Tournament at Belvoir Castle. Rutland, a nobleman of literary tastes, was a close friend of Shakespeare's early patron, the Earl of Southampton, as well as an assiduous frequenter of the performances at the Globe. It was thus not unnatural that he should call in the wit of Shakespeare and the well-known pictorial skill of Burbage to enable him to shine on an occasion of peculiar splendour, when he was to tilt in presence of the king. The Tournament took place on 31st March, 1613, and on that day the sum of "xliiij s" in gold was

paid to "Mr. Shakespeare" and the like sum to Burbage. These payments are entered in the household account books of Belvoir, and were first made known by the Historical Manuscripts Commission in its Report upon the MSS. there. Unfortunately all that is known of the *impresa* itself, in spite of its illustrious origin, is that it failed entirely to attract the interest of Sir Henry Wotton (who was present and wrote an account of the tilting to a friend), if it did not help to provoke his sarcastic reflections upon "some" of the *imprese*, that they were "so dark that their meaning is not yet understood, unless perchance that were their meaning, not to be understood".¹ But for Rutland, charging in the lists, or riding in procession before the king, it doubtless meant something that his motto had been furnished by the famous playwright of the king's men, who just twenty years before had dedicated "the first heir of his invention" to his friend and brother-earl, Southampton.

Only one other flash of the searchlight will detain us. It discovers Shakespeare once more in the city, in the last year of his life, taking part, with six others, in a Chancery suit for the return of certain legal documents relating to his house-property in Blackfriars. The suit was successful, the defendant being required by the Court (22nd May, 1615) to return the documents. The matter is of interest to us only as further illustrating Shakespeare's promptness to litigate in defence of his rights. Eleven months later Shakespeare died.

II. THE PUBLICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS: THE STAGE AND THE PRESS

(i) THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

The three types
of Stage

§ 1. No branch of Shakespeare-learning has provoked, during this period, so much patient research, keen argument, and ingenious speculation as the conditions and history of the Elizabethan stage. Fresh light has been thrown upon the circumstances of dramatic performance at each of the three types of theatre in which his works are known to have been played—the Court stage at Whitehall and other royal palaces, the "private", and also relatively aristocratic, theatres, and the "public" playhouses. Much is

¹ The whole incident was related and commented on by Sir Sidney Lee in *The Times*, 27th Dec., 1905, and more summarily in the later editions of his *Life*.

known also of theatres of both the latter classes, such as the first Blackfriars house, the Fortune, and the Swan, in which his plays, jealously preserved by his own (the Lord Chamberlain's) company, were never acted, and of the other companies, for whom, so far as is known, he never wrote. The three types of theatre were definitely distinct in social grade; it was only round the "public" stages, for instance, that the London 'prentices "thundered", "fought for bitten apples" (*Hen. VIII*, v. 4. 65). But all alike enjoyed the advantage of the well-known royal favour for plays, and stood in tacit alliance, notwithstanding frequent sharp interventions of authority in closing theatres or forbidding plays, against the general Puritan enemy of all, established in the city magistracy.

§ 2. The performances at Court, in particular, have been closely studied, and with illuminating results, by M. Albert Feuillerat¹ and Mr. E. K. Chambers.² The Court under Elizabeth, and still more under James, was a large and an exacting consumer of plays, and the minute and elaborate accounts officially kept of the expenses enable us to picture these performances more definitely, on the whole, than any others. The scene bore no resemblance whatever to those inn-yards out of which the modern English theatre has been evolved, and from which even Shakespeare's Globe was but a step or two removed. They were played in the great hall of whatever royal palace was chosen for the performance—Whitehall, or Richmond, or Hampton Court, or Greenwich, or Windsor—a special stage of stout timber being built at one end. A door at the back of the stage for entrances and exits was sometimes provided by actually breaking an opening in the solid wall. The spectators were accommodated in ascending tiers of seats ranged round the walls. The queen sat on a tapestried dais, which was sometimes in the middle of the hall, sometimes actually on the stage. The air was perfumed with essences, and a forest of candles and torches made the place (we are told) "as bright as day". The stage was equipped with lavish profusion, in some respects beyond that of our own day. The costliest material was used for dresses, and the passion for seeing actors wearing splendid clothes so far got the better of the desire to see them resemble the persons they were supposed to represent, that Irish kerns, whose misery was proverbial, appeared in shirts of yellow sarcenet and tunics of cloth of gold fringed with green silk.³ It is generally supposed that

¹ *Le Bureau des Menus-Plaisirs*, 1910.

² "Court Performances before Queen Elizabeth" (*Mod. Lang. Rev.*, 1907); "Court Performances under James I" (*Ibid.* 1909).

³ Feuillerat, *Bureau des Menus-Plaisirs*, p. 58.

little or no "scenery" in the modern sense accompanied this lavish provision of "disguises". But M. Feuillerat's documents make clear that at the Court performances, at least, this was far from being the case. There was, it is true, no shifting of scenes in our sense. But "scenes", elaborately painted on cloth, and representing all the localities supposed in the plot, they had. Only, instead of the scenes being shifted while the players remained in the same place, the whole series of scenes or "houses", as they were called, was set up round the stage at the outset, and the players moved from one to the other in succession. Was that a breach of realism? Doubtless; but hardly a greater than is involved when the modern stage "becomes", in a few minutes, places hundreds of miles apart. For the rest, the Revels' accounts show that, long before the closing period of Elizabeth's reign, the Court performances made use of scenes representing country-houses, castles, towns, large cities, emperors' palaces, Rome, Scotland, mountains, forests, hollow trees, the sky, clouds, the sun. And the resources of painting were supplemented by elaborate imitative construction, or downright literal truth. Actual trees, brought to the Court on carts, would be planted to stand for a forest. Huge erections of carpentry, planks nailed to a timber frame, with men inside visible through the openings, would stand for a castle with its garrison, or a prison with its captives, or an assembly with its senators.¹

These Court entertainments have a direct bearing upon the Shakesperean drama in two ways. In the first place, the plays performed at Court were, in the main, pieces already approved by the audiences of the popular theatres. These pieces thus received the advantage of the elaborate scenic equipment of the Court stage. Shakespeare's plays, then, among the rest—and none were in greater request there—were mounted "with their apt houses of painted canvas and properties incident such as might most lively express the effect of the histories played".² And it is hardly to be believed that the players, some of whom had a direct share in the profits of the theatre, made no attempt to emulate on their own stage the lavish equipment of the Court. In any case, that example, constantly before their eyes, promoted the steady growth in richness and splendour of equipment which we know actually took place. So far as the Court taste directly influenced the production of plays, it bred only the thin and sapless plant of the neo-classic drama. But in this indirect way

¹ Feuillerat, p. 68.

² Feuillerat, p. 85.

it stimulated the activity of the more vigorous native growth. It is now held probable by critics of such standing as Reynolds and Schelling that the public theatres at the close of Elizabeth's reign fell little short in splendour of the Court performances.

The second point has more direct literary interest. The plays offered by the companies for performance at Court were submitted some weeks beforehand to the Master of the Revels for selection and censorship. He summoned the actors before him, made them play through their repertory, and chose the best pieces; an hour-glass being used to ensure strict compliance with the limit of (probably) two hours. He then, in person or by deputy, read the chosen plays repeatedly through, correcting and amending matters "not convenient to be shown before Her Majesty", or returning the MS. to the Company for "reform".¹ It may be assumed that the "reforms" thus introduced or required tended to assimilate the plays to the aristocratic type of taste in drama, of which the Court, the universities, and the Inns of Court were the nurseries, and the classicizing plays of Daniel a probably extreme example. The financial and social advantages attending performances at Court made the quiet pressure of this official influence upon the Companies by no means negligible. It told both upon the manager who commissioned a play, and on the writer who made it. And if, on the whole, it was the popular theatre, with its crowd of talented playwrights, and its enormous fecundity, that drew the high-bred but unfruitful dilettanti of the Court in its wake, we must not forget that the drama of the theatres reached its Shakespearian consummation only after the genius of Marlowe and Kyd had enriched and ennobled the ruder shows they found with vital elements both of substance and of form, till then only known to the Court or university stage. The Senecan tragic motives, the murdered kin and ghosts crying out for vengeance, of Kyd, and the blank verse of Marlowe, are both presupposed in *Hamlet*. The brilliant prose dialogue of Lyly's court-plays is no less presupposed in *Love's Labour's Lost* and even in *Much Ado*.

§ 3. The most important and the best known of the private stages was that of Blackfriars, owned by Shakespeare's Company, but for several years leased to the organizer of the boy-players who were at the date of *Hamlet* its most formidable rivals. Our knowledge of the private stage has been materially enlarged by Professor C. W. Wallace (*The First London Theatre*, 1913, and elsewhere). The term "private", it is now clear, was first adopted as a self-

The
Private Theatres

¹ Feuillerat, p. 55.

protective device, plays "shewed in the *private house* of any nobleman, citizen, or gentleman" being expressly exempted from the penalties laid down by the Act of Common Council in 1574, for performing plays within the liberties of the city. The theatres known as "private" were thus, like those of the Court performances, ordinary rooms protected from the weather, artificially lighted, and with seats for the audience, but just as available as the "public" stages to those who were ready to pay their higher prices. Dr. Wallace has shown that in the very year (1576) of the establishment of the first "public" stage—the famous Theater of Burbage, outside the city precincts—a "private" theatre was, with appropriate protective disguise, warily started within them. This was the "first" (and previously unknown) Blackfriars theatre, a room in the old frater of Blackfriars priory, previously occupied by Lord Cobham, and was leased by Richard Farrant, master of the choir-boys ("Children of the Chapel") at Windsor. Here, under the pretext of training the choir-boys, performances were in fact given between 1576 and 1584, when this little theatre was closed. Thirteen years later, Burbage founded in the same building the second Blackfriars "private" theatre, the fortunes of which are well known. For eleven years, the most momentous in the history of modern drama (1597–1608), it was held on lease from Burbage by the master of those "little eyases", the choir-boys of the Savoy Chapel, referred to with unusual asperity in *Hamlet*. Dr. Wallace has discovered the actual dimensions of the "room" used for the performances—66 by 44 feet; and that it had no less than three galleries. The stage was a dais extending probably across the whole breadth at one end, instead of projecting into the auditorium as in the "public" theatres. Such an arrangement would allow the abuse of sitting on the stage, practised by gallants and ironically recommended by Dekker in the *Hornbook* to "gulls", to be perpetrated without obstructing the view of the spectators. For the rest, the structural devices of inner stage, curtain, balcony, characteristic of the public theatres, were no doubt gradually introduced into the private also; many plays were acted indifferently at the one and at the other. And the Blackfriars private theatre "was in a literary sense, even apart from Shakespeare's connection with it, the most important theatre in London. Its name appears on the title-pages of over fifty quarto plays, whereas less than half that number are assigned by the publishers to the Globe."¹

§ 4. But it is chiefly our knowledge of the "public" theatres that

¹ Lawrence and Archer in *Shakespeare's England*, ii, 291.

has profited by the keen investigation of the Elizabethan stage conditions carried on since 1904. The distinction of having started it, though his theory is now generally discredited, belongs to C. Brodmeier, whose *The Shakesperean Stage according to the old Stage-directions* (German) appeared in that year. Important landmarks in the discussion are G. F. Reynolds's *Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging*, 1905; W. Archer, "What we know of the Elizabethan Stage" (*Quart. Rev.*, Apr. 1908); Neuendorff's *The English popular stage in the age of Shakespeare*, 1909; W. J. Lawrence's *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, 1912-3; and the article by Lawrence and Archer on "The Playhouse" in *Shakespeare's England*, 1916.

All discussion of the arrangement of the public theatre starts from the admitted fact that its stage was not, like ours, a picture enclosed in a frame, with the audience in front, but a platform, projecting into the auditorium, with the audience closing round it on three or even four sides. It is also agreed that at the back of the stage was a raised gallery, serving now for the battlements from which citizens of Angers brave the besieging kings in *King John*, now for the balcony from which Juliet discourses to Romeo, or Gloucester between his bishops to the London citizens, now for musicians or actors looking on. But controversy begins when we ask how the succession of scenes with different properties and often in different places was contrived. That this must have been extraordinarily rapid is proved by the fact that two hours was the normal time of performance—"the two hours' traffic of the stage" as it is called by the prologue in *Romeo and Juliet*. Although scenery was insignificant, when it existed at all, the stage properties and the dresses were extremely elaborate. The difficulty of explaining how they could be rapidly changed between successive scenes led Brodmeier to propound his so-called alternation theory. According to this, a curtain, hung parallel to the front of the stage some distance back, divided it into two portions, front and rear. When desired, the rear portion could thus be cut off from the view of the majority of the audience, and thus a scene which required "properties" could be arranged while one which did not require them was being enacted in the front portion. At the close of the "unpropertied" scene, the curtain would then simply be drawn back, and the "propertied" scene follow immediately. During the performance of this scene, no further preparations could be made on the stage, the whole of it being now exposed. Hence an "unpropertied" scene, it was contended, must have followed, the

curtain being once more drawn, and the next scene, a "propertied" one, prepared for as before. In other words, the theory required in every play an "alternation" of "propertied" and "unpropertied" scenes, and Brodmeier attempted to show that this kind of sequence actually prevailed. But the attempt breaks down altogether. Dr. Lawrence's authoritative judgment may be quoted:

"Though a few cases can be cited in which 'propertied' and 'unpropertied' scenes do seem to alternate, there is probably not a single play in which the alternation is consistently carried through, while there are numberless cases in which one 'propertied' scene follows immediately on the heels of another."¹ A not less fatal objection follows from the structural position of the stage with relation to the audience. Since the audience crowded round three sides of the stage, a curtain hung anywhere but at the rear would shut off every alternate scene from the view of a large section of the spectators; a deprivation scarcely compensated by the fact that they would have a clear view of the preparations for the scene to follow, which the curtain was intended to hide.

It is certain, however, from countless contemporary stage-directions, that a curtain was used, and that it could be drawn back to disclose, to the whole audience, fresh persons and previously unseen places or rooms. Thus the tomb of the Capulets, with Juliet lying in it, is disclosed, and Romeo and Paris enter. A curtain is often actually mentioned. One hangs in front of Prospero's cell, and is drawn back by Prospero when he welcomes Alonso to "this cell, my court",² where Ferdinand and Miranda are seen playing at chess. It is now generally agreed that the requirements in these and a host of similar cases can only be met by assuming a recess, an "alcove", or as Lawrence prefers, a "corridor" with openings for entrance and exit at either end, behind the stage proper; and that the curtain constantly mentioned hung across the entrance to this recess, and not across any portion of the main stage.

This assumption satisfies all the situations implied in the extant texts of the Elizabethan drama from the inception of the regular theatre. It would hardly have excited controversy but for the well-known interior view of the Swan theatre left by a Dutch visitor, de Witt, about 1600, which shows at the back of the stage, instead of any such recess, a blank wall with two closed doors. The stage itself is, moreover, here actually divided into a front and back portion in so far as two pillars, half-way along the sides,

¹ *Shakespeare's England*, ii, 300.

² His latest editors actually supply a stage-direction, "with his hand on the curtain of the cave".

support a kind of penthouse overhanging the rear stage only. Between these pillars the advocates of the "alternation" theory hung their curtain, with the impossible consequences indicated above; there is no suggestion of such a thing in the print. But it is now agreed that the de Witt drawing cannot be held authoritative for all the stages of that day, in particular not for Shakespeare's stage at the Globe, here alone in question. On the one hand it was apparently done from memory; further, even if it accurately reproduces the stage of the Swan, this was not necessarily typical.

It will be seen in a later section (III. i. 2), how the more precise knowledge of the stage, of which the main features have been sketched, reacted upon the interpretation of dramatic action and character in Shakespeare.

(ii) THE PRINTED PLAY; QUARTOS AND FOLIOS; SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING

§ 1. First "published" in the playhouse, Shakespeare's plays are known to posterity only through the medium of printed texts. If the playhouse impressed its character upon the play, the play had to traverse a further course full of hazard on its way into print. Modern scholarship has made important additions to our knowledge of both phases in the genesis of the Shakesperean play as we know it, and the result, in the latter case also, directly affects at many points our understanding and interpretation of the play.

Our Texts of
Shakespeare

The plays and poems have come down to us, as is well known, in one, or both, of two forms, the "Quartos" and the "Folios". Quarto editions of about half the plays appeared during the course of Shakespeare's active career, and later. Several of them are grossly imperfect, and were probably issued by "pirates", without the authority and against the will of Company and author. The case of the rest has been prejudiced by this fact. The First Folio, on the other hand, was issued by two of his fellow-actors, professedly with every kind of loyal care, but seven years after his death. Nineteenth-century criticism stood, on the whole, for the Folio as the most authoritative text. But some of its deficiencies were obvious, even glaring. English critics who rejected, as they became during the century more and more disposed to reject, Shakespeare's authorship, wholly or in part, of *Titus Andronicus*, *Henry VIII*, *1 Hen. VI*, *Timon of Athens*, *Taming of the Shrew*, could not allow any unquestioned authority to the Folio which included them all, or any respect to the claim of its editors to have used every-

2

where their author's MS. It was certain in any case that many undoubtedly authentic passages were omitted in the Folio and retained in the Quartos.

The principal feature of Shakesperean bibliographical criticism during the twentieth century has been to invert this relation, and restore the highest authority, so far as they are available and are not evidently pirated, to the Quartos. The leader in this changed direction is Mr. A. W. Pollard. Its conclusions have been applied and extended in detail by Mr. J. Dover Wilson in the *New Shakespere*, 1920 and now in progress.

The Quartos,
"Good" and
"Bad"

§ 2. Mr. Pollard began by setting aside the group of confessedly imperfect and unauthorized texts, which he called the "bad" Quartos: *Romeo and Juliet* (1597), the *Merry Wives*, *Henry V*, *Hamlet* (1603), and *Pericles*. The remainder, fourteen in number, he distinguished as the "good" Quartos, claiming for them on the whole an authority superior to that of the Folio. They were, in the first place, with two exceptions, authorized by the Company of Players, and therefore printed directly from versions of the plays in their possession. Further, Mr. Pollard contends that these versions are likely to have been not transcripts made for the purpose, at much cost of money and time, but the prompt-copy actually used in the theatre, which itself was substantially the autograph MS. of the author. His reasoning is contained in a series of books from 1909 onwards, especially in his now almost classical account of *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates* (1917). It is shown, for instance (though many of the facts have long been known), that the printed Quartos often give us the prompter's notes made on the prompt-copy and accidentally not excised; as when "Will Kemp" (the famous clown of the Company) is named at the head of a speech instead of the character he played. It is evident, too, that in many cases the play was submitted to a censor in the author's autograph copy, which then, with his excisions or alterations, became the prompt-copy. There were reasons for this frugality, apart from the cost of making duplicates; for the risk of piratic publication was much reduced if the play existed only in a single, closely guarded, manuscript, which was used for all purposes, censorship, performance, and finally—untidy, blotched, annotated, but authentic—for the press.

It will be seen that the importance of this conclusion is very great, since it brings us, through large tracts of a play, save for the interposition of a single person—the compositor—face to face with Shakespeare's written text. It is true that, before serving as

prompt-copy, the author's MS. was liable to "cuts", abridgments, rearrangements to fit it for different circumstances or occasions. But these, in Shakespeare's case, are mostly not beyond the reach of detection by competent criticism; and their existence does not reduce the importance of the conclusion that we have proximate access to Shakespeare's actual writing.

§3. The "bad" Quartos, in spite of the epithet, have also an extraordinary interest, since the problem of their origin admits of no simple solution, and one at least, the First Quarto of *Hamlet*, cannot be explained wholly by "corruption", whether on the part of printers, surreptitious note-takers in the theatre, or botching "editors" in a pirate publisher's office. During the later nineteenth century, two schools of criticism hotly debated this problem. The one, including some of the most distinguished Shakespeareans of Germany, insisted that "corruption", in one or all of these senses, was sufficient to explain all the divergences of these Quartos from the later and accepted texts of the Folio or of later Quartos. The other school pressed home the fact that some of the later Quartos of these plays (as in particular the Second Quarto of *Hamlet*) show divergences (such as alterations of names, changes in character) most naturally explained by later revision on the part of the author.

The "Bad"
Quartos

The closer scrutiny of the economy of the Elizabethan play-houses and printing houses, for which we are indebted mainly to Mr. Pollard and his followers, has brought this nineteenth-century controversy some steps nearer to settlement. It is now generally held that we have, in these cases, to do with (1) abridgments of the original, full-length play, effected in the theatre; these abridgments having been there (2) partially revised by Shakespeare, as when "Corambis" was renamed Polonius; (3) piratically printed by the mediation of some actor who had played in the full-length piece. This player go-between who sold his professional knowledge of the text, and particularly his own part, to the pirates, is the villain of the bad-quarto-drama, new style. His emergence is due to the acute discovery that in some of these plays the normal imperfections of the text almost wholly disappear in some one rôle, an inequality easily and conclusively explained if this part of the text was furnished by one who, in the ordinary way of business, had it by heart.

§4. Before leaving the Quartos, a somewhat curious point in Elizabethan bibliography relating to them may be briefly adverted to. Three years after Shakespeare's death, in 1619, there is evidence,

Other
Quartos

as is now believed, of an intention on the part of a London publisher, Pavier, to issue a quarto collection of his plays—anticipating the Folio by four years. Four Quartos, the *Merry Wives* and three plays of partial or doubtful title to authenticity, but all described as “by William Shakespeare, Gent.”, are known to have been issued in 1619. But five other Quartos, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Henry V*, and *Lear*, with one pseudo-Shakesperean piece, bearing earlier dates, are suspected to have been in reality issued in the same year. Dr. W. W. Greg, the author of this theory, has shown by a close examination of the paper and imprints that they are identical in fabric with the volumes admittedly of 1619, and that the publisher's name and dates were forged. His view has been accepted by our chief authority in Elizabethan bibliography, Mr. Pollard.

The Folio

§ 5. The same considerations which raised the authority of the better class of Quartos disclosed further deficiencies in the Folio, or threw those already recognized into more salient relief. Not only were the claims of the editors to have printed uniformly from Shakespeare's MSS. clearly untenable; their edition was shown to be a compilation of texts of varying character and origin, handled on no uniform system, while their most definite attempt at uniformity—the division into acts and scenes—is widely suspected to have been contrary to Shakespeare's own practice. For about half the plays no contemporary Quarto, good or bad, was in existence, and the editors were thus relegated to a prompt-copy which had been undergoing all the vicissitudes of the green-room for a dozen years since its author's retirement from the stage, and seven years since his death, or which was even lost altogether, and had to be clumsily replaced by the separate actors' parts, put together as best they might.¹ The division into acts and scenes, found in all but six of the Folio plays, seems to have been regularly adopted by the King's Men after Shakespeare left them. It is found in none of the Quartos printed in his lifetime, the latest of which is *Troilus and Cressida* (1609). That this important structural principle, supported by classical and Italian drama, and rapidly becoming current on the contemporary stage, was rejected by Shakespeare, may not yet be sufficiently proved; but it has been shown that the Folio division between acts sometimes breaks up a continuous scene. Thus at the close of Act iii in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the pairs of Athenian lovers, who

¹ “At least one or two of the Folio plays suggest such an origin” (Dover Wilson, *Introd. to The Tempest*, p. xxxv).

in the modern text "lie down and sleep" towards the close of Act iii, scene 4, and are found sleeping at the opening of Act iv, are said in the Folio stage direction to "sleep all the Act", i.e. the interval between the acts. One fears that these innocent couples, if they "slept" on the curtainless stage, watched from three sides by the audience, might have been a mark for mischief less poetic than Puck's magic juice. It is probable that Puck's song ("On the ground sleep sound, &c.") alone intervened between Hermia's lying down and the entrance of Titania and Bottom.

§ 6. While the revaluation of the Shakespeare Quartos has been brought about chiefly by the closer study of the customs of the Elizabethan playhouses and printing shops, a more open-minded study of the old texts themselves has thrown unexpected light upon Shakespeare's—and incidentally upon the general Elizabethan—mode of delivering verse. Mr. Percy Simpson in his little book on *Shakespearean Punctuation* (1911) has shown that punctuation in the old texts, for the most part irreconcilable with grammar and thence habitually "corrected" by editors, is nevertheless not careless or ignorant, but determined by a different intention, as a guide for the actor to the rhythmic and rhetorical, not to the grammatical, delivery of his lines. The colons, semi-colons, commas, and brackets indicated pauses of various lengths in the rhythmic movement; they had nothing to do with syntax. Inverted commas were used, not to mark quotation, but to indicate "sentences"—i.e. "sententious" or apposite aphorisms such as are launched at one another by the Duke and Brabantio in the senate-house scene of *Othello*, i. 3. These "signs", in the words of the only editor who has as yet attempted to reproduce them in a modern Shakespeare text, "are in fact stage-directions in shorthand". They tell the actor when to pause and for how long. They guide his intonation, they indicate the emphatic word, often enough they denote "stage-business". In the Cambridge *New Shakespeare*, an attempt has even been made to supply the "stage-business" which these pauses do not so much "denote" as allow time for. It is evident that this procedure opens a hazardously easy way to the vagaries of a personal interpretation; and the liberal introduction of new stage-business in the texts of this edition is its most questionable and most generally questioned feature. But these principles of punctuation,¹ designed for actor rather than for reader, clearly go to confirm the view that the plays were in general first printed from prompt-copies.

§ 7. In 1916 a further, and far more sensational, contribution

Elizabethan
Punctuation

Shakespeare's
Handwriting

¹ Dover Wilson, *Introd. to The Tempest*,

was made to the textual side of Shakesperean bibliography by the publication of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's monograph on *Shakespeare's Handwriting*. Any serious attempt to cope with the still numerous passages where the received text is obscure or plainly wrong, was hampered, if not frustrated, by the apparent loss of every scrap of his handwriting, with the exception of five hurried or cramped signatures appended to his will or to other legal documents. The progress of scientific paleography during the last generation, by disclosing the necessary dependence of emendation upon handwriting, made acutely sensible a loss which the older emendators had cheerfully ignored. Even Theobald hardly suspected that his own ingenuity, applied to a printed text, was not an infallible solvent for any textual knot. But up till 1910 modern students of the text, though now increasingly conscious of the deficiency, were helpless to remedy it. In that year Dr. C. W. Wallace discovered a sixth signature, written not only earlier than any previously known (11th May, 1612) and thus nearer to the date of his dramatic work, but also under more normal conditions, and hence in a freer style. In Sir E. Thompson's view this discovery—otherwise so important for Shakespeare's biography—provided the key to the determination of the "leading factor" in the problem of Shakespeare's handwriting.

Armed with this key, the critic examined anew some pages of the scanty surviving MS. remnant of the Elizabethan drama, which had long been surmised, on general grounds, to be Shakespeare's work. These formed one of several "additions" made, by unnamed writers, to the play of *Sir Thomas More*, originally composed, it is held, by a well-known playwright of third-rate rank, Antony Munday. The MS. play, with the several "additions" all by different hands, is now preserved in MS. Harleian 7368, in the British Museum. The "addition" here in question was first ascribed to Shakespeare by a prominent Shakesperean of the mid-nineteenth century, Richard Simpson, in 1871, on the ground of the general resemblance of the handwriting to his signatures. Little notice was taken of the suggestion at the time, nor was the minute study of handwriting then far enough advanced to admit of any assured conclusion, even had the new signature of Shakespeare then been known. Sir E. M. Thompson undertook the examination of the problem under better auspices. Applying a very minute and precise paleographical technique to a comparison of the handwriting of the "addition" with that of the signatures, he concludes that they belong to the same hand, that the scene from *Sir Thomas More* is

therefore Shakespeare's work, and that we are thus in possession of a knowledge of his autograph amply sufficient to control all emendation of the printed text. Other questions, deliberately excluded by this eminent paleographer, must necessarily be faced before his conclusion is accepted. In particular, the literary question—has the work Shakesperean character? And with this again is closely connected the question of the date of the "addition". The quality of the scene—a rising of London prentices quelled by the sage and politic intervention of Sir Thomas—is reconcilable enough with the authorship of Shakespeare in his "workshop" phase—the Shakespeare say of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*, but not with that of the mature Shakespeare of *Henry IV* or even of *Richard II*. On the other hand it is doubtful whether the MS. can be dated so early as the former group of plays. The question for the present, then, remains undecided. But its extraordinary interest is evident, and all qualified critics agree that the handwriting of the More "addition" and that of Shakespeare's signatures belong at least to the same class.

§ 8. In conclusion may be mentioned the important work done in recent years in ascertaining, and describing with bibliographical precision, the extant examples of the Folios and Quartos of Shakespeare. Sir Sidney Lee led the way with his *Census of Extant Copies of the First Folio* (1902), enumerating 160 copies and their present owners. A supplement in 1906 included fourteen more, and more than 180 are now known, less than a score of which, however, are technically perfect. A similar census of the Quartos was carried out by Mr. Pollard. Quite recently all this information has been put together, with supplements of her own, by Miss H. C. Bartlett, a coadjutor of Mr. Pollard's, in her *Mr. William Shakespeare: Original and Early Editions of his Quartos and Folios* (Oxford, 1922).

Statistical
Bibliography

The present section has trenched necessarily upon a class of Shakespeare problems which involve further criteria than those which relate to manuscript and print—the determination, namely, of the extent and limits of Shakespeare's authentic work—or, as it may be more briefly called, of the Shakesperean canon. Some daring attacks upon these problems are noticed in the following section.

(iii) AUTHENTIC AND UNAUTHENTIC WORK IN SHAKESPEARE

Determination
of the
Shakespeare
Canon

§ 1. All complete judgment upon Shakespeare as a writer, all final criticism of his drama and of his poetry, postulates that we have a perfectly defined corpus of his writings to base our criticism and judgment upon. Yet almost from the first a kind of nebulous aura of dubious or putative writing has surrounded the body of unmistakably authentic work, and the problem of deciding on the claims of this dubious work, and thus determining the Shakespeare canon has, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, incessantly engaged the acumen and scholarship of Shakespeare critics. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, this problem, far from being definitely solved, has started up afresh in new and unsuspected quarters, and the limits of the canon form one of the most living questions of Shakespeare criticism to-day.

The first step towards the determination of Shakespeare's authentic work, and the basis for all the rest, was taken by his first editors, Heming and Condell, when they published what purported to be the entire work of their friend and fellow-actor in the First Folio. The judgment of two men thus intimately associated with the poet as to what he had and what he had not written, naturally has great weight; and with some scholars, especially in Germany, it has outweighed all the most confident decisions, in a different sense, of modern criticism. Nevertheless, the authority of the First Folio has since the middle of the nineteenth century steadily declined, and when Swinburne in the 'seventies let loose the picturesque exuberance of his denunciation upon these impudent pretenders, he merely put a high colour upon what was becoming in substance the common creed.

The composition of this Folio was found defective both in what it ignored and what it included. Two plays of unusual power, *Arden of Feversham* and *Edward III*, were claimed for Shakespeare, tentatively or confidently, by a series of nineteenth-century critics, with Swinburne at their head; while in a third, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which was published in his own day as the work of a fellow-dramatist Fletcher, it became usual to assign him an important share.¹

But their gravest and most damning default was in their wrong inclusions.

¹ The whole of the plays once ascribed to Shakespeare, but not included in the First or later Folios, have been edited, with an authoritative commentary, by Professor Tucker Brooke in *The Shakespeare Apocrypha* (1908).

At the opening of the period here in review, the bulk of English scholars were agreed in holding: (1) that another hand was concerned, with Shakespeare's, in *Timon of Athens*, *Pericles*, and *Henry VIII*, in all of which, however, his share was indubitable, and belonged to his grandest work; (2) that *1 Henry VI* and *Titus Andronicus* were substantially the work of other hands, with slight, if any, traces of his.

All of these plays were, however, in Germany universally accepted as authentic, on the authority of the Folio.

Such results could not be final. They compelled the attempt to identify the writer or writers whose work had thus been accepted by Shakespeare's editors. They also encouraged the expectation that closer analysis might discover traces of other hands even in the still undisputed plays.

§ 2. In both these lines of inquiry a leading share belongs to Mr. J. M. Robertson, a critic of remarkable learning, ingenuity, and resource, shown not in this field only. In 1903 he addressed himself to the determination of the authorship of *Titus Andronicus*, and in *Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus?* concluded, after a minute examination of diction and vocabulary, by referring it to Peele, Greene, and Marlowe in common, thus supporting the rejection of Shakesperean authorship at which the great body of English scholars had arrived on purely æsthetic grounds.

Peele and Greene and Marlowe, as contemporaries who did not survive Shakespeare's early manhood, could only come into question as literary partners in his earlier plays. But three Folio plays of his last years, as we have seen, invited if they did not compel the assumption of a fellow-worker. The nineteenth century confidently found Fletcher in *Henry VIII*, and suspected adulteration by Middleton in *Macbeth*. The twentieth century has not discredited these attributions, but it is inclined to discover Shakespeare's coadjutors less often in Greene or Marlowe than in George Chapman. Mr. A. Acheson supported with much new matter Minto's suggestion that Chapman was the "rival poet" of the Sonnets. Mr. Robertson, in 1917, attempted to carry this theory further, and to show that Chapman was both a collaborator with Shakespeare in *Timon of Athens*, and the sole author of the poem which closes the Folio, *The Lover's Complaint*. In this perplexing piece passages of Shakesperean power and even his grandeur of verse-technique are disconcertingly combined with a want of grip in the conduct of the whole, and a frequent abruptness and "grittiness" of style, which are eminently non-Shakesperean. Professor J. W. Mackail, in

Fresh attacks
upon the
Folio tradition:
Robertson,
Acheson

English Association Essays III, was the first to offer a reasoned argument against the authenticity of the *Complaint*; he suggested as the author the "rival poet" of the Sonnets, frequently as we have seen identified with Chapman; and it is this hypothesis which Mr. Robertson, five years later, took up and elaborated in his monograph on Chapman.

More recently still (in *The Shakespeare Canon*, 1922), Mr. Robertson has published the results of his attack upon the traditional "Canon" at three further points, already, with others, indicated at the close of his Chapman volume. He there urged: (1) that *Richard III*, in which Marlowe's influence is universally admitted, was actually Marlowe's work; (2) that in *Henry V* and *Julius Caesar* substantial portions of older plays, completed by Shakespeare, survive. This is not the place for a discussion or even for a detailed indication of his grounds. His admirable erudition and faculty of combination are discounted by a legal type of acumen, less serviceable in these inquiries, which finds the slightest inconsistency a ground for assuming the presence of a second author, or a surviving trace of some otherwise unknown play. Three such plays are thus required to account for discrepancies in *Julius Caesar*. To give one example, the motives of the conspiracy are not everywhere consistently stated. In the first three acts Cæsar's crime is that he "would be king"; in the fourth, Brutus declares that they struck him "but for supporting robbers" (iv. 3. 22). Brutus is certainly inconsistent, but passion often makes men so, and no reader of the play feels that here we have, in the writer, "a new point of view", still less "a new Brutus". Yet Mr. Robertson, who has already tentatively adopted the hypothesis of two earlier plays, a *Cæsar's Tragedy* and a *Cæsar's Revenge*, disposes of the problem lightly by the hypothesis of yet a third. With all this, his acute observation, if we resist his inferences, has at many points disclosed how rich, flexible, and temperamental the art of Shakespeare was, and how cautiously we must proceed in laying down for it sharply marked periods and categories.

Phoenix and
Turtle

§ 3. Fresh light has been thrown, finally, on the curious piece of allegory and symbolism which mystifies many readers on the closing page of the Folio, as of the Globe and other modern editions—*The Phoenix and the Turtle*. The poem, which is unlike any other verse of Shakespeare's, was published with his full name in 1601, and there is no reason to doubt its authenticity. It was contributed, as is commonly believed, to a collection of verse tributes presented by Robert Chester to his patron Sir John Salisbury,

under the general title, *Love's Martyr*. Several other well-known writers contributed, in particular Marston, Chapman, and Jonson; but the persons of Salisbury and Chester themselves were hitherto obscure. In one of the *Bryn Mawr College Monographs* (No. 14, 1913), Mr. Carleton Brown has collected many poems by Chester and Salisbury, preserved in MS. at Christ Church, Oxford, and elsewhere, and thus indirectly helped us to take the measure of the literary proclivities of these amiable but not distinguished minds, and to understand the good-natured spirit in which illustrious men of letters paid indulgent compliments to the Welsh knight.

III. CRITICAL INTERPRETATION

(i) SHAKESPEARE'S MIND, ART, AND PERSONALITY

Meaning
of the terms
in relation to
Shakespeare

§ 1. The three terms specified in the heading denote rather different aspects of a single huge enigmatic subject-matter than distinct and separable topics. It is hardly possible to discuss Shakespeare under one of these aspects without calling the others into play. The interpreter of Shakespeare has to answer fundamental questions about all three. To sketch the history, then, of these interpretations is not at all like unravelling a skein of three tangled but ultimately detachable threads. The three terms themselves, moreover, in their application to Shakespeare, are shifting and variable. For one interpreter the Artist Shakespeare effaces the Man; for another, the Man, his experiences, passions, and sufferings, are the whole substance of what we call his Art. The history of Shakespearean interpretation is mainly a history of the shifting emphasis laid now upon one, now upon another of these aspects.

Of the three, "mind" is the least open to discussion. The plays are there, once for all, an intellectual achievement without parallel, to be analysed or allegorized if we will, but not gainsaid or explained away. But our views of Shakespeare's "art", and, even more, of his "personality", depend far more upon the answer we give to questions for which no compelling evidence is available; we cannot here eliminate subjective bias; our conclusions, however probable, cannot be divested, in the last resort, of an element of speculation. The controversies that have raged in this field have accordingly been in a great degree the unfruitful debate of opponents who had no common ground. It is possible, nevertheless, to trace a slow advance towards ultimate agreement.

These controversies, or critical quarrels, may be reduced, for our present purpose, to two; the one bearing mainly upon Shakespeare's "personality", the other primarily upon his "art". Is Shakespeare's "personality" inaccessible to us? Or does he, after all, "attend our question"? Is his work and the record of his outer life an inscrutable mask? Or is it a living countenance, which may, by qualified eyes, be read? And again, is his "art" to be explained as the expression of a great poetic intelligence developing according to an inner law, or as the result of a series of astute compliances with the calls of theatrical fashion, the suggestions of the company, and the interests of the box-office?

Both these quarrels—here stated in their extremest terms—have, during the past thirty years, assumed a somewhat altered aspect. The decline of philosophic idealism, the more historical and also the more matter-of-fact temper of Elizabethan scholarship, and its undoubted advance in severity of method, have told upon both, but especially upon the second.

The close scrutiny of the Elizabethan theatre, and of the ways of the companies and the audiences, described in the previous section, have compelled a withdrawal from the extremer types of æsthetic theory prevalent a century ago, and still flourishing with beautiful luxuriance in Dowden's classical "Mind and Art". The picture of a great artist's soul, evolving in its four successive periods, each with its expressive label, has grown less credible even to critics who, like Bradley or Croce, hardly admit any outer force to have moulded or modified the contours of Shakespeare's art at all. The dangerous trend is now in the opposite direction—towards a Shakespeare who was Globe shareholder first and last, and whose technique was a tissue of compliances with the taste of the audience in which his own taste had no part. But we are on the way to an accommodation between these extreme positions, in the sense that Shakespeare's art achieved its triumphs precisely in giving his audience all they asked for, and gloriously more.

The first controversy, on the personality of Shakespeare, has run a more chequered and indecisive course. There have been plenty of spirited encounters about issues not very clearly defined, but there has been no triumph and no rout. This indeterminate situation arises in great part from the vagueness of the terms used, and the obscurity and difficulty of the very conception of personality itself. Is personality the whole sum of acts and words by which a man is known to the world, or is it the man as he is known to himself; or, again, the man (in theological language) as he is known to God, a

metaphysical entity which his words and acts and even his self-analysis and "confessions" can never exhaust and may completely disguise or falsify? The psychology of genius is too complex, and at the present day still too imperfectly explored, to give us much help; and biography offers plenty of examples available for either side. The sceptical party point to the frequent discrepancies between artists when at their art and in their private and public life; the melancholy of the comedian off the stage; the dullness of the celebrity at home; the callous savagery in crime of an exquisite artist like Cellini. Why should not Shakespeare, too, who by his own confession looked on his actor's craft as an unworthy disguise, the stain on the dyer's hand, have been also, behind the wrappings of his playmaking and his plays, a man totally other than they would suggest? But a chorus of voices, with more poets and literary critics among them than the other, impatiently protests that no great poet could thus disguise or conceal himself; that though poetry be "feigning", such poetry as *Lear* or *Hamlet* can as little have been created in cold blood as the frescoes of Michelangelo, that Shakespeare had felt the consuming passion and also the fierce loathing for passion which flame forth in their speech.

These two quarrels have been carried on, in great part, by the same scholars, and it is interesting to see how they grouped themselves in the two encounters. On the whole, the positive and realist temper which was in the air of the time, and inspired the close and methodic study of Shakespeare's stage, looked coldly on every kind of imaginative reconstruction of his "personality". But the very contention of these stage-specialists, that stage conditions and theatre interests, and the fashions of public taste, had been main factors in the making and the shaping of the plays, implied a reading of Shakespeare's character, and one which had the controversial advantage of being much more in keeping with the extant biographical data than the Shakespeare of the idealists, even if it left the gulf between this pragmatist and the creator of *Hamlet* and *Lear* only the more difficult to bridge. And this has reacted very perceptibly upon the first controversy, gradually shifting the dispute from the question whether Shakespeare's personality can be discerned at all, to the questions whether, so far as it is discernable, it is of the compliant "practical" or of the autocratic self-inspired type; whether he was a man in and of his age, flattering its tastes, sharing its prejudices, reflecting its interests, or the man of "all time", never comprehended till long after his own day, who used the life of his age as mere material for his alchemic art.

The best Shakespeare criticism of our time is doubtless agreed that he was in some sense both; and its most important achievement has been to make it rather easier to explain how. But before speaking of the critics who, by different methods and with different instruments, have penetrated farthest in our time into the genius of the poet, we will notice, in the first place, the scholar who has led, and still leads, the critics who deny the possibility of finding any clue to Shakespeare's personality in his work; and then the two contemporaries who, almost at the same moment as he, exultantly proclaimed that the supposed inscrutable mask was a speaking and transparent face.

Lee

§ 2. Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, first published in 1898, exemplified the patient, exact, and somewhat colourless historic research then coming into vogue. Shakespeare study as it then was, had room, and need, for this type of scholarship. Lee himself, after adverting in the preface, with perhaps unnecessary selfconsciousness, to the abundance of "æsthetic studies of Shakespeare" already existing, "to increase the number of which" would be "a work of supererogation", more than justified his preference of the historic method by throwing new light at several points on the origin and subject-matter of plays or poems. There were chiefly three cases. Lee was the first to explain the tissue of allusions (to the war in France, and the meeting of Henry of Navarre with the French princess, the Russian embassy to Elizabeth, and other sensations of the day) in *Love's Labour's Lost*. He also worked out the connection between the *Merchant of Venice* and the contemporary trial of Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician.

Finally, important new light was thrown upon the Sonnets, as will be described below (III, iii), by Lee's comparative study of the European sonnet-movement of the century.

Later editions of the *Life*, especially that, greatly enlarged and partially rewritten, of 1915, incorporated also the very considerable accretions of biographic fact made in the interval, and described elsewhere. They include not a little due to Lee himself.

Almost simultaneously with Lee's *Life* two Shakespereans of a more expansive type testified to the eternal fascination of those daring adventures which his austere reticence had declined: Mr. Frank Harris, in the *Saturday Review* articles (1899), later collected in his book *Shakespeare the Man*, and Dr. Georg Brandes in his *William Shakespeare* (1898).

Harris

§ 3. Mr. Harris, a clever journalist, without scholarly training or instincts, but with great ingenuity, some real insight, and an arresting

vehemence of style, leapt lightly over all the obstacles which baffle other inquirers. He *saw* "Shakespeare the Man" unmistakably plain and clear, and painted his image in crude colours. For Shakespeare was not the impersonal dramatist, invisible behind the "thousand minds" he created, but a single well-defined personality, which can be readily seized. Not only "the main features of his character" can be established beyond doubt, but "the chief incidents of his life". His portrait reappears again and again from the beginning of his career to the end. Not that it remains constant. On the contrary it changes as he changes and grows with his growth. He is Romeo, then Hamlet, then Macbeth, the duke in *Measure for Measure*, Postumus, Prospero. The model of all these characters, at first sight so diverse, is Mr. Harris's "Shakespeare"—"a gentle, bookish, irresolute" being, who evades every call to energetic action, and is moreover morbidly erotic and the helpless slave of a "dark lady", from whose embraces he finally retires, a broken man, to Stratford. No doubt this process of self-portrayal was not carried consistently through, even in the same character; hence glaring dissonances, as when Macbeth, a murderer, utters lyrics "utterly unexpected and out of place", like those about murdered sleep, or when Duke Vincentio, exhorting Claudio in prison, appears callous to his fate because he is just "a poet-philosopher talking to lighten his own heart". In all this it is clear that Mr. Harris has failed through complete lack of critical method. His "Man Shakespeare" is a fantastic "imitation of humanity", composed of traits arbitrarily chosen from characters which, like Prospero and Postumus, or Romeo and Jaques, have nothing in common. And even were this "Man" as transparently present in the dramas as Mr. Harris declares, his assumption that this Shakesperean creation represents Shakespeare would not be the less psychologically naive. Of all great dramatists Shakespeare is the one of whom we can least securely argue self-portraiture, so dazzling is his genius for creating human figures more real than life and yet utterly unlike himself. More surely than by studying the kind of men he drew, the character of such an artist can be inferred from the character of his art. And if anything is transparently clear about Shakespeare's art it is that it is the product of a mind conspicuously sane and sound.

§ 4. Dr. Georg Brandes approached the Shakesperean problem with other and far higher claims to attention. He had held for thirty years a commanding position among European critics. He had written a penetrating sketch of the life of the most illustrious living member of his race, Lord Beaconsfield, and recounted with

Brandes

equal brilliance and perversity the English literary history of what was for him pre-eminently the age of Byron. Yet English culture was not naturally congenial to him; nor was he a specialist in Elizabethan lore. But at least there could be no question of provincial insularity in literary or in ethical judgment. Brandes saw Shakespeare with the eyes of a man of cosmopolitan culture, who had not only surveyed as a critical onlooker, but mingled and contended with, the master-currents of intellectual life in the century about to close. This European note is significantly sounded in the opening lines of his *William Shakespeare* (1898), where the Englishman appears as the third of the great trio of the giants of the Renaissance age, with Michelangelo who died when he was born and Cervantes who died within a few days of his death, the one his peer in pathos, the other in humour. Brandes's predecessor and master, Taine, had been doubly entangled in a doctrinaire theory of the English race and in a pseudo-scientific theory of literature; Shakespeare, as he saw him, was the typical product of an England that still hung aloof in savage isolation from the refinement of humanized Europe. Brandes sees in him the supreme example of that universal humanity of the European Renaissance which entered creatively into every sphere of life. More than that: the emancipating power of Shakespeare's humanity has loosened the grip of antipathies which made brilliant pamphlets of some of Brandes's own earlier books. He can appreciate and felicitously characterize Shakespeare's gracious portraits of priests and monks, of Friar Lawrence or Pandolph; and far from resenting like most modern interpreters Henry V's dismissal of that consummate example of Renaissance exuberance, Falstaff, he justifies it as the inevitable preliminary to the new régime of self-reform and self-control. Such self-control Shakespeare himself now felt to be the determining factor of human life. "The reproof is spoken out of Shakespeare's very soul." In Henry no less than in Falstaff runs the sap of Shakespeare's own exuberant vitality, his genial acceptance of life in its full range.

Brandes's foible is to discover too constantly not merely the sap of Shakespeare's vitality but the accent of his voice, the echo of his personal joys and sorrows. The literature described in the *Main Currents* was everywhere quick with the living experience of the men and women who made it, and why should it be otherwise with Shakespeare? Parallels between Shakespeare's life and the situations of the plays had been collected by commentators who often had but mechanical notions of literature. To Brandes such correspondences were the hall-mark of all vital art, and he gathered them up

freely and uncritically into the rich loosely-organized texture of his book. Memories of Italian travel furnished those immortal pictures of Verona and Venice; grief for his own lost boy rings out in Constance's passion over Arthur; the zest of the recent or impending purchase of New Place betrays itself in the general preoccupation, in *The Merchant*, with ways of winning or spending or borrowing or conveying wealth. He bore Chapman a grudge, as his rival, according to a speculative hypothesis, in the love of an equally hypothetical "dark lady"; hence the "bitter mood", itself no less hypothetical, shown in scathing pictures (in *Troilus and Cressida*) of the Homeric heroes whom the "rival" had made accessible to the English world. In such things Brandes follows too readily the more matter-of-fact type of English criticism. His strength lies in a richness and range of artistic perception, in which few Shakesperean critics of any period have equalled him. He can make us, like Lamb, more intensely aware of grandeur, of pathos, of the hugeness of one tragic figure, the enigmatic poignancy of another, of the "rightness amid the wrongness" of a third. Above all, he is aware, and keeps us from forgetting, that Shakespeare is a poet, that his persons are poets, and that no imaginative splendour in their speech is to be ascribed to his, or their, momentary oblivion of the consistency of their part. Hotspur protests his hatred of music and ballads, and some critics have accordingly grudged him the splendid outbursts of poetry which not seldom visit him:

"By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

To Brandes, too, he is fundamentally "a man of sober intelligence who keeps to the common earth, and believes only what his senses aver". "But there is nevertheless", he goes on, "a spring in him which need only to be touched to send him soaring." Brandes fails often in the nicer matters of Shakesperean scholarship, and builds too lightly on the foundations laid by men whose critical qualifications did not approach his own. But he has something of the temperament of genius, and sometimes feels his way better by instinctive fellowship than others by trained skill. His book stands in a place of its own, as the richest in wit and temperament, in luminous aperçus and dangerous assumptions, in felicitous suggestion and fascinating error, of all the Shakesperean monographs of this period.

§ 5. The decade following the dramatic emergence, from opposite Bradley

poles of the critical horizon, of the books of Lee, and of Harris and Brandes, saw the inception, or more energetic prosecution, of two lines of research destined deeply to affect our conceptions of Shakespeare's art and indirectly of his character. Prof. A. H. Thorndike's *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare* (1901) was the most brilliant and decisive example of a series of studies, largely American, which showed the close relation between changes in the character of Shakespeare's plays and contemporary fashions of drama; in this case making probable that *The Tempest* and other "Romances" of his later years owed much to the example of those younger masters of "Romance". And in 1904, C. Brodmeier published the essay on the Elizabethan stage which for the next decade, as we saw, drew so much vigorous research in that direction. In the same year appeared A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*—an essay in purely critical interpretation, where both these new currents were serenely ignored; two years later (1906), the *Shakespeare* of Leo Tolstoy, in which these and all other fashions, old and new, of Shakespearean inquiry were scornfully repudiated in the name of the elemental art of the peasant.

It is true that Dr. Bradley disclaimed any attempt to deal with the recognized preoccupations of Shakespearean scholarship—with his "life and character, the development of his genius and art". *Shakespearean Tragedy* was nevertheless an indirect contribution of the first importance to the study, at least, of his genius and his art, and implicitly of his "character" also. The current doctrine, rapidly hardening into dogma, that Shakespeare, like lesser men, can be interpreted only through the historic conditions in which he wrote, went by the board. Bradley's instrument of interpretation was the intuitive insight of a trained, alert, and kindled imagination. But if he thus openly attached himself to the æsthetic tradition of Coleridge and Hazlitt, he used this instrument of interpretation with a methodical precision which reflected the more scientific temper of the Elizabethan scholarship of his own time. No critic of comparable æsthetic power had interpreted Shakespeare on the basis of so rigorous a scrutiny into the dramatic data of the text, or had discovered so many unsuspected problems of plot and character thereby. The same fruitful combination of scientific thoroughness in marshalling evidence and imaginative insight in interpreting it, distinguish, as we shall see later, his treatment of the problem of Shakespeare's personality.

In *Shakespearean Tragedy* he is concerned with two tasks: an investigation into the nature of Tragedy, as Shakespeare under-

stood and practised it, and a reinterpretation of the four supreme tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, to which one of *Antony and Cleopatra*, beyond doubt the greatest of the tragedies after these, was added in the "Oxford Lectures" (1909).

Our time is impatient of æsthetic theory. Yet the character and laws of a spiritual organism of so much moment for the world as the Tragedy of Shakespeare cannot be indifferent. Hegel, the most searching and original exponent of tragic theory since Aristotle, laid down a conception of tragedy which, if one-sided, was nobly one-sided, and cleared away much vulgar misconception. His view of tragic conflict as originally one in which both antagonists have a certain justification, sharply traversed the "crime and punishment" theory of tragedy; and his estimation of character not by its conformity to moral rules, but by its weight and strength of substance, its power of being what it is—valuably supplemented the ethical criteria to which Aristotle himself had given currency. "The strength of great characters lies in this that they do not choose but fundamentally *are* what they achieve and will." It became henceforth easier to see the conflict of principles in the struggle between Richard and Bolingbroke, between Shylock and Antonio, to recognize the colossal power as well as the malignity of Iago. That downright villany has a far larger scope in modern than in ancient tragedy he of course recognizes. "Richard and Edmund and Goneril deserve all they get." But his optimism allows him to be too easily satisfied with their overthrow, too easily reconciled to the ruin of a Hamlet or a Juliet, because their nature permits no other end. The thought is profound and true. But it leaves some other tragic catastrophes untouched, such as the death of Cordelia. If the close even of *King Lear* and of *Othello* leaves us "reconciled", we have first to reckon with and get the better of depths of anomaly and unreason imperfectly recognized in Hegel's view of the world, and thence in his view of tragedy.

It is at this point that Mr. Bradley, building largely on Hegel's foundation, parts company with him. The world represented in Shakesperean tragedy is not, in his eyes, so completely rational, or so finally satisfying to our idealism. The tragic action is grounded in the energies and conflict of human wills, but the final ruin is not always brought about without some intrusive influence not to be so explained—the madness of Lear, the supernatural solicitings of the Ghost or the Witches, or the mere "accident", the undesigned caprice of circumstances, which prevents Friar Lawrence's messenger from reaching Romeo, and Edmund's from reaching Lear's prison,

in time; or which causes Hamlet's ship to encounter pirates on the way to England, and thus saves him for the genuine tragic doom which he suffers and inflicts. Such things are not only facts, but tragic facts, in life, and may thus fitly have a limited place in tragedy, notwithstanding its primary concern with the ruin wrought by and in human character. But Mr. Bradley, while thus qualifying the intellectualism which saw nothing but deliberate purpose in Shakesperean tragedy, is still, in his treatment of Shakespeare the artist, an intellectualist of the purest water himself. He does not even entertain the idea that this admission of "accident" in tragedy may have been "accidental" in Shakespeare, a short cut to the conclusion, not an ingredient of plot, consciously recognized and deliberately introduced. Accident is a tragic fact. "Shakespeare accordingly admits it", though he "uses it very sparingly".

The same qualified withdrawal from Hegelian idealism appears in Bradley's searching analysis of the metaphysical implications of Shakesperean tragedy. The question lies, for most people, outside the domain of tragic art. That it does not do so for him, signifies only that the impassioned consciousness that attends supreme tragedy is intimately allied both to philosophy and to religion. But the world represented in Shakesperean tragedy does not, in his view, suggest any one metaphysical solution. It suggests ideas both of ruthless fate and of moral order, yet neither idea can be completely justified. The order of things which causes crime invariably to end with ruin, must so far be good; yet with the criminal it ruins the innocent, and moreover it has itself produced Iago and Edmund as well as Cordelia and Desdemona. And the ruin of tragedy does not always run on these lines at all. Antony, with all his faults, is more precious than Octavius, Macbeth than Malcolm, Hamlet than Fortinbras. If good is somehow won, it is at the cost of hideous waste. "We remain confronted with the inexplicable fact. or the no less inexplicable appearance, of a world travailing for perfection, but bringing to birth, together with glorious good, an evil which it is able to overcome only by self-torture and self-waste. And this fact or appearance is tragedy." In other words, and this is the most original part of Mr. Bradley's theory, it is not merely the story and fate of Hamlet or Othello which is tragic, but the very nature of the universe whose controlling and contending forces their story reflects.

Shakesperean Tragedy, as we have said, contributes incidentally, in spite of its author's disclaimer, to the study of Shakespeare's "character". It makes clear, for instance, from such examples of

disparity between the acting and the poetic qualities of a play as we have in *King Lear*, that his artistry cannot be exhaustively explained by compliance with the taste or wishes of the Company or even of the public. Even when he accepted their lead, he followed it in a way of his own, a way that satisfied his artistry while supplying what they demanded from art. "We see that he has done something that would please his audience, and we dismiss it as accounted for, forgetting that perhaps it also pleased him, and that we have to account for that." Such hints rather adumbrate than expound the personality of Shakespeare as Bradley sees it. In a later essay, his Academy lecture, "Shakespeare the Man", he addressed himself with singular skill and caution to the task of mediating between the flamboyant confidence of the Brandes and Harris type of interpreter, and the negations of the school of Lee.

§ 6. Against the complete sceptics like Lee, to whose Academy lecture of the year before his own is a reply, he urges that, without any process of argument, we all form instinctively a vague impression of the author of the plays and poems; an impression, moreover, which for all intelligent readers is substantially the same. That this impression, though vague, has definite quality, is shown by the sharp outline it presents towards some other types of character. If asked whether we think Shakespeare was like Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Milton, the most sceptical of us is prompt with his answer. Less so, if asked whether we think he resembled Fielding or Scott. This impression is not fully conveyed by the general testimony of his contemporaries to his "gentleness" and "honesty", and "free and open nature"; but it is quite in keeping with it. That he was sociable and cheerful, "very good company", and even more disposed by temperament to comedy than to tragedy, as contemporary opinion declares, is in keeping with it too. His tragedies do not suggest the morose temper of a pessimist; his most terrible pictures of the power of evil give us the ineffable vision of goodness in Cordelia, in Desdemona; and it is rightly seen that, though they perish miserably, the world which produced them cannot be hopeless; the vital thing is not that they were happy or unhappy, but that they existed at all. And it is significant that this "free and open nature" is the constant mark of his tragic heroes, as if Shakespeare had been most impressed by the kind of calamity which befalls such natures as his own. Othello is "of a free and open nature" (says Iago, almost in Jonson's words), Hamlet is "most generous and free from all contrivings", Lear, Timon, Coriolanus, are ruined by different varieties of the nobly "open" temper.

Bradley's
Academy
Lecture

"The affections, passions, and sufferings of free and open natures are Shakespeare's favourite tragic subject." That these sufferings had been his own we cannot conclude; but his constant recurrence to them points to a preoccupation more deeply grounded than the repetition of a telling trick.

Whether any "dark" experience underlay the "gloomy" tragedies depends much, for Dr. Bradley as for others, on our reading of the Sonnets. And in this Lecture he makes an important contribution to the view that the apparent "story" of the Sonnets is substantially true. That they contain "conventional" motives, current everywhere in the European sonneteering movement (as proved by Sir Sidney Lee), does not show that the story is a fabrication of fancy. And there is one decisive argument for holding it to be nothing of the kind. The "æsthetic" argument, namely. "No capable poet, much less a Shakespeare, intending to produce a merely 'dramatic' series of poems, would dream of inventing a story like that of these Sonnets. . . . The story is very odd and unattractive. Such capacities as it has are but slightly developed. It is left obscure, and some of the poems are unintelligible to us because they contain allusions of which we can make nothing." Now all this, Dr. Bradley justly urges, "is perfectly natural if the story is substantially a real story of Shakespeare himself and of certain other persons; . . . and if they were written *for* one or more of these persons; written, that is, for people who knew the details and incidents of which we are ignorant".

Can anything be said definitely of the ways of Shakespeare's mind? of his mental proclivities? of his tastes? One or two features of the enigmatic countenance can hardly be misread. We cannot imagine him an "enthusiast for an idea", a fanatic or a friend to fanatics, of whatever creed or breed. "One may even suggest that on this side he was limited. In any age he would have been safe against one-sided ideas; but perhaps in no age would he have been the man to insist . . . on those one-sided ideas which the moment may need, or even to give his whole heart to men who join a forlorn hope or are martyred for a faith."

At the other end of the scale of interest is a trait on which this critic has no doubt whatever: Shakespeare disliked dogs! He not only "did not care for dogs, as Homer did, he even disliked them, as Goethe did". The plays swarm with the base and vicious traits of the dog, and there is absolutely nothing to set against them. "And then we call him universal!" Yet one cannot but ask whether, in this small matter, Shakespeare may not have been, not the crank with

a dislike for dogs, but just the dramatist who took over the general opinions of the community into his art, and had no disposition, here or elsewhere, to "lead forlorn hopes" or stand up for the unjustly maligned.

§ 7. *Shakesperean Tragedy* gave a new impulse to the literary and æsthetic way of approaching Shakespeare. Its appearance synchronized, as we saw, with the beginning of the more intensive study of Elizabethan stage conditions; but Bradley's book created a countercurrent of, for the time, comparable force. It was under these conditions that Professor (later Sir) W. A. Raleigh undertook, at the invitation of Messrs. Macmillan, to write the long missing *Shakespeare* for the "English Men of Letters", a task previously taken up and abandoned in succession (as he confided to the present writer) by two illustrious Victorians, George Eliot and John Morley. Raleigh's monograph (1907) attempted a synthesis of the two types of scholarship, too often estranged. Literature and history reinforced one another in its pages. Not unworthy, in its impetuous and dashing brilliance, to follow Bradley's weightier and deeper masterpiece, it disclosed also a sustained attempt, foreign to his purpose, to interpret Shakespeare in terms of Elizabethan England.

Raleigh

Raleigh was acutely conscious of the fallacies, even the fatuities, into which want of the historic spirit had betrayed critics so great as Coleridge. The Porter's speech in *Macbeth*, for example, is "low"; it was, therefore, Coleridge concluded, "written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent". But one sentence (that beginning "I'll devil-porter it no further") was worthy of Shakespeare, "and so Shakespeare must be at hand to write it". And critics whose admiration was in general very much on this side of idolatry have none the less, as we saw, found their Shakespeare written large to the life, in this or that of his personages, in *Hamlet*, nay in *Henry V*; and have heard his opinions uttered loud and clear in Ulysses's eulogy of order or *Coriolanus*'s derision of the greasy mob. But of the opposite conclusion, that "the man Shakespeare is not to be found in the plays", he will hear nothing. It expresses the natural reaction of a sober and positive-minded criticism against the excesses of misapplied imagination; but it is not a conclusion which any artist will entertain. The true answer alike to the theory that Shakespeare is *Hamlet* or any other of his creations, and to the opposite theory that he lurks completely invisible behind them, answerable for nothing that they do or say, is that he is visible in all, and answerable for them all. "No

dramatist can create live characters save by bequeathing the best of himself to the children of his art, scattering among them a largess of his own qualities, giving it may be to one his wit, to another his philosophic doubt, to another his love of action, to another his simplicity and constancy that he finds deep in his own nature. There is no thrill of feeling communicated from the printed page but has first been alive in the mind of the author; there was nothing alive in his mind that was not intensely and sincerely felt. Plays like those of Shakespeare cannot be written in cold blood; they call forth the man's whole energies, and take toll of the last farthing of his wealth of sympathy and experience." This doctrine of artistic experience suffers somewhat, perhaps, from defective precision in the terms; the step from emotion imagined and described to emotion experienced is too lightly taken. But it is clear that while the cold, impassive, impersonal creator is dismissed, and justly dismissed, the image of the poet remains as enigmatic and inscrutable as ever. He sympathizes with all his persons instead of regarding them with impartial detachment; but the lineaments of his mind are as effectually obscured by recognizing them everywhere as by recognizing them nowhere; the personality diffused impartially among its creations necessarily loses distinctness of outline.

Yet it remains that Shakespeare has "revealed his whole mind to us" (p. 17), and we are free to interpret the revelation. The veil is lifted, the face confronts our gaze, and what it expresses is true. And so Raleigh has no difficulty in arriving at a Shakespeare of his own. To be sure, it is no simple, single-souled man whom he discovers in the "myriad-minded" creator. "His character was not all of a piece, neat and harmonious and symmetrical." He knew inner division and conflict; the struggles which are the theme of his greatest plays had their counterpart in his own breast. "The central drama of his mind is the tragedy of the life of the imagination"—the conflict between the demands of the brooding, dreaming faculty, with which he was so richly endowed, and the claims of action, of practice—the conflict, in short, once more, of Hamlet. His pictures alike of the men of imaginative power, Richard II, Hamlet, Macbeth, and of the men of practical power, Hotspur, Faulconbridge, Othello, are among the most closely studied and intimately realized of all. And "he holds the balance even".

Conflict, never resolved either way, where the poet "holds the balance even" but reaches no inner decision, seems thus to be the

result of translating the drama which Shakespeare created into a drama which he experienced. Such a phenomenon evidently falls in well with the conception of a nature divided against itself by inexhaustible sympathy with opposite sides. And we are warned not to suppose that the balance in such conflicts, with Shakespeare, ever tilted, as with most men, into definite and pronounced opinion. In particular, into opinions on "morality". "There is no moral lesson to be read, except accidentally, in any of Shakespeare's tragedies." "Shakespeare's many allusions to philosophy and reason (such as that which declares that no philosopher ever bore the toothache patiently) show how little he trusted them. . . . It is therefore vain to seek in the plays for a philosophy or doctrine which may be extracted or set forth in brief." Yet this apparent consequence of the universal-sympathy theory is severely strained, beyond doubt, by much in the plays. Not only are moral ideas, far reaching, profound, and sublime, continually put forth in the great tragedies, but we do not easily escape the belief that Shakespeare judged the issue of his tragic conflicts in ways for which universal sympathy is a very inadequate expression. Raleigh himself cannot, at moments, resist the force of this phenomenon. *Measure for Measure* is, he says (p. 169), of all the plays the one "that comes nearest to the direct treatment of a moral problem". What, he asks, did Shakespeare think of it? But his answer is more than tinged with the negation of morality which his general position appears to involve. "Shakespeare condemns no one, high or low." And he resents the definiteness of moral judgment apparent in most criticisms of the play; where "we are presented with a picture of Vienna as a black pit of seething wickedness; and against this background there rises the dazzling, white, and saintly figure of Isabella. The picture makes a good enough Christmas Card, but it is not Shakespeare." And he goes on, not merely to fill in this crude picture with the mediating nuances, but to soften into a slightly modulated uniformity of tone those glaring dissonances. "This world of Vienna, as Shakespeare paints it, is not a black world; it is a weak world, full of little vanities and stupidities, regardful of custom, fond of pleasure, idle, and abundantly human." And we are asked to regard this "sympathetic" judgment of his as an example of the more catholic view of conduct induced by experience of life, and to compare the sharp judgment upon the Pompeys and Angelos of the play with the naïve sharpness of the moral judgments of children. The bias of the action seems to make for Isabella and against Angelo; and yet "she is an ascetic by nature", and

"Shakespeare has left us in no doubt concerning his own views on asceticism".

He had, then, "views on asceticism" and views plain beyond doubt. And his "sympathy" with Isabella was thus far incomplete. But precisely in this play, universal sympathy, of whatever order, seems very imperfectly to convey our impression of Shakespeare's mind. True, he treats Angelo, as Raleigh says, "very considerably, even mildly"; true, he marries off the saintly sister, with scant regard to her ascetic ideals. But we have to distinguish the concluding phases of the play, where Shakespeare, as Johnson surmises, was anxious to finish, and made, as Bradley says, "a scandalous business" of it, from the crucial scenes in which alone Shakespeare's mind is at white heat. Be it true, as Raleigh urges, that "there is no single character through whose eyes we can see the questions at issue as Shakespeare saw them". That does not make it less clear what Shakespeare thought when Isabel denounced the man who proposed to prostitute her in order to buy off his own law, or what he thought when she refused her brother's appeal to be saved at that price. Shakespeare was doubtless far from sharing Isabel's view of sexuality, and might have allowed another woman to give another answer both to Claudio and to Angelo. But the outrage proposed by Angelo is no mere sexual offence; it is the betrayal of a great trust, the insolent use of a giant's power "like a giant", and we "enervate" Shakespeare, as Prof. Elton justly says (*Modern Essays*, 1909), if we imagine him "holding the balance" sympathetically between the two. "Being a complete man, he was also, at the right moment, as stern as Dante as well as more widely sympathetic, so that he can strike the chord of outraged shame and justified wrath as no man has ever struck it."

We must then abandon the dogma of the all-sympathetic Shakespeare if we wish to do justice at all points to the impression made by the Shakesperean drama.¹ Yet of its relative validity as against much perverse speculation there is no doubt, and it is a chief distinction of Raleigh's book to have applied it with fresh insight and scholarship to the elucidation of the ways of his mind and art. He shows us a Shakespeare who was a supreme observer, artist, and poet, but in experience, habits, and outlook a pretty normal Elizabethan man, the stuff of whose plays is that same common Elizabethan humanity and that common Elizabethan experience, transmuted but not effaced or attenuated by his art.

¹ How well defined are the limits of Shakespeare's sympathy in sexual matters in particular, is shown in the present writer's *Shakespeare's Treatment of Love and Marriage* (1920).

He shows how Falstaff's syntax may be illustrated from Wilson's *Art of Rhetoric*, the robbery at Gadshill from the extant lore of highway roguery, and the like. Shakespeare's consummate art itself was no exotic or antiquarian technique imposed upon native materials; the books that yield him his stories often suggest his way of handling them. His art is penetrated with traditional elements; the transforming alchemy is there, beyond question or mistake, but it is hard to lay one's finger on the precise point at which what he found gives place to what he gave. Raleigh, with his double-edged critical weapon of Elizabethan scholarship and poetic insight, does more adequate justice than any predecessor to this root-character of Shakespeare's art. The dramatist complied with the call of his public; yes, but with his own genius too. "They asked for blood and melodrama and he gave them *Hamlet*; they asked for Jew-baiting and he gave them *The Merchant of Venice*."

§ 8. A contemporary American critic of the drama, Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, has declared that English criticism of Shakespeare is preoccupied with the poet, French with the psychologist, American with the playwright. This divergence received a salient illustration when, in the same year as Raleigh's monograph (1907), the Harvard Professor G. P. Baker issued his *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*. But the date marks (as far as a date can) the beginning in general of a more intensive study of Shakespeare's technique in the light of the better understanding now being rapidly gained of the Elizabethan playhouse. Two years before, the bearing of Elizabethan stage-structure upon Elizabethan play-making had been luminously explained by G. F. Reynolds in *Some Principles of Elizabethan Stagecraft* (1905.) For Raleigh, and still more for Bradley, Shakespeare was primarily a poet writing drama. For Baker he was not only writing drama; he was making plays for a particular theatre, a particular Company, a particular public; and the structure, policy, or taste of all these decisively determined the kind of play he made. This specific and concrete treatment of Shakespeare's stagecraft distinguishes Baker's work from older books like R. G. Moulton's classical *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (1886), where the stage is almost an abstraction. He analyses, for instance, the taste of "the public of 1590", for which the "prentice" Shakespeare had to cater. It wanted "story", and the want was more satisfactorily met on the curtainless Elizabethan stage, where "scene melted into scene", than on ours, where long pauses break up the continuity of action. That is a sufficient justification for the modern attempts made by

Influence of
Stage-study

RECENT SHAKESPEREAN INVESTIGATION

Mr. W. Poel and the Elizabethan stage society from the early years of the century onward, to restore Shakespeare to a stage like his own. But Mr. Baker goes further and regards the Elizabethan stage as absolutely better suited for the end of play-making, which is to bring the play home to the feeling and imagination of the audience.

"The conditions of the Shakesperian stage were intimate to an extent we can scarcely realize, and permitted a detail not always possible in our larger theatres. Above all, everything in the performance tended to make the play the thing: no lavish scenery drew off the attention, properties were usually employed only to the extent that the play demanded; there were no 'stars', and both actor and hearer must give themselves up to the author, the one to interpret, the other to understand, if the play was to produce its full effect. Is it not evident that for the dramatist conditions were far better than to-day, indeed well-nigh perfect?"

Stagecraft, so understood, aimed at the production of the utmost amount of emotional effect. Mr. Baker's book is an attempt to find "both the permanent principles and the ephemeral experimentalism" that went to this result in Shakespeare. He traces, in particular, his slow mastery of the art of unifying the story elements of a play—a virtue much sooner reached in comedy, as in *Comedy of Errors*, than in history, as in *Henry IV*; and his growingly skilful use of suspense.

It will suffice to mention the analogous essay of Professor Brander Matthews, "Shakespeare as a Playwright" (1913). Subsequent critics devoted themselves, with remarkable results, to working out the bearing of the new method, both upon the interpretation of Shakespeare's "personality", and in particular, as will be seen in a later section, on the interpretation of his characters. Three years after Matthews' volume, his colleague, Professor Brewster, surveyed, from the standpoint of the modern historical method, the whole history of the attempts to "reconstruct the personality" of Shakespeare up to that date (1916) in a critical and somewhat sceptical sense.

In England the effect of the more intensive stage-study was distinctly seen in Mr. Darrell Figgis's *Shakespeare: A Study* (1911), where "the principles of Elizabethan stagecraft" were lucidly expounded. In particular, Mr. Figgis showed that editors and stage-managers, interpreting Shakespeare as if he had written for a modern stage and for a modern audience, had often, as in the first garden scene of *Romeo and Juliet* (i. 4), radically departed

from Shakespeare's intention in the conduct of the action. A few years later Sir A. Quiller-Couch was delivering, from the chair of English literature at Cambridge, breezy lectures on Shakespeare's craftsmanship as a playwright, in which the literary intuitions of an experienced man of letters were fertilized and controlled, often to felicitous effect, by the new study of stage conditions. They were collected in his later volume, *Shakespeare's Workmanship*, and many of his results will doubtless be reproduced and supplemented—or revised—in *The New Shakespeare*, now in progress, of which he is co-editor.

Not only in England and America, but in Germany, once the home of philosophic idealists, the historical and "realist" school became, in the second decade of the century, everywhere dominant.¹ The classical German biography of the preceding period, the *Shakespeare* of Alois Brandl—a book which in many-sided appreciation of the artist and the man stands in the front rank of all Shakespeare biographies—fully recognizes, as rewritten in 1922, that the theatre was always the controlling influence in his art. But in 1921 a voice peremptorily repudiating the very axioms of the historical school of Shakespereans was heard from Italy.

Croce

§ 9. Benedetto Croce, long since recognized as one of the most original constructive thinkers of our time, and more recently as a literary critic of remarkable penetration and range, approached Shakespeare with a command of various disciplines and various experience rare in his interpreters. His own philosophy is a masterful survey of the creative energies of "spirit" variously unfolded in our civilization. The *Æsthetics*, its starting-point, lays down his theory of poetry, in his view the most primitive and instinctive kind of spiritual creation. But this book is equally the starting-point of his literary criticism. Nowhere else to-day has so elaborate an apparatus of philosophic thinking been applied to the analysis and valuation of poetry. But the instrument is finely tempered as well as powerfully wrought, and if, as we think, it has nevertheless injured on the whole his criticism of Shakespeare, this is not because it fetters or distorts his acute natural sensibility to what is great in poetry. Its effect is rather seen in his unqualified refusal, in accordance with the rigorous severance instituted in the *Æsthetics* between "practice" and "poetry", to take account of the "practical" Shakespeare—the man of whom the external data provide us with fragmentary and meagre but indispensable glimpses. "A biography of Shakespeare is impossible."

¹ Professor Schücking's *Charakter-Probleme*, a striking evidence of this, is noticed below (III, ii).

That any events or persons, political or social movements, theatrical fashion or popular taste, affected the course or the character of the dramas, he holds to be at best idle hypothesis of which no use can be made. What then remains? Just the poetic creation itself, and whatever conclusions it may yield about the poet. And these prove to be not inconsiderable. We must not, indeed, think of tracing the evolution of the poet in his poetry, any more than of the man in his recorded acts. Nor must we ascribe to him principles, opinions, "ideals", of any kind, for these things belong to the intellectual, not to the poetic life. The poetic life is, on the other hand, impossible without feeling (*sentimento*), the necessary accompaniment, he lays down in the *Æsthetics* (chap. x), of all poetic activity. Croce thus, on strictly psychological grounds, dismisses the theory, sometimes advanced by critics appalled, like Schiller, at the fate of Cordelia or Desdemona, that Shakespeare's art was passionless as well as impersonal. He had no "ideals" and no politics; but he did not stand coldly and sublimely aloof from the humanity he portrayed. On the contrary, he entered into all sides and aspects of life with an eager zest, and his impersonal air arises not from detachment but from his endowing all the feelings he represents with equal vigour, "creating a sort of equilibrium by reciprocal tension". It must be owned that the Shakespeare of intense universal sympathies who is thus allowed to emerge, comes at times dangerously near the "idealist" who has been expressly banished. "An infinite hatred for deceitful wickedness inspired *King Lear*", while Cordelia persuades us that "the inspiration of love—of boundless love—is here even greater than the inspiration of hate". And this tragedy is "penetrated throughout with this unexpressed, anguished questioning, full of the sense of the misery of life". Again, the note of reconciliation, of final harmony achieved between antagonists or in a distracted soul, is never heard in Shakespeare—not even, we are to suppose, in *The Tempest* or in *Cymbeline*; whereas, what we hear in every part of his work is the note of Justice. "For he feels the struggle at the heart of reality, not as an accident or caprice, but as necessity." He is thus for ever debarred both from the cheerful optimism and from the despair of one who sees that struggle of good and ill definitely decided by the victory of either. His pervading sense of justice recognizes that good and evil are everywhere mingled, and his prevailing temper is that of a lofty indulgence. Some quite definite contours of personality thus become apparent. We are even allowed to ascribe to him a definite attitude towards religion,

provided we refrain strictly from associating him with any of its existing forms. Like Ariosto, he "shows himself clearly to be outside . . . every religious, nay, every transcendental and theological conception. . . . He knows no other than the vigorous, passionate life upon earth, divided between joy and sorrow, with, around and above it, the shadow of a mystery."

There was evidently room, within the lines of a Shakesperean personality thus conceived, for the whole vast range of Shakesperean poetry in its well-recognized divisions. Croce regroups the rich material in an original fashion of his own; and this is the most valuable part of his essay. The "Comedy of Love", "Romance", "Practical Action", "Good and Evil", the "Tragedy of Will", "Justice"—these rubrics indicate the source of Shakespeare's inspirations, and the groups of plays corresponding form an "ideal succession". That they also correspond generally to the chronological sequence is grudgingly admitted. But Croce fiercely rejects the notion that there may be a connection between the two sequences. This admission, however, seriously imperils that absolute demarcation between the Shakespeare of "practice" and the Shakespeare of "poetry" on which Croce's whole criticism is built; for the "practical" and the "poetic" Shakespeare after all concurred in writing (say) *The Comedy of Errors* at one date, *Hamlet* at another, *The Tempest* at a third, and so with the rest; and the outer evidence of the dates and the inner evidence of poetic quality and character have on the whole a degree of consistency far too considerable to be explained save by the assumption that the "man" was the "poet" and the poet was the man.

It is a further serious defect of Croce's criticism that he ignores almost entirely the evolution of Shakespeare's style and verse. For here the correspondence between the outer sequence founded upon known dates and the inner evolution measured by definite tests is evident and extraordinary; and had Croce taken note of this side of Shakesperean scholarship he would not, for instance, have insisted that *Coriolanus* ought to be grouped with the "Histories". It is doubtless truer to "history" than almost any of them; but both the organizing conception and the writing are of the time of the great tragedies. Moreover, the criticism of style is not merely a branch, least of all a negligible branch, of Shakespeare criticism; it provides the most powerful criterion we have for distinguishing the work of Shakespeare himself from the work of others. In this sense it may be called preliminary to all serious

Shakespeare study, and Mr. J. M. Robertson has justly signalized (in his volume *Croce as a Shakespeare Critic*) the insecure basis, to this extent, of Croce's work. But only those who share Mr. Robertson's iconoclastic views about the canon will think the "insecurity" of much account. When all is said, Croce's essay stands in the front rank of the contributions made during the last thirty years to the interpretation of Shakespeare.

(ii) THE INTERPRETATION OF THE CHARACTERS

Idealism is
Realism in
Character
Interpretation

§ 1. The interpretation of the characters of Shakespeare, like the interpretation of his own personality, has had a history, with fluctuations, revolutions, and reactions not determined solely by the genius or authority of particular interpreters, but reflecting general intellectual tendencies of the time. Hamlet is the salient instance; the changing phases of modern mentality from Goethe to the present generation may be traced in the long succession of portraits claiming to be the counterfeit presentment of Hamlet, which have issued from the critical and uncritical studios of Europe and America during that time. In a degree only less than Hamlet, as explained by successive generations of interpreters, Shylock, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Iago, Othello, and Falstaff have undergone variations analogous to those traceable in other fields of criticism or thought.

In Germany especially, where the interpretation of Shakespeare was pursued throughout the nineteenth century with the most ardour and the least restraint—where the interpretation of Hamlet, in particular, was a branch of applied philosophy—all the phases of her cultural evolution may be followed here. It has even been possible to write an account of "Shakespeare and German thought" which is at the same time a history, and a very brilliant one, of "German thought" itself.¹

This correspondence is no less apparent in the thirty years with which we are here concerned. From Coleridge to Dowden the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters was dominated by critics who were disposed to sink the playwright in the dramatist, and even the dramatist in the poet. In varying degrees they inherited from Coleridge, their common master, the intellectualist bias which explains every kind of phenomenon more readily by reason and purpose than by blind impulse and accident, which therefore seeks, and commonly finds, meaning and significance

¹ Gundolf, *Shakespeare und der deutsche Gedanke* (1916).

everywhere, and in particular discovers in the speech, demeanour, and fortune of every Shakesperean character the working out of a single profound and coherent dramatic intention. Every phrase and act was significant, and had to be construed in terms of this inner law. To find such inner significance was the proper and normal aim of criticism, only to be given up on strong evidence, while explanations which ascribed to Shakespeare indolence or carelessness, or easygoing acceptance of other men's homespun to patch into his own new brocade, were on principle refused. In the same way, the great tragic and comic heroes were seen as, fundamentally, men of towering intellectual genius, whose aberrations base or animal passion or accident could never completely explain; Othello was not merely "jealous", nor Iago merely malignant, nor Shylock merely vindictive, nor Falstaff a coward. And through the whole Victorian period abnormal energy of intellect paralysing his power of will remained the favourite solution of the enigma of Hamlet.

That a pronounced reaction against this type of interpretation has, since 1900, become apparent, is not then to be explained merely by the deeper insight of the younger Shakespereans, or the cogency of the new facts they have adduced. The tide was running strongly against every form of the romantic or idealist temper which held Spirit to be the ultimate reality, and disdained both animal impulse and mechanical forces. Bergson, in effect, dethroned intelligence as the master faculty of man in favour of the instinctive intuition which he shares with the animal world. The prevailing psychology, from James and Wundt to McDougall, was preoccupied with those aspects of mentality which depend most closely upon the sense-stimuli, upon the half-unconscious and involuntary activities of instinct and habit, or upon determining or modifying social and physical conditions.

§ 2. In at least two ways, the interpretation of Shakesperean character after 1900 exhibited analogous or concurring tendencies. On the one hand, character is less ideally conceived. Criminals are less readily credited with lofty motives, or fools with a background of philosophy. The doctrine, orthodox since Morgann, that Falstaff, when he runs away at Gadshill, is a humorist affecting cowardice for a jest, is widely discarded in favour of the plain hearer's supposition that he ran away because he was afraid. And Hamlet, the most sensitive thermometer, as we have said, to these changes in the critical atmosphere, was, as early as 1893, peremptorily deprived of the prodigious intellectual activity, or the too sensitive conscience,

The
new Realists:
Schücking,
Stoll

one or other of which had till then commonly occasioned his inaction; and was declared (by Loening) to have suffered simply from sluggish blood. Even Bradley, in 1904, sharply qualified the traditional theory in the same sense by throwing the gravamen upon a "melancholy" induced in Hamlet by disgust at his mother's frailty.

The same disposition is betrayed, even more crucially, in the treatment of passages in which a character appears to rise "above himself". When Mercutio delivers his exquisite phantasia about Queen Mab, when Polonius, the "tedious old fool", utters noble wisdom in the lines which bid Laertes be true to himself,

"And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man",

or when Laertes himself opens his counsel to Ophelia in a vein of ethical poetry of which nothing else that he says or does allows us to believe him capable, several lines of explanation are open to us. We may say, simply, that a dramatic character, like a man, is to be interpreted by the whole of his utterances; that Laertes or Mercutio had these veins of noble or fantastic poetry, even if nowhere else disclosed. But plainly, we are on more dangerous ground when dealing thus with an imagined character than with that of a living man. A man may be inconsistent or incoherent, he may have conflicting, even contradictory, moods, and yet remain indefeasibly himself. Whereas the seeming inconsistencies of an imagined character may merely betray the artist's fluctuating intention, or uncertain hand, or the capricious accesses and lulls of inspiration; and only subjective criteria are at present usually available to distinguish a character thus inconsistently imagined or drawn from one in which real inconsistencies are veraciously reproduced.

There is thus an opening, in such cases, for at least two types of solution, and the choice serves to discriminate two schools of character-interpretation. For the older idealists, of the Ulrici-Gervinus school, real inconsistency, of either kind, in Shakesperean character, did not exist; they found their way infallibly through all the variations of dramatic mood and utterance to the unifying "idea" discernible in them all. Modern psychology, by its disclosure of the phenomena of dual and multiple personality, has eased the path of those who find real inconsistency in any of Shakespeare's characters; their inconsistency need not detract from their psychological truth. This is the standpoint of Professor E. H. Wright, of Columbia, in his excellent essay "Reality and Incon-

sistency in Shakspeare's Characters" (*Shaksperian Studies*, by members of the Department of English in Columbia University, 1916). Mr. Wright recognizes with perfect clearness that our sense of a man's "reality" not merely does not depend upon our being able to reduce him to a formula, but is even heightened and quickened when we find our efforts to do so futile. And Shakespeare's persons impress us as "real" for the same reason. Again Hamlet is the crucial case:

"No critic has made one perfectly comprehensible man out of Hamlet. And yet there is no question of his reality—no one denies it—there is only a question whether we can grasp him as an entity, whether we can put him in a definition. We know Hamlet in much the same way as we know our friends, in spite of the fact that we cannot entirely explain him. Or rather it is the meaning of this essay that we know him in this way partly *because* we cannot explain him."

On the other hand, the modern realist of the more mechanical type lays hands upon every appearance of inconsistency in the character as a sign of incongruity or incoherence in the art. "What is to be made of this heap of contradictions!" exclaims Professor E. E. Stoll after a summary of the demeanour of Othello.¹ Professor Lewin Schücking (*Die Charakterprobleme bei Shakespeare*, 1919) measures coherence by still more rigid standards. When Bottom, for instance, jests with Titania's elves (iii. 1):—"Good Master Mustard-seed, . . . that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house", &c.—he is witty, whereas "his ass-head shows that he is meant to be a fool". No one before, I imagine, ever thought the resourceful Bottom incapable of this homely wit. But Bottom's tether is at best short; he cannot move far in any direction from his base. Schücking, however, flies later at a far more elusive quarry—of all Shakespeare's characters the one to whom his rather elementary conception of coherence is the hardest to apply—the mistress of caprice, Cleopatra herself, of whose "infinite variety" we are expressly told, for it is a part of the exquisite charm which fascinated all men from Cæsars and triumvirs downward. Such she already appears in Plutarch; but Schücking finds her, in Shakespeare, not merely "various" but divided against herself—a heartless coquette in the first half, a devoted lover, even a wife, in the second. "When she helps to arm him for battle (iv. 4), she might almost be Desdemona with Othello." We are here concerned only to describe a critical method, not to discuss its results; but it is obvious to note, first, that the drama

¹ Professor Stoll's views are most fully represented in his *Comparative Study of Hamlet* (Research Public. of University of Minnesota, 1919).

describes precisely a growth of the light liaison between the triumvir and the queen into a fierce though fitful passion which has moments of self-forgetting devotion (when no serious sacrifice is involved); and second, that even in this second phase the coquette, even the hard and brutal woman, flashes out at moments too; in her consummate dying speech, lover and actress, the jealous woman and the magnificent queen, the mistress of a Roman, who wished to die like him "in the great Roman manner", and the Oriental weakling who experimented first in "easy ways to die"—all are intermingled. The test of Cleopatra's coherence is not that a rather wooden mind may not discover inconsistency in the play of her "infinite variety", but that she impresses our imagination, not in spite of her variety but by and through it, as a personality superbly real and one. Schücking has thrown much light on the traces of "primitive" technique in Shakespeare's art; but he has not reckoned sufficiently with the fact that Shakespeare's way was not to discard the crude features of dramaturgical art that he found, but to turn them into "something rich and strange". And this is not merely a trait of the artist but a trait of the mind and of the man.

Influence of
Stage-study.
Interpretation
of the
Soliloquy

§ 3. But the general disposition to explain character in terms of its meaner or less ideal constituents, or again, to apply rigid standards of coherence to its rich flexibility and organic capacity for growth, was complicated with another influence, already noticed, which on the whole told powerfully in the same direction. This was the more intimate study of the Elizabethan stage and stage conditions, of the mentality of the audience, their current interests and preoccupations, and the relation between the audience, the theatrical company, and the playmaker. A more historical temper, as well as an altered psychology, was telling upon Shakesperean criticism. We have seen how this study of audience and stage reacted upon the conception of the function, and finally of the character, of Shakespeare himself. But it also told upon the interpretation of the characters he created. For as soon as the audience and its tastes, expectations, and prejudices, was brought into the forefront of the determining factors of a play, many features in the text assumed a new complexion. These considerations dominate the work of Professors Stoll and Schücking. Thus, the soliloquy, they contend, must be taken primarily as a means of giving information to the audience. Hence it must be interpreted at its face value, since otherwise the audience would be misinformed and its purpose frustrated. On the pre-Shakesperean stage, soliloquies

were habitually used to give a program of the speaker's intentions. The whole business was commonly managed with the utmost naïveté. Its use in the great tragedies is commonly regarded as a supreme example of Shakespeare's transformation of these naïve devices into instruments of dramatic portraiture. But Schücking contends that he often uses it undramatically just to tell the audience what they are to think of a character. His villains frankly explain that they are such, and that their victims are noble. Thus Oliver pays his tribute to Orlando, Macbeth to Duncan, Iago to Cassio. And Schücking lays down the canon that, in general, assertions of one character about another are to be treated as giving correct information about them, even or especially when it is "undramatic" or "unrealistic" for the speaker to give it. Much of this is acute and valuable; but we miss the recognition that this primitive frankness of villains survived into Shakespeare's mature art, not because he had no other way of letting the audience know what they had to think, but because it wonderfully expressed the cynicism of Iago or the stricken conscience of Macbeth. And some cases where apparently wrong "information" is given reduce him to the dilemma of qualifying either his canon or his interpretation of the character, or else (as in Lady Macbeth's ascription to her husband of too much of the "milk of human kindness" in i. 6) of supposing Shakespeare to have "momentarily failed to grasp his own creation".

§ 4. That Shakespeare constantly did so, that his "grasp" was of the loosest, and allowed his persons to say what the situation suggested, whether in keeping with their "character" or no, is in fact the most habitual "realist" explanation of these "inconsistencies". Applied to creations like Cleopatra, it fails or is at the most indecisive. But criticism of this type has sometimes done salutary service in explaining "contradictions" which the "idealist" had spent brilliant ingenuity in seeking to explain away. An interesting case is Hamlet's reference in the third Soliloquy to

"Inconsistencies"
of Character

"The bourn from which no traveller returns".

Yet he had just seen the ghost. Had he forgotten? If so, where was that overplus of intellectual energy, the ground of his tragic failure? Gervinus disposed of the difficulty easily enough: the "ghost" was merely a hallucination. But no school of criticism to-day accepts this naïve imputation of modern rationalist belief to the Elizabethan playgoer. Not much more plausible is Kuno

Fischer's explanation. Hamlet, he peremptorily declares, is entirely right; no one returns in the body from the other world; but the ghost is a bodiless spirit. And this "spirit" has given him some rather detailed information about the country which he now calls "undiscovered".

From such laboured trifling, modern criticism, whether of the psychological or of the realist school, turns impatiently away, and with justice. We recognize with a clearness which marks a definite and substantial advance, that it is not only not imperative, as it might be in Racine, but wrong, to demand complete consistency in the Shakesperean drama. The psychological analyst of Hamlet's mental history has no difficulty in explaining it here. The man who had surmised in the previous scene (ii. 2) that—

"the spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil . . . perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
Abuses me to damn me,"—

was not far removed from the mood in which he now quotes a familiar aphorism about death which Seneca had made a commonplace of educated Elizabethan talk.¹ But for the realist critic the case is simpler still. Shakespeare was writing a play, not an exposition of Hamlet's personality; its successive scenes were steps in the plot, no doubt, but what the audience wanted first of all was a succession of telling situations, and this Shakespeare gave them, without curious questioning whether the effective detail of one scene squared strictly with the effective detail of another. The Ghost thrilled the whole house with piquant horror; the Senecan commonplace flattered its more cultivated section with the zest of a literary allusion; but no one thought of inquiring whether the two kinds of satisfaction thus experienced could logically be enjoyed together. This way of regarding such discrepancies was endorsed, nearly a century ago, by no less a critic than Goethe, when, as Schücking points out, he remarked to Eckermann (*Conversations with Goethe*, 18th April, 1827), that Shakespeare "makes his persons say on every occasion just what is proper, effective, and good in precisely that situation, without much anxious care or calculation whether these words might possibly contradict some other passage". Such contradictions are to be found; but Goethe's words imply, what none knew better, that far from disturbing the unity of dramatic impression, they may be taken up into it and enrich it.

¹ "Unde non unquam remeavit ullus."

There is another kind of seeming incoherence, to which Stoll and others have called attention, which does not arise from compliance with the tastes of the audience at all, but from the poet's naïve over-indulgence of his own. A mechanically rigid criticism will find countless passages out of apparent keeping with the character of the speakers; a more imaginative and supple criticism will interpret most of them as expressive of changing moods in a rich or shifting personality. But some remain in which even idealists like Bradley admit that Shakespeare's poetry or his wit has simply rushed in, overpowering the control of his dramatic sense.

§ 5. But more fundamental questions than that of "inconsistency" are raised by Professor Stoll. We read Shakespeare's tragedies, and especially we read *Hamlet*, deeply imbued with ideals of tragedy derived not from the Elizabethans but from Aristotle. We assume that the "hero" of tragedy will conform to the subtle Aristotelian (but thoroughly un-English) demand that he shall be gravely at fault. We rule out, as he did, the "perfect" hero. Did the Elizabethan audience entertain these ideas about tragedy? Would it have understood Bradley's analysis, developed from Aristotle and Hegel, of the tragedy of Shakespeare? And if it would not, are we entitled to assume that Shakespeare gave it what it would not understand? The doctrine of playwright and audience here parts company abruptly with the doctrine of the autocratic creator. We know that the classic type of drama found ready acceptance only in courtly and academic circles, however keenly certain effective Senecan motives and situations, such as the Ghost and the call to revenge, may have been welcomed on the popular stage. To this audience, thinks Professor Stoll, the most congenial kind of hero was one after the pattern of the heroes of the romances of chivalry which were still eagerly read; a champion whose adventures they could follow and exult in. Tamburlaine and Henry V were such heroes, and we see how this romantic bias, aided by national and Protestant pride, made a hero of King John.

Influence of
Popular
Tradition:
Stoll,
Robertson

That Hamlet was meant to be, and understood as, such a hero, is then a plausible contention. For two centuries after his creation there is no trace of the Hamlet, so familiar to us, who fails by fatal irresolution, the "tragic flaw" in his own soul. "The psychological morbid Hamlet is exclusively the discovery of the Romantic age. . . . The present Hamlet-theory arose and was developed far away from every tradition and echo of the stage, by professors in a country where the theatre was anathema, and by Goethe who saw in him a sentimental variation of his own Werther, and

who was completely ignorant of the conditions of the Elizabethan drama."

And precisely these conditions, it is contended, urge a different interpretation of *Hamlet*. For here even more than elsewhere popular taste and theatrical precedent exercised a powerful control. Shakespeare was not using an obscure and insignificant story, as presently he did in *Othello*; he was refashioning an *old* play of extraordinary fame and popularity. The traditional outlines and incidents he was bound to keep, and he could not without peril alter the fundamental complexion of Hamlet's character. It will thus become probable that the import of Shakespeare's Hamlet must be sought in characteristics which he shares with his predecessor; that he is concerned in a deadly duel with his uncle, a personality not introduced to serve as a vulgar foil to the noble idealist, but as a mighty opposite, very nearly his match; that Hamlet's delay, without which the play would collapse, is not the result of weakness and irresoluteness, but, as in the old Hamlet, of hedging and finesse; and that the parts of the action in which he shows these qualities most decisively, as in his sharp practice on the voyage to England, are not rude episodic survivals, but of the very stuff of the Shakesperean Hamlet. On these lines a scene, like that in his father's closet after the play, the meaning of which is still in debate, becomes perfectly clear. Hamlet decides to spare the King, not because he is irresolute and snatches at a plausible pretext for inaction, but for the very reason that he gives. "There is a defect in the drama, of course, but it is only as our technique is imposed on the drama that this is turned into a tragic defect in the hero."

We cannot here enter into Mr. Stoll's explanation of the soliloquies, on which the modern psychological interpretation of *Hamlet* has always principally been based. The case of *Othello* and *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, where we possess Shakespeare's immediate source, and can measure with some accuracy the enormous transformation which his creative energy effected, lends little support to the view that what he did in *Hamlet* was mainly to clothe in his incomparable language the situations, motives, and characters of Thomas Kyd.

A view, analogous at certain points, has been put forward with his usual incisiveness by Mr. J. M. Robertson in *The Problem of Hamlet*. That that problem remains unsolved is the fault solely, he contends, of the philosophizing bent of our criticism. We fail to find a formula for his "soul" because he is an imperfect amalgam of two souls. The Hamlet of tradition and the Hamlet of Shakespeare's

own design, overlap and partly efface each other. But Mr. Robertson, unlike Mr. Stoll, holds the irresolute Hamlet to be the Hamlet of Shakespeare, and the resolute, "heroic" Hamlet to be that of his predecessor, imperfectly effaced. That Shakespeare, at the height of his art, did not efface him completely must be laid to the charge of the extraordinarily popular old play which he could not wholly adopt and was not at liberty entirely to throw over. He wished to make the Prince a refined and subtle Elizabethan. But he had to keep the action in all essentials. The revenge of the original "barbaric" Hamlet was delayed because the King was simply too well guarded to be got at. "The revenge of the refined Hamlet must be delayed as was that of the barbaric Hamlet, without the original reason—that is, the inability to get at the King. To motive this hesitation, Shakespeare injects into the Prince 'implicit pessimism', but it is insufficient", for he leaves matter standing "which conflicts with the solution of pessimism". It is certainly probable that incomplete assimilation of old matter to new, or new to old, cannot be dispensed with in the final interpretation of *Hamlet*.

§ 6. The "historical" method of interpretation, which finds the key to Shakespeare's characterization in the tastes, interests, and preoccupations of his audience, has been pursued to further developments more recently, with much labour and scholarship, by Miss L. Winstanley. In her *Hamlet and the Scottish Succession* (1921) she attempted to show that Shakespeare wrote for an audience absorbed in the question then (1601–2) in suspense—whether James, son of Mary of Scotland, would succeed Elizabeth—and that he deliberately designed the play as an "allegory", its real subject being the murder of Mary's first husband (Darnley) by her second (Bothwell) a generation before. Hamlet thus stood for James, her son by Darnley—except where, for the better congruence of the allegory, he had to symbolize a contemporary favourite, the Earl of Essex. Miss Winstanley quotes at length the correspondence in which Elizabeth cavalierly enough took the Prince to task for delaying to avenge his father's murder; and it may be allowed that the comparison of James VI with Hamlet would be by no means so grotesque in 1602 to Englishmen not yet familiar with him, as it is to a posterity for whom the first Stuart King has been remorselessly drawn by Gardiner and Scott. But the parallel, often suggested before, remains too remote to justify the view that it was intended. Shakespeare and the audience were doubtless acquainted with the Darnley tragedy, then almost a generation old; it was part of the common stock of story which floated in the fringes of

Winstanley

his mind as of theirs. But from that common consciousness of an old story to the proposition that Shakespeare deliberately used it to drive home a modern political application is a long step, which neither Miss Winstanley's reasoning nor her facts by any means enables us to take. The Elizabethan playgoer went to hear a play, not a political pamphlet, and the author of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *King Lear* (the subjects of a more recent essay by the same writer on the same lines) wrote out of an experience of thought and passion not to be explained by the hopes and fears of politics. If, moreover, political allegory was what Shakespeare offered, he missed his mark, when at the very height of his powers and artistry, more egregiously than any novice, for not a shred of evidence remains that anyone who saw or read the play guessed what he meant.

(iii) THE SONNETS

§ 1. One of the most substantial additions made to Shakesperean study during our period is the fresh light thrown upon the Sonnets by the comparative study of the European sonnet of the sixteenth century. The exploration of this field is due to the initiative, and in great part to the researches, of Sir Sidney Lee. It bore, in two important ways, upon the interpretation of Shakespeare. First, it showed the dependence, to a quite unsuspected degree, of the English sonnet upon French, and thence, but as a rule not directly, upon Italian, models. Petrarch was ultimately the master of the whole vast company of sonneteers; his motives, situations, allusions, and phrasing can be discerned in all ramifications of the school in Italy, France, and England alike. And further, this derivative character of a vast majority of the sonnets does much, if not quite so much as Lee thinks, to invalidate whatever claim they make (and many made no such claim) to be outpourings of sincere emotion, to be taken at their face value. Lee showed convincingly how many of the reputable sonneteers of England were only following a colleague in France when they bewailed their mistress's absence, or tossed on a sleepless couch, or called on the cold moon for sympathy, or denounced the cruelty of "a dark lady", or were wrung by the rival claims of love and friendship, or protested that in all this they were original and spontaneous—"no pickpurse of another's wit", as Drayton sang, in a line borrowed from Sidney, who had himself borrowed it (Lee, *Life*, p. 171 n.).

Shakespeare's Sonnets, though easily surpassing all the rest in lyric splendour, certainly show no disposition to refrain from the

use of this rich mass of "conventional" material. But Lee assumes too readily that the use of a convention is incompatible with fresh and spontaneous feeling. All art employs convention. The fourteen lines and exact rhyme-scheme of the sonnet are conventions, accepted from his predecessors by the most impassioned poet who uses the sonnet at all. What is certain, as has been especially emphasized by Prof. Alden in his edition (1908), is that Shakespeare's Sonnets stand out in many important respects, both of content and treatment, from all the other sonnet-sequences of the time. Lee does not dwell upon this matter, but he thinks it likely that three groups of Shakespeare's Sonnets possess "autobiographic" quality, some external evidence of the facts being in these cases available. (i) The preliminary group (1-17) addressed to a patron, entreating him to marry, and also (ii) those, forming the bulk of the collection, where a man is addressed in terms of ardent friendship, both had as their object the young Earl of Southampton, to whom, nearly at the same time (1594) Shakespeare dedicated, in not dissimilar language, *The Rape of Lucrece*. (iii) The intrigue sonnets (especially 40-2, 132-3, 144) indicate betrayal of the poet by his mistress and his friend. This conflict of "love" and "friendship" was a hackneyed theme, but a contemporary poem of precisely this date, *Willobie His Avis* (1594) introduces a certain "W. S.", an "old player", to whom "Willobie" recounts his unsuccessful wooing of "Avisa", as one "who not long before had tried the courting of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection". The fair chance that "W. S." thus described is Shakespeare weighs sufficiently with Lee, and may rightly weigh with us, to justify belief that the intrigue, however "conventional", was not wholly unreal. His final conclusion, however, is a somewhat surprising compound of triumphant scepticism and unreasonable credulity. "The sole biographical inference which is deducible with full confidence from the 'Sonnets' is that, at one time in his career, Shakespeare, like the majority of his craft, disdained few weapons of flattery in an endeavour to monopolize the bountiful patronage of a young man of rank." Here is realism in the ascendant indeed, and the whole theory of convention and literary artifice cast to the winds! The glorious utterances about love and the "marriage of true minds", about the preciousness of friends, about the immortality of poetry, are sonnet-eering commonplaces touched to new beauty by an uncommonly clever pen; but the passages of abject flattery came straight from his heart!

RECENT SHAKESPEREAN INVESTIGATION

The primrose path of autobiographical interpretation, upon which Lee set a somewhat reluctant foot, has never, during the past century, lacked eager votaries. It has undoubtedly, during the past thirty years, been the line of approach to the Sonnets most pertinaciously and ingeniously pursued. An argument for its *prima facie* justification has been drawn, as we saw in a previous section (III, i, § 6), and by a critic little inclined to emphasize their biographical aspect, from the obvious imperfections of this sonnet-sequence if taken as made-up story. But little of definite value has yet emerged from these speculations, and it will suffice for the purpose of the present outline to mention the recent elaborate attempt of a representative twentieth-century scholar, also already noticed in a previous section, Mr. A. Acheson, in his book on *Shakespeare's Sonnet Story* (1922), to reconstruct in fresh and ample detail, but unfortunately, also, with plentiful resort to conjectural surmise, the personal background of these enigmatic but inexhaustibly fascinating, and at their highest reach unsurpassably beautiful, poems.

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